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POEMS.

BY

S. MOORE.

Oft' have I sung of grove; and bowers,
Of beauty's charms, and sparkling eyes,
Of verdant meads and blushing flowers,
Romantic scenes and azure skies.
But when my highest notes I raise;
I sing my dear Redeemer's praise.

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Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and eighty-seven, by S. MOORE, in the office
of the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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Quebec,

PREFACE.

AT the earnest and frequent request of many of my esteemed friends, I have been induced to publish a volume of my poetry.

The following miscellaneous poems have been selected. Such as they are, I give them to the public, hoping that the reading of them will afford as much comfort to the reader as the writing of them did to

THE AUTHOR.

Quebec, *October*, 1887.

THESE POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

The Marquis of Lansdowne, G. C. M. G.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,

BY THE AUTHOR.

May Mus
 Faith, Ho
 Night....
 Sonnet—
 Sonnet..
 Spring..
 Summer.
 Longing
 Our Gloom
 Spring
 The Soul
 What is L
 The Lord
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 The Fall
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- Page 80, first word of fifteenth from top for Then *read* And.
 " 91, fourth line from bottom for "your of" *read* your day of
 grace.
 " 111, last word of fourth line from bottom for vail *read* voice.
 " 125, eighth line from top for shines *read* shrines.
 " 154, eighteenth line from top for *parasus* *read* *parnassus*.
 " 194, on fourth line *erase* the second word "long."
 " 238, seventh line from bottom for shoul's *read* shrouds.
 " 308, third line of second stanza for manpy *read* many.

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POEMS.

MAY MUSINGS.

I love the beautiful month of May
When the warblers sing and the lambkins play,
When nature puts on her robes of green
And Flora smiles like a graceful queen.
'Tis then I would like to leave the streets,
And feast on fair nature's ambrosial sweets,
And inhale the refreshing, balmy air
And bid, for a time, a farewell to care.
I would seek the flowery selvedged path,
Or the sylvan shade, or the ancient rath,
Or the rocky steep, or the old grey cairn
Or the deep ravine with its gorse and fern.
Or the verdant banks by the crystal stream,
And again indulge in my life's young dream—
The dreams I had when I used to rove
Through glade or glen or the tuneful grove.
Those joyous days when my hopes were bright,
And my future a picture of pure delight ;
But time rolled on and the joys I sought,
Tho' closely followed, were rarely caught.

O ! days of my youth and vigorous health,
 A thousand times better than worldly wealth,
 All gone ! yet lingering memory strays
 Far down the past to those early days.
 And home and kindred and friends appear,
 As in the past, warm, loving and near ;
 And I kiss my mother and hear her speak,
 While I feel her breath on my glowing cheek.
 And the years keep passing with rapid flight,
 As I gaze on each scene of past delight.
 Yet often, dark spots of sorrow and strife
 Crop up in my past eventful life,
 And I droop my head and I heave a sigh,
 When I think of the clouds which o'erspread my sky.
 Thus often I sigh while I muse alone,
 And think of the friends and the days long gone,
 When my fancied future was bright and fair,
 And I loved the castles I built in the air.
 But now when musing my thoughts are cast
 On the by-gone scenes of the distant past.
 Still the brightest days of my early youth
 Were those devoted to virtue and truth,
 And the glowing hopes which then warmed my breast
 Still cheer my heart and afford me rest.
 Tho' wintry blossoms adorn my head,
 And the vigor of life be partly fled,
 My vision grows bright as I near the tomb,
 And gaze on that spring of eternal bloom.

"FAITH,

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"*FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY—THESE THREE, BUT THE
GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.*"—1 Cor. 13-13.

Faith, Hope and Charity are given
To help us on our way to Heaven ;
The first is luminous and bright
Dispelling doubts and giving light,
A shield to quench, resist, repel
The fiercest fiery darts of hell.

The second grace anticipates
The future blessing which awaits
The suffering Saints, who keep the road
That leads to happiness and God,
A balm to ease our present pain
And cheer us with a future gain.

The third, or greatest of the three,
Is love, or Christian charity,
This is perfection's highest rise
Our passport into paradise,
The sweetest essence of our God
Which in our hearts is shed abroad.

Faith shall be shortly lost in sight,
And hope in realized delight ;
But charity, or love supernal,
Shall never die, love is eternal.
For God is love, and love shall be
Our theme throughout eternity.

Love is our Father's crowning grace,
Sent down to raise a ruined race ;
For God so loved the world that He
Gave his own son to set us free,

And thus his love revealed to man
In working out Salvation's plan.

Thus Faith believes the promise given,
While Hope keeps longing after Heaven
But Love, a sweeter joy imparts,
And gives us Heaven in our hearts,
And trains us for that home above
Where all is peace and joy and love.

NIGHT.

'Tis night, a dull, dark, cheerless night,
Nor moon, nor stars are visible to sight,
The gloomy shadows of the inky clouds
Enwrap our city in their inky shrouds.
But tho' thick darkness veils the starry sky,
Yet there is nothing hidden from the eye
Of the omniscient God whose eyes survey
The darkest haunts as in the light of day.
He sees and knows all that is done below,
And hears our wailings of distress and woe.
He fills with joy the hearts of those who mourn,
And aids the poor, the wretched and forlorn.
To some he gives the calm and quiet sleep,
And some have gone to rest, and some to keep
A weary, lonely watch in some sick room,
That soon will give a tenant to the tomb ;
To tend that weary one whose ebbing life
Is struggling through the closing, mortal strife,
A dying child, a father or a mother,
A husband, wife, a sister or a brother.

'Tis sad to see our loved ones pass away,
And yet 'twould be unkind to bid them stay,
And suffer more of anguish, grief and pain,
And then to come to this same stage again.
Within the lamplit streets the busy throng,
As inclination leads them move along,
How restlessly the crowds pass to and fro—
Some speed their course, some know not where to go.
Some keep in virtue's path, some led astray,
Rush to the haunts which throng the downward way,
To seek in wine the short lived joys of earth
And in the giddy whirl of thoughtless mirth,
And reckless revelry dance down the steep,
And headlong plunge into sin's murky deep.
The burglar, under cover of the night,
And prowling thief who shuns the glare of light,
And other wretches equally as vile
Led on by Satan and his dupes the while,
Are out to-night and lurking for their prey,
To rob and steal, or may be lead astray
Some unprotected female, or the youth
Who yields to vice and cheaply sells the truth.
O! God, my Father, teach me what is right,
And shield me from the terrors of the night,
And let thy guardian eye protect and keep
Me from all evil while I rest in sleep.

SONNET.

A SEA SIDE REFLECTION.

How grand to see the white maned billows roll,
And waste their fury on the rocky shore,
Or listen to their loud, terrific roar,
And then to think of him who can control
The stormy winds and the tempestuous sea,
And whispers "peace, be still," and winds and waves
His will obey, hushed by his lullaby.
Then why are we of fear the willing slaves,
When we have but to wake our sleeping Lord,
Or rather trust the promise of his word,
And feel secure, from every danger free,
And have a calm serenity restored,
Like to the glassy surface of the deep,
When winds and waves are hushed in noiseless sleep?

SONNET.

Life's joys and sorrows meet us every day,
But some are blinded by their tears of sorrow
And see no joy. Hope's pleasures pass away
While they keep brooding o'er a dark to-morrow.
Some seize on joy and tho' too brief its stay,
They wait on its return and meekly bear
Their short lived trials, while they find relief
In coming to the Comforter to borrow
A soothing balm to ease them in their grief.
The storms we dread are messengers of grace,
To bid us hasten to our hiding place,
And seek relief in all availing prayer.
But even should we have a weeping night
A promised joy comes with the morning light.

SPRING.

Hail ! queen of beauty, vernal spring,
We joy to feel thee near ;
While twice ten thousand warblers sing
A welcome in thine ear.

Thou breathest on our snow-clad land,
And mountain, grove and plain,
Assume new life at thy command,
To grace thy fav'rite reign.

The little songsters of the grove
Their sweetest concerts sing ;
While all around, beneath, above,
Exult to hail thee, spring.

And Flora with her gaudy train,
Comes forth at thy command,
To decorate the verdant plain,
And beautify our land.

All nature is one voice of mirth,
Rejoicing in their queen ;
And all this variegated earth,
One soul-enchanting scene.

If here we see thee deck'd so gay,
What must that country prove,
Where dwells the spring of endless day—
The paradise above !

SUMMER.

When Sol pōurs down his floods of light,
So hot and so exceedingly bright,
Then let me hide in some cooling shade
Close by a murmuring cascade.
And in my cool and sheltered nook,
Give me a much loved friend—or a book ;
Thus couch'd upon the verdant grass,
My happy hours shall quickly pass.
And my soul shall catch the lulling sound,
And be charm'd with the pleasing scenes around.
O ! who could bear in this hot July
'Neath a beaming sun, and a cloudless sky,
To waste his life in the dusty streets,
A stranger to nature's rural sweets !
O ! tell me, then, do you never sigh,
For the cooling breeze and clear blue sky—
The sequester'd walk, or the shady grove,
Where little birds chant their songs of love ?
O ! who would prefer the stifling town,
To the verdant meads and the mountains brown ?
Or who wouldn't sometimes love to rove
By the crystal brook and the wood-nymph's grove ?
But soon and the Summer shall pass away,
The flowers shall fade and the grass decay,
And Autumn shall come so yellow and sear,
And Winter too, black, cold and drear.
And Spring shall reārn, and her gentle breath
Shall revive the flowers long lock'd in death ;
And Summer again shall array our bowers
With sweet perfumes and beautiful flowers.
Thus man like a flower shall fade and decay,
And earth's sweetest gems shall pass away,
And soon—and the gloomy grave shall close
On the wither'd leaf and the budding rose.

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But Christ the Lord has prepared in his love,
A place in the Paradise above,
Where the flowers perfumed with His own shed blood
Shall be all gathered home by the Angels of God.
Then summer's drought and winter's cold showers,
Shall never more injure those Heavenly flowers ;
Thus, while we look back on the storms we endured,
In hope we look forward when we'll be secured—
Transplanted to Eden forever to bloom,
No more to dread sorrow, sin, death or the tomb.

LONGING FOR SPRING.

O how I long again to see
The vernal face of Spring,
And hear, from every budding tree,
Some little warbler sing.

I long to see the forest trees
Clothed in their robes of green,
And swaying in the gentle breeze
Display their glossy sheen.

I long to wander by the stream
Where sport the speckled trout,
Or in the noontide's genial gleam
See lambkins frisk about.

I long to see the sons of toil
Perform the noble deed
Of breaking up the stubborn soil
To plant the fertile seed.

I long to see the meadows green
Bespread with flowerets gay—
I long to have a change of scene
From winter cold and gray.

It won't be long—a little while
And snows will disappear
And Flora with her winning smile
Shall find a welcome here.

OUR GLOOMY PROSPECTS OF AN EARLY SPRING.

Keen, biting frost, a chilling wind,
With drifting snow and bitter sleet,
Ah! Nature has been too unkind,
To leave fair Spring so far behind,
That goddess we so long to meet.

March has prolonged grim Winter's reign,
For still the storm king looks as bold,
As when he spread o'er hill and plain,
The frost and snow, which still remain,
Yes, March, thy breath was rather cold.

Will April come with pleasing grace,
And chase Boreas to his lair!
And will old Sol with dazzling face,
Smile on the earth till every trace
Of winter be dissolved in air?

The showery month will scarcely prove
Sufficient for the task on hand,
To clear each river, stream and grove,
And ice and frost and snow remove,
And banish Winter from our land.

But should the despot have his sway,
And rob us of an early Spring,
Still nature's laws he must obey,
And take his flight in genial May,
To let us hear the warblers sing.

Down South kind *Flora* wails and longs
To visit us with pretty flowers,
And birds, forgetful of their wrongs,
Are practising their thankful songs,
To cheer us in our sunny bowers.

THE SOUL.

The Soul! What is it? Can a mortal tell,
And by philosophy the cause expound,
How we become possessed of deathless souls,
And how the soul exists when life is gone?
Or had the soul a pre-existent state,
Was it begotten? or was it infused
As at the first when Adam got his soul?
Ere born the child has life, say has it then
A soul? Or does it enter with the first
Breath drawn when it assumes distinctive life?
Is there an embryo of soul? and does
It gradually reach maturity?
Or comes it at the first a latent power
Felt in our infancy but not revealed?
Or does it sleep till conscience finds a voice?
Or till the mind puts forth its energies?
Or is the mind the soul? that mighty power
Which holds its empire in the human brain?
Can mind be measur'd by the bulk and shape
Of brains? And do their texture indicate
The varied workings of the intellect?

But is there aught in brains to guide my search
In seeking for the lodgment of the soul?
In vain I try with microscopic art
To find the smallest soul-mark in the brain—
Nor electricity altho' confessed
The subtlest matter yet to mortals known,
Can aid my exploration of the soul.
Tho' quick its flight yet thought is quicker still.
Electric fluid is not intellect,
Nor can its powers galvanize the soul.
The mind can act on matter, but not all
The elements of earth can hurt the soul.
It is not matter, nor can it be called
Life animate, nor yet sagacity.
Where does it lodge? the brain? or in the heart?
Or does it permeate the whole of man—
Nerves, blood and sinews—all his mortal parts?
It is not life alone—the brutes have life
But not a soul, that great ennobling gift
Belongs to man alone—man only has a Soul.
And yet it comes with life, but does not end
In death; the soul immortal never dies.
Shall I consult Dick, Paley, Butler, Locke,
And will they tell me all I want to know?
Or must I stand ashore while they launch out
Upon this ocean of perplexing thought?
Some sail too far and leave my sight, and some,
Afraid to venture, scarcely leave the shore;
Some tell too much and some don't tell enough,
They weary me with their philosophy.
Shall physiology assist my search?
Or anatomical analysis?
Or searching chemistry the question solve?
Or must I end where I the search began
In total ignorance about my soul?
Shall men well skill'd in metaphysics, give

Their deep-toned disquisitions of the soul,
And by their own confusion, but confound,
And leave me more in doubt by their discourse,
And revelation's clearer light be dimmed
With smoke from their defective little lamps.
Distress'd with doubts, I turn my thoughts to God,
Who points me to His Word, and there I learn
That my immortal soul is God's own breath,
And, therefore, I no more the soul can scan
Than I can Him who breathed that soul in man.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

I asked a hoary headed man,
Whose face was haggard, worn and wan,
Scarred with the marks of many a strife
If he could tell me what is life.
He sighed and drooped his withered head,
And leaning on his staff he said:
" Life is a scene of toil and pain,
" A search for pleasure or for gain,
" A few short years of joys and sorrows,
" A race to catch the bright to-morrows,
" A flickering flame, a transient gleam,
" A bubble passing down the stream,
" A flower doomed to swift decay—
" To bud and bloom and pass away.
" Life is the little space we crave
" Between the cradle and the grave,
" And soon we cross the little space
" And terminate the toilsome race,
" Then wearied, we resign our breath,
" And life is swallowed up in death. "

If death, said I, must end the strife
 Such wretched living can't be life,
 For who could bear thro' night to grope
 Were there no morn to cheer his hope?
 Your life is death and cannot be
 The life immortal craved by me.
 I ask'd a Saint, whose joylit face
 Assur'd me of his inward grace,
 If he could solve the question sought
 And satisfy my anxious thought.
 A gleam of hope illum'd his brow,
 While with a reverential bow
 He said : " 'Tis life to know the Lord
 " And Christ, the true and living word.
 " This life of faith, or life divine,
 " Or everlasting life is mine ;
 " 'Tis life to live a life of faith,
 " 'Tis life to triumph over death,
 " He lives who knows his sins forgiven,
 " He only lives, who lives for heaven.
 " There must be first a death of sin
 " Before you have this life within,
 " But when the earnest you obtain
 " To live is Christ, to die is gain."
 " I know this mortal house of clay
 " Will soon dissolve and pass away,
 " Then my immortal soul shall rise
 " To endless life beyond the skies."
 Said I, if thus 'to live be life
 Then let me rush into the strife,
 And live to Him whose grace divine
 Can quicken this dead soul of mine,
 And give me life and conquering faith
 To triumph over sin and death.

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THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Through the bleak barren wilds and rough uplands I strayed
And hungry and faint and of dangers afraid,
And foot-sore and weary, I longed to repose
Beside the still waters where green pasture grows.

My good Shepherd sought me my soul to deliver,
And brought me to rest by the brink of the river.
He fed me, revived me, and gave me repose,
And spread me a table in sight of my foes.

When passing the valley where death's gloomy shade
Hangs over my pathway I'll not be afraid,
For he will be near with His staff and His rod
To comfort my soul and upraise me to God.

His goodness and mercy to me in the past
Assure me He will not forsake me at last;
He'll feast me through life on the sweets of His love,
And then take me home to His mansion above.

A WANDERING THOUGHT.

A wandering thought in search of happiness
Had honey sipped from many a sun-kissed flower,
And basked in indolence midst pleasure's smiles,
Yet restless still, sought other scenes of joy :
Wealth, fame, amusements, and the varied sweets
Of buoyant health. But every pleasure sought
Soon cloyed the appetite. Ethereal thoughts
Subsist on Angel's food ; and so repel
Earth's grosser dainties as a loathsome drug.
And oft this wandering thought returned to its
Clay tenement, and for a time obeyed
The voice of reason in her stern commands,
And concentrated all its energies
To gain the needed knowledge sought below.

Then weary of restraint the fickle thought,
Quick as the lightning's flash, would leave the task
Begun, and wing its flight through boundless space,
In search of some utopian scene of joy ;
Perhaps to build a castle in the air
Or dream away the moments searching for
Some fancied happiness it never finds—
A profitless, an ignisfatuus chase.
Again the wandering thought returns, and half
Ashamed of its neglect takes up the task
Just laid aside, determined to achieve
The knowledge sought ; but ere the task be learned,
Or the hard problem solved, the restless thought
Eludes the vigilance of common sense,
And flits adown the past and roams among
The scenes of bygone days, or it may be
Portrays the flowery path of future years—
Luxuriates in wealth, stands on the mount
Of fame, and revels in the baseless hope
Of realizing what may never come.
But fancied joys like morning mists soon pass
Away and leave a vacancy behind ;
The wandering thought must seek its home again,
For soul and body are so intermixed
That death alone can liberate the soul.
Thus thoughts, like rooks, come home again to roost,
And tell the mind the wonders of their flight.
But is there not a spirit friend to guide
The wandering thought to sweeter, purer joys
Than fancy dreams of earthly happiness ?
Is there no chart to show the spirit-way
To joys beyond our vain imaginings ?
Yes we have got the royal chart to guide
The spirit in its highest flight to bliss.
Creative fancy fails to paint the scene
Which faith beholds beyond the range of sight—

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Or highest flight of earth-born, sordid thought ;
Thought purified by faith can scale the mount
Of heaven, and venture to the pearly gates
Which stand ajar to let the glory of
The new Jerusalem gleam out to light
The way for blood-washed souls returning to
Their God. And oft the longing, holy thought
Will hover near the city of delight,
And gaze with rapture on the glorious scene,
And listen to the soul-elating song,
Sung by the countless hosts before the throne.
The soaring thought may look, and listen too,
But cannot linger long, nor yet conceive
The joys of that celestial home above.
Thought has its limit, and can't comprehend
The glory which surrounds the Deity,
Nor can it penetrate the mysteries—
Nor grapple with the attributes of God.
Thoughts are the light-winged messengers of mind
Or telegrams flashed from the soul to heaven.
The blood-washed souls alone, dislodged by death,
May enter heaven through the pearly gates.
Still it is sweet to feed our trusting hope
With glory-glimpses of our future bliss,
For holy thoughts are privileged to soar
Up to the very paradise of God.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The verdant foliage of the trees
Will soon be scattered in the breeze,
Or huddled in some sheltered nook,
Or floated down the passing brook.

The leaves have changed their summer green
For autumn's richer, golden sheen.
The sear, the yellow and the red,
The brown, the withered and the dead.
Thus nature's beauties pass away,
And quickly hasten to decay.

How beautiful the maple leaf
While blushing to conceal its grief.
Tho' pleasing in its every stage,
Yet still more beautiful in age.

O! Canada thy symbol leaf
Of lovely foliage is the chief!
How emblematic is thy choice,
For that loved leaf has found a voice,
Which tells me that a verdant youth,
If beautified with love and truth,
Shall still with mellowed lustre shine
More beautiful at life's decline.

It always makes me sad to see
At autumn's close a leafless tree;
It points me to life's darkest stage,
A friendless, cheerless, dim old age.
But winter's gloom shall pass away
And spring return with flowerets gay,
To clothe again that leafless tree
In nature's verdant drapery.

Thrice happy he whose hope ascends
To that fair spring which never ends,
Where flowers in perennial bloom
Adorn that home beyond the tomb.

The wearied sons of want and toil,
Who oft' find earth a barren soil,

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Tho' friendless as a leafless tree
And schooled in suffering poverty,
Yet rich in faith, rejoice and sing,
Awaiting that eternal spring,
When God, in whom they put their trust,
Shall animate their sleeping dust
And bear them to his heavenly throne,
Where chilling winters are unknown.

Then let the storm-clouds veil the sky,
The lovely leaflets sear and die,
'Tis but the gloaming of the night,
And day shall dawn serenely bright,
And usher in a glorious day,
When all the gloom has passed away.

My life is like a fading leaf,
My days how few, my years how brief!
But if my trust be not in vain
I yet shall live and bloom again.

JACK LINTON.

Jack Linton held a little piece of ground,
Nor could a better-managed plot be found ;
From early morn down to the shades of night
He toiled, and in his labour took delight.

We called him " honest Jack," and he could sing
And whistle too, as happy as a king ;
And he would sing and whistle all day long,
And never seemed to weary of his song.

The Press could yield Jack Linton no delight,
As he, poor man, could neither read nor write ;
And yet his eye the beautiful could choose,
His ear take in whate'er he heard of news.

His home was humble, but it was his home,
Nor did he ever feel inclined to roam ;
His fare was simple, but his appetite
Turned plainest food to morsels of delight.

He was not wealthy, but he was content,
So long as he could pay his yearly rent ;
Thus having means his few short claims to meet,
His life was happy and his pleasures sweet.

A child of nature, simple and untaught,
From nature's store his choicest bliss he sought ;
Nor fretting care, nor envy's bitter sting
Disturbed his peace ; 'twas his to work and sing.

His wife and children shared his daily toil,
And like him, they could work and sing and smile ;
And tho' unskilled in dogmas and in creeds,
They lived religion in their honest deeds.

Jack's little world, in which he took delight,
Was circumscribed within the range of sight ;
Beyond this range he scarcely ever went—
Thus in his parish his whole life was spent.

Could science or philosophy impart,
A purer joy than filled this rustic's heart ?—
His was the music of the warbling throng—
A joyful feeling and a grateful song.

Jack was a study ; and I often thought,
Would he be happier were he better taught ?
He doubtless would, if led in wisdom's way,
Yet be more wretched should he go astray.

Jack neither knew nor felt the want of knowledge,
Nor could he tell the use of School or College ;
Nor did he ever overtax his brain,
Nor feel the sharpness of a mental pain.

His tally was his ledger, and he knew
What he should pay and what to him was due ;
Events and dates were noted in his mind,
Which when required he was sure to find.

But no one dare the theory advance,
That there is happiness in ignorance ;
Tho' men of learning are not always wise,
Yet none but fools true knowledge would despise.

Jack did his best to practise what he knew,—
Ye who are learned can this be said of you ?—
And tho' unknown to literary fame,
Yet many a scholar he could put to shame.

He had contentment and a thankful heart,
And honestly he played his humble part ;
And as through toiling life he trudged along,
He sweetened labour with his cheerful song.

Good honest Jack, one of Earth's happiest men,
Beloved and honoured in thy native glen ;
Tho' far from thee, I still delight to trace
The glow of gladness which illumed thy face.

AN EVENING WALK.

The Sun had reach'd the golden West
Triumphant in his cloudless reign,
As I with painful thoughts opprest,
Stray'd down by lovely *Lough MacNea*.*

I felt a weariness of mind—
Sad thoughts which caus'd my inward smart,
My youth's bright hope had proved unkind,
And grief's emotions fill'd my heart.

* A lake bounded by the Counties of Fermanagh, Cavan and
Lietrim, Ireland.

Tho' in my soul's deep solitude
I felt a more than wintry gloom,
Yet nature in her cheerful mood
Seem'd like a maiden in her bloom.

The *Cuckoo* sang his two-note song,
The *Rail* kept up his coarse repeat,
Whilst others of the tuneful throng
Were silent in their night's retreat.

The lake was beautifully bright,
And heath-capp'd hills and meadows green
Bath'd in the ev'ning's mellow'd light
Out-lin'd the grand enchanting scene.

But brighter far than fancy's dreams
Or pearly drops of morning dew,
Were Sol's departing slanting beams
Which gave the sky its golden hue.

The winds were hushed and all was still,
While darker shades crept up the dell,
And Sol half hid behind a hill
Was bidding me a kind farewell.

The fading glory pass'd away ;
But soon new beauties met my sight,
The queenly Moon in bright array,
Came with the gleaming stars of night.

And gazing on the silent lake
Which mirror'd Heaven's starry dome,
I felt my longing soul awake
To all the early scenes of home.

Home ! with its twice ten thousand ties
To bind me to that hallowed spot,
Where first I sipped life's purest joys,
Can never, never, be forgot.

I sighed to think those days were gone,
Till reason bade me cease to mourn,
And kindly whisper'd "travel on
For what is past can ne'er return."

Then why should I let sorrows rise
Or damp my cheeks with fruitless tears,
Since I am promised sweeter joys
Than e'er I knew in former years ?

For oh ! the dearest friends must part,
The fairest scenes will soon decay,—
But Christ shall keep my trusting heart
When these shall all have pass'd away.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

One evening as I walked abroad,
I saw a poor old man
Lie faint and weary on the road,
And to his help I ran.

I rais'd him from the cold, damp ground,
A sad and loathsome sight,
And soon within my home he found
A shelter for the night.

This poor old man was sick and weak,
And heavy were his sighs ;
Want star'd you from his hollow cheek,
Death from his sunken eyes.

He tried to pray—his prayers were brief—
And groan'd with inward smart,
For oh ! a load of crushing grief
Lay on his troubled heart.

I thought him shorn of all his strength,
His face appeared so wan—
He sighed, looked wildly, and at length
He thus his tale began :

“ In early life I little thought
That in this vale of tears,
Such miseries would be my lot—
Such sorrows, griefs and fears

“ I had enough of earthly good—
Had money at my call ;
But then I had no gratitude
To Him who gave me all.

“ My youthful days in folly spent,
Portray'd my wretched end,
And tho' oft called on to repent,
My life I'd never mend.

“ Then, wearied of the reckless life
And heedless course I ran,
I thought if I could get a wife,
I'd be a happier man.

“ I took a wife, and loved her, too,
But ah ! that demon, Drink,
Brought ruin's gulf within my view,
And plac'd me on its brink.

“ Out late at night, and often drunk,
My health became impair'd—
I knew my energies had sunk,
But then I little cared.

“ I loved to run my wild career,
And join the jovial souls,
Who idolize rum, ale and beer,
And worship flowing bowls.

" My money spent and credit gone,
Then misery began,
And looking at my wife and son,
I felt a wretched man.

" My wife, unused to poverty,
Her wants with patience bore ;
'Twas then she closer clung to me,
And lov'd me still the more.

" In vain she argued, with her tears,
That I would mend my ways,—
At length she sank beneath her fears,
And grief cut short her days.

" I heard the sighing of despair
Breathed from her broken heart,
And from her cheeks, so sweetly fair,
I saw the rose depart.

" She blessed me with her dying breath,
And wished the conflict o'er ;
And then she closed her eyes in death,
And slept, to wake no more.

" I felt the sting of bitter grief,
The pang of dark despair ;
But ah ! in drink I sought relief,
And not in humble prayer.

" Alas ! I was a wretched man,
And knew that I was vile,
Yet still my reckless course I ran,
Nor sought the Lord the while.

" What worldly joy could cheer my life,
Or heal my bitter smart,
While conscious that my loving wife
Died of a broken heart ?

" A kind relation took my son,
But soon his spirit fled ;
And now my kindred, every one,
Is numbered with the dead.

" Home was no more a home for me,
Its only charm was gone ;
Nor friend to soothe my misery—
I felt myself alone.

" I left my home, my friends, my all,
And went beyond the sea,
But still my cup was mixed with gall
And bitter misery.

" I thought to find in distant climes
What home could not impart—
Forgetfulness of former crimes,
And peace to calm my heart.

" But nothing could I find below,
In all earth's gilded wares,
That would assuage my cup of woe,
And rid me of my cares.

" Again I sought my native isle,
No more inclined to roam—
My friends were gone—nor wife nor smile
To bid me welcome home.

" 'Twas then I thought upon the past,
While tears began to flow ;
I wept to feel that I was cast
Upon a world of woe.

" Oh ! had I sought the Lord in youth,
And read the sacred page,
The God of mercy, love, and truth
Would cheer my hoary age.

" But now my sins like mountains rise,
And crush me with their load.
While in the dust my spirit lies,
Nor dares look up to God."

" But God is merciful," I said,
" And willing to forgive ;
Look up, have faith, be not afraid,
' You still may turn and live.'

" Ah ! do not doubt the Saviour's love,
Nor yield to such despair—
See how He intercedes above—
He'll hear your earnest prayer.

" His blood will wash out every stain,
His grace will set you free ;
To save your soul from endless pain,
He died upon the tree.

" He died your wretched heart to win,
And will your soul receive,
If now you turn from every sin
And in His name believe."

This poor man groaned, while gushing tears
Ran down his furrow'd cheek ;
Deep sighed and struggled with his fears,
Too full of grief to speak.

But soon to this poor penitent
The voice of prayer was given,
And from his burden'd soul there went
An earnest cry to heaven.

" And did the Saviour die for me !
Oh ! could I this believe !—
And will He set the captive free—
My soul again receive !

" Vile as I am I cast my soul
On the atoning blood,
Lord thou canst make the leper whole,
Have mercy, Oh ! my God."

God heard his prayer and filled his heart
With heaven sent delight,
And now made willing to depart,
With paradise in sight,

He testified to those around
Of God's great saving power,
That he had now salvation found
At the eleventh hour.

O never say it is too late
The drunkard to reclaim,
But go and save him from his fate,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

If he who winneth souls is wise,
Then be it yours to win
The drunkards others would despise
From wretchedness and sin.

SONNET.—THE COMET OF 1874.

'Twixt Ursa Major and the Polar Star
The Comet shines so luminous and bright,
And throws afar his blazing tail of light.
What does it mean ? Is it a sign of war ?
Or some foul pestilence ? Or deadly dearth ?
If not, what brought the stranger from afar
To gaze upon this sin-polluted earth ?
Like some lone wanderer who lost his way
He lights his signal lamp and holds it high,
To let us know that he has gone astray.
Perhaps he comes to sweep the northern sky,
And chase away the shadows of the night ?
Let Coggia say what brought the Comet here,
And is the omen one of joy or fear.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

THE PARTING SCENE.

The mists obscured the mountain peaks,
And hid their hoary heads ;
While through the cloud-chinks, g'ory streaks
Illumed the verdant meads,
Which shone like patchwork in the glen,
Mid fields of upturned soil ;
Where many a group of hardy men
Pursued their cheerful toil.

Sweet robin, every now and then
Would sing his little trill ;
While thrush and blackbird, down the glen,
Sang love songs louder still.
The noisy streamlets in their flight
Adown the hazel dell
Kept up a hum of sweet delight,
Like to the organ's swell.

'Twas Spring, the time of love and flowers,
When Earth is all aglow ;
And genial heat and fertile showers,
Cause seed and plants to grow :
The hawthorn blossoms sweetly shed
Their odours on the gale,
And '*Flora*' in profusion spread
Her gems o'er all the vale.

'Twas love and beauty all around,
But grief within my heart ;
The morn had come and I was bound
With friends and home to part.
'Twas hard to tear my heart away,
And break the magic spell
Which bound me to my home that day
I bade my friends farewell.

But why dwell on the parting scene—
 The tear-be-sprinkled face—
 The prayer, the look of faith serene—
 The kiss and fond embrace.
 All past, yet in my memory still
 The scene appears, as when
 I took the last look from the hill
 Of my dear, native glen.

Tho' many a year since then has fled,
 And many a change has come—
 Most of the loved ones now are dead,
 Who blessed my childhood's home.
 Yet still no matter where I rove,
 The fairest spot on earth
 Shall be that hallowed home of love,
 Where I received my birth.

THE LOSS OF THE "ATLANTIC."

A SONNET.

The beautiful "Atlantic" speeds her course,
 And dashes through the fleecy-crested waves,
 Which soon will be six hundred people's graves;
 She nears the rocks with unabated force,—
 No beacon there to tell of dangers near,—
 'Tis dark, and neither officers nor crew
 Know where they are.—Oh! that they only knew—
 While to the jaws of death their ship they steer!
 But hark! a crash! Oh! what a dreadful shock!
 Death and confusion reign on Meagher's rock.
 The sleepers wake, a loud heart-rending wail
 Ascends to heaven on that midnight gale.
 One-third are rescued from the foaming deep,
 The others sink in death's long dreamless sleep.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

Lord I would follow Thee,
But then my father's dead.
And ere I go, first suffer me
To hide his frail humanity,
And then I'll in thy footsteps tread.

And I, too, Lord would go
And follow Thee to bliss,
But ere I leave, I'd wish to show
My love to those I love below,
And give the farewell parting kiss.

But to them Jesus said,
"If mine you wish to be,
Go and the Gospel message spread,
And let the dead inter their dead,
And take your cross and follow Me."

"No looking back will do—
Your hand is on the plough—
Through faith you must the world subdue,
And ever keep the prize in view,
Nor break your attestation vow."

The Saviour claims your love—
Your undivided heart,—
Then let your thoughts be placed above
And in his holy footsteps move,
Nor ever from his ways depart.

No sordid earthly thought,
Should mar our holy songs;
We're not our own, for Jesus bought
Us with a price, and so, we ought
To give, what to Himself belongs.

O ! let us always place
 The World beneath our feet,
 And in the light of Jesu's face,
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Go on, until in Him complete.

SONNET.

When Calumny, the foul-mouth'd monster, shows
 His most repulsive, loathing, hateful grin,
 Or smile satanic o'er his gloated sin,
 Or when he triumphs over others' woes,
 He first selects one of his greatest foes—
 Some child of virtue who is pure within—
 And then in whispers soft invents a crime,
 And daubs it over with his filthy slime,
 And sticks it on the back of that doom'd man
 Who knows not what is done, but wonders why
 His friends hold off or coldly pass him by,
 While scandal-mongers haste his deeds to scan,
 And leer and snifle, while their fetid breath
 Has almost doom'd his character to death.

SPRING—A REVERY.

When dreary winter takes his welcome flight,
 And day extends his conquests on the night,
 And Flora comes with her delightful train
 To scatter gems o'er all the verdant plain,
 How sweet to wander forth by wood or grove,
 Where warblers sing their happy songs of love,—
 Or by the brook or o'er the flow'ry mead,
 Where nature has her richest carpet spread,

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Where butterflies display their gaudy wings,
While overhead spring's sweetest warbler sings.
The humming bee her busy task pursues,
Nor stops to gossip nor to ask the news;
By nature taught she makes her work her pleasure,
Then homeward speeds to store her precious treasure.
Or let me wander by the crystal stream,
And on its banks enjoy the poet's dream,
Or realize the joys around me spread,
A world of beauty rising from the dead.
Or if on fancy's wings my thoughts should rove
To youth's bright morn or days of blushing love,
'Twould grieve my heart, for all the happy past
With grief's dark clouds would soon be overcast.
My friends, where are they? some have crossed the wave,
While others slumber in the peaceful grave,
And here alone, far from those scenes remov'd,
I mourn the mem'ry of the early loved.
But hold, fond muse, nor sing this pensive strain,
See life and beauty animate the plain;
For nature smiles, the little lambkins play,
The groves are vocal, everything looks gay.
One song of rapture now fills earth and sky,
Creation's anthem to the Lord most high.
Then, O my soul, take thou thy glorious part,
Where reason leads, O let me give my heart.
But nature's beauties hasten to decay,
And earth's bright scenes shall soon have passed away.
But thou, my soul, with righteousness arrayed,
Shall never wither and canst never fade;
For in the blissful paradise above,
Where all is peace and everlasting love,
Thou, after death to glory shalt ascend,
And feast on pleasures which shall never end.

SPRING.

Spring, lovely spring we long for thee,
O! come and bless our earth
And give the flowers birth,
And beautify each shrub and tree,
And cheer the insects in their glee,
The warblers in their mirth.

Too long our earth has had repose
Beneath the chilling snow ;
O! bid the zephyrs blow
And Flora's loveliness disclose,
The violet and blooming rose,
And nature set a-glow.

Our winter has been cold and drear,
But hope revives at last,
The storms will soon be past,
And Spring, bright Spring will soon be here
Our waiting, drooping hearts to cheer,
Too long with clouds o'ercast.

We long to hail thee, joyful Spring,
To spend our happy hours
Among the pretty flowers,
And hear the tuneful songsters sing
And see them fluttering on the wing
Above our verdant bowers.

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MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY.

Mount Hermon, lovely, mournful, hallow'd spot !
The sleeping chamber of the silent dead ;
Where we in Christian hope have laid our friends
To rest in peaceful undisturb'd repose,
Until the resurrection morn appears.
Here skilful art and lovely nature join
To beautify the scene, and throw a charm
Of living loveliness around the dead.
I love to take my pensive walks in that
Sad silent cemetery, beneath the shade
Of those old forest trees, whose spreading boughs
O'erarch the neatly kept sequester'd paths,
While in the clearings of the sunny slope
And shelter'd vale, I gaze with sweet delight
Upon the floral beauties which adorn
This solemn, silent and enchanting scene.
And here the tributes of affection shewn
Are numerous ; some doubtless tell of love,
While others point to wealth and vanity ;
Here purest marble and the choicest stones
Are hewn and sculptured into many a form ;
And many a strange device on them appears ;
Some emblematical, and some, perhaps,
Mere decorations of the gaudy tomb.
Thus fortune's favourites who had to leave
The luxuries of life have had their dust
Surrounded still with earthly vanities.
Perhaps the record on that letter'd stone
Proclaims a virtue which was never sought
By him whose pamper'd dust lies underneath.
But there's a record of the truly good
Which time's corroding hand can ne'er deface,
'Tis registered on high, and will endure,
When earthly glories shall have passed away.
The good man needs no monumental stone,

Nor flattering epitaph to speak his praise ;
His deeds shall live as long as time endures,
Nor shall they die throughout eternity.
Sometimes a record of the truly good
Is graven on the people's hearts, and needs
No costly monuments to tell their worth ;
But there are humble, upright, honest men,
Who almost unobserved pass down through life,
And find at last a lowly grave, unmarked
By letter'd stone or sculptur'd monument ;
And yet the memory of that good man lives
In the affections of surviving friends,
Who follow in the path in which he trod.
But should the world forget him, yet his name
Wont be forgotten by the God he lov'd.
Oft have I stood beside some humble grave,
And musing o'er that little grassy heap,
Have tried to solve the questions which arose
Within my mind, but all was mystery :
Was he an honest man whose dust lies here ?
What was his life ?—a peaceful one ? or sad ?
Was poverty and ceaseless toil his lot ?
And did the burden of his toiling years
Grow unsupportable, until at last
He sank beneath his life-destroying load ?
Was death a sweet release from earthly woes,
Sin, toil and pain and friendless poverty ?
His soul—evicted from its earthly house—
Where is it now ? Ah ! who can tell ! and yet
We are assured in God's own truthful word,
That those who sleep in Christ are with their God.
And in that other nameless lowly grave,
Perhaps a wife and mother calmly sleeps.
She had her days of toil and grief, but now
She feels no more the weariness of life.
But tho' her memory may pass away,

Her self-denying virtues cannot die,
For God will not forget his own elect.
But here's a little grave, and on the stone
I read "Our Willie," nothing more; enough;
For this declares in words which touch the heart,
That some fond parents lost their darling boy.
Again I read "our loved ones," yes, no doubt,
They were the treasures of their parents' heart,
The objects of their love and constant care;
But death, the spoiler, came, and life was gone,
Love could not keep them from an early grave.
The sharpest pang a loving mother feels,
Is parting with her little ones in death.
How few can willingly give back to God
The heavenly pledges he was pleased to give.
But while I muse a widow comes, clad in
Her sable weeds, and kneels upon a grave,
And looks with fixity of gaze upon
The last, lone resting place of him she loved.
She weeps sad tears of grief and asks support
From Him who only can such strength impart;
She feels her loss, alas! too keenly feels
Her loneliness. Her dearest earthly hope
Lies hidden in that tear-besprinkled grave.
But grief is sacred, and I move away,
In search of other scenes, and soon I come
In view of the St Lawrence, flowing past
This sacred spot, in all its loveliness.
O! what a grand soul-cheering scene bursts forth
On my enraptured gaze! 'This noble stream,
Clear, deep and wide, so near, just down below
The sylvan bank which skirts this cemetery.
The playful wavelets move like things of life,
And dance and frolic in the sun's bright rays,
And in their pranks fling back again the light
From Sol's reflection on the glassy wave.

Above, below, beyond and all around
Unite to form one grand enchanting scene !
Not solitary nature, for commerce
Here plies her busy trade with rapid pace,
And white wing'd ships from many a distant port
Glide past this silent city of the dead.
The river seems half hid with floating craft,
Impell'd by wind or steam or by the oar ;
But then Mount Hermon's citizens see not
These flitting scenes which once, perhaps, they lov'd.
I turn away from this fair, busy scene
To contemplate my future resting place ;
And soon I reach the lonely vault where sleep
In undisturb'd repose my kindred dead.
But then it matters little where my flesh
Be laid to turn again to mother earth.
God won't forget to wake my sleeping dust,
And raise me with the first whom he shall call.
Good-bye, Mount Hermon, lovely, mournful spot,
I love to visit thee and mark the special care
Shewn to the dead who in thy chambers sleep.

THE WARRIOR, THE STATESMAN AND THE POET.

The warrior grasped his glitt'ring sword
And sought the daring foe,
And blood was shed and the foemen fled
Amid the cries of woe.
And many a battle fierce and long
The warrior fought and won,
And laurels wreathed the victor's brow
For deeds that he had done.

Death stopp'd the warrior's fierce career
And laid him in the dust ;
His blood-stain'd sword his deeds record,
Now deeper stain'd with rust.
And yet in spite of chivalry,
His titles and his fame,
An executioner must be
The warrior's proper name.

The sword, the famine and the plague
Are evils which we dread ;
They tell of punishment for sin
And judgments widely spread ;
War is a curse, and still must prove
To happiness a bar—
And God, the nations shall remove
Who take delight in war.

War is a scourge ; but should it come
We must our homes defend.
If in the right then let us fight
And on the Lord depend :
But wiser still, to shun our foes
And show our better sense,
And blunt their swords by kindly words
And giving no offence.

The statesman sober, learn'd and wise,
Who knows and studies man,
Who laws enacts and plans and tries
To do what good he can,
Deserves a nation's gratitude,
And justly earns the fame
Bestow'd upon the truly good
Of pure unsullied name.

For, tho' the warrior may be great,
Yet he is greater still
Who wisely holds the reins of state
With philosophic skill.
And yet the greatest of the three
Is he who tunes the lyre,
And in inspired poetry
Breathes forth his songs of fire.

The holy prophets who unseal'd
God's mysteries to man,
In poetry their thoughts reveal'd,
For this was heaven's plan ;
And still devotion's highest flight,
As in the ancient days,
Ascends in hymns of sweet delight
And grateful songs of praise.

When chubby little Cupid makes
A target of our hearts,
'Tis from Apollo's wings he takes
The feathers for his darts ;
We own the power of poetry
And yield to its control,
For poetry must ever be
The language of the soul.

In every age, in every clime,
It was the poet's art
To sing and write in strains sublime
The songs which move the heart.
And still we love the gifted bard
And prize his bardic lore,
And shall his honour'd name regard
Till time shall be no more.

HONESTY.

I hardly think I ever can
Find out an upright, honest man,
Who is in all his dealings just
And faithful to his Sacred trust.
In thought and in his doings true,
Who gives to every man his due,
And acts with honesty to all,
The old and young, the great and small:
I often sought, but seldom found,
A man in all his dealings sound;
Not e'en among the very best
Would all their actions stand the test.
They may not cheat or lie or steal,
Yet may a selfishness reveal
By grasping at the largest share,
And doing something scarcely fair.
The honesty I seek implies
The doing that is just and wise,
By rendering to God his due
And paying Cæsar's' tribute too.
'Tis theft to steal another's gold,
And nothing less if you withhold
The goods or money you should pay
Which greed won't let you give away.
You say that you can't live on air,
And that you have no cash to spare,—
Not for your creditors, I see,
But for yourself and family.
You live as well and dress as gay
As if you had no debts to pay.
You make a transfer to your wife
And she is owner now for life.
And such as you my soul abhors
Who thus would cheat their creditors,

"Thou Shalt not Steal," and this implies
Dishonest gain through fraud and lies.
To covet what is not your own
Is theft conceived. That thought alone
Would soil the garments of a saint,
And mar it with an ugly taint.
You must be honest in your heart
As well as act an honest part.
But ah ! how few in heart are free
From covetous dishonesty !
This greedy grasping after gold
Soon leaves the heart deprav'd and cold ;
And when of charity bereft
There's very little justice left.
Thus he can triumph in the pain
Of those whose loss has been his gain.
The man who drugs and sells his drink
Is not an honest man, I think ;
While every drunkard seems to me
The essence of dishonesty ;
He robs his children and his wife,
Himself—oft of his very life.
'Tis wrong to buy, 'tis wrong to sell
A drug that drags you down to hell.
Dishonesty of every kind
Is selfish, hateful, wicked, blind.
Detected theft brings grief and shame,
And leaves a stigma on the name
Of him who takes the tempter's bait
And sees his folly when too late.
And secret theft tho' long concealed
Is often openly revealed.
But tho' the thief or greedy thought
Be hidden like a thing forgot,
Still honesty must ever be
The best and safest policy.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

There are many kinds of sound
In this noisy world of ours,
Whether simple or compound,
Whether great or small their powers,
There are screeches, howls and groans
To cause our dread alarm,
And soft, mellow, melting tones
With their tranquillizing charm.
Sounds expressive of our grief and woe,
And sounds of mirth when joys the heart o'erflow.
 Sounds to please us,
 Sounds to tease us,
 Or confound us
 And astound us.
Or throw a magic spell around us ;
Some are mournful, sad and slow,
Some are dulcet, sweet and low ;
Soothing as a baby's dream,
 Charming, heavenly, melodious ;
Some are like a demon's scream,
 Grating, harsh, discordant, odious ;
Painful sounds which spoil our faces
Causing all sorts of grimaces,
Growls and yells which make us shiver,
Causing every nerve to quiver.
But when fair Cecilia sings
 Every heart is filled with love,
While our thoughts on golden wings
 Flutter up to joys above.
And then we feel a throbbing at the heart,
And soothing, sympathizing tear drops start
While listening to some sweet angelic voice,
 Which captivates the soul
 And holds it in control,
While with a joy seraphic we rejoice.

The tuneful choristers in spring
 Oft hold their concerts on the wing,
 Or in the wild wood or the grove,
 Pour forth their liquid notes
 And swell their little throats,
 And sweetly sing their joyful songs of love.
 I love the little warbler's songs,
 But to the human voice belongs
 The heaven-gifted skill
 To hold and bend the will,
 And all the soul with love and joy to fill.

The rainbow's heaven-tinted dyes
 Illuminate the darkened skies,
 Delighting our enraptured eyes ;
 But pleasures sweeter, purer far,
 Than rainbow tints or evening star,
 Is heavenly music which inspires
 Our grateful lays,
 And fans devotion's sacred fires
 With songs of praise.
 Thrice blissful art,
 It calms our fears,
 Delights our ears,
 And opes the fount of joyous tears,
 And sends a thrill of pleasure through the heart.

*RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH SCENERY—
 LOUGH ERNE.*

Lough Erne beautiful and bright,
 Thou still art in my fancied sight,
 While twice ten thousand charms appear,
 As fresh, as living and as near

As when I viewed thy summer smiles,
And sailed around thy verdant isles.
How fair thy ev'ry bay and creek.
From Wattle-bridge down to Belleek !
Where could I brighter scenes explore
Than down by Crom to Inishmore ;
While opening beauties deck the scene
Adown by fertile Inniskeen ;
Or on by Killyhevin, where
Thy loveliness is doubly fair.

But let me linger for a while
On Enniskillen's crowded isle ;
Where art and nature both unite
To paint a scene of rare delight.
Dear Enniskillen, famed in story,
Thou'lt never lose thy ancient glory !
For thy loved name shall ever be
The synonyme of loyalty.
Portora ! in that word there lies
All that could please delighted eyes ;
There Art uprears a stately pile,
Where Nature shows her sweetest smile ;
That Royal School, Fermanagh's pride,
Diffusing blessings far and wide ;
Here many a youth the race began,
Which ended in the honored man ;
And many a youth of humble name
Has reached the pinnacle of fame ;
Whose first aspiring days were spent
In that far-famed establishment.

But let me seek the eastern shore,
Scenes more familiar to explore ;
Where many a happy day I spent
Beneath that lofty Monument,
Erected for as brave a soul,
As ever bore the name of Cole.

Forthill, some of my sweetest hours
Were spent among thy sylvan bowers !
Sweet haunt of consummate delight,
Where all is pleasing to the sight—
Where beauty lingers to impart,
A thrill of pleasure in the heart.

Then Cornagrade, and Derrygore—
The pride of Erne's lovely shore ;
Where lavish wealth attracts your view—
Where one among the favoured few
Has built a mansion, planted trees,
Perhaps has said, "Soul take thy ease !"
But whether he find ease or not,
His home is a delightful spot.

Beyond, upon a neck of land,
The ruins of a Castle stand.
'Tis said O'Reilly and his clan
Came there one night, and ev'ry man
'They found within these walls they slew,
And then destroyed the Castle, too.
But other ruins meet your gaze,
Which point you back to former days ;
When devastation marked the path
Of warriors bitter in their wrath.
Adown the lake another mile,
And Devenish, that treeless isle,
Is there with all its glory gone ;
And yet we still may gaze upon
The old Round Tower, tap'ring high,
And pointing upward to the sky.
But when or why it was uprear'd,
Some guess, but who has yet declared ?
While some, may be, are reconciled
With what they have been told by Wilde.
Close by, some Gothic structures stand,
Still in their ruins sacred, grand

Whilst all around are relics spread,
And scattered o'er the sleeping dead.
Old Devenish, sweet, hallowed spot !
Tho' distant thou art not forgot.
But it would too much time consume
Were I to tell of Castle Hume—
Of Ely Lodge, of old Monea,
Of Riversdale and Inishway :
Or Tully Castle which Maguire
So cruelly destroyed with fire ;
And put to death each inmate there—
For ah ! his wrath knew not to spare.
But all is past, and peace prevails
Throughout Fermanagh's fertile vales.
Here Castle Archdall stands in view,
And there is a Castlecaldwell too—
But ev'ry headland, creek and isle
Is beautified with nature's smile ;
While pleasure, health and peace abound,
On all the lovely banks around.
The scenery of Ireland
Is varied, beautiful and grand ;
But Erne and its numerous isles,
Show beauty in her witching smiles ;
And throw a charm serenely fair
Around your heart to hold you there.
Thus, tho' far from these scenes removed,
And from the social friends I loved ;
Yet oft my wandering thoughts explore
The beauties of Lough Erne shore.

DIFFICULTIES.

'Tis hard to act a cheerful part
When hidden sorrows crowd the heart.
'Tis hard to smile when sick and poor
And want keeps knocking at the door.

'Tis hard to suffer pain and grief
Without one friend to bring relief.
'Tis hard to be denied redress ;
'Tis hard our bitter foes to bless.

'Tis hard to feel we suffer loss,
But harder still to bear the cross.
'Tis hard to struggle up the hill,
Yet sinners' ways are harder still.

'Tis hard to conquer self and sin ;
'Tis hard the victory to win ;
And yet we may our foes assail,
Go on, subdue them and prevail.

But not by our own boasted might
Nor power, need we attempt the fight ;
But by the spirit of the Lord,
Our only help, our shield and sword.

'Tis hard to get along through life,
And not be worsted in the strife ;
'Tis hard to bear reproach and shame,
Insult, outrage, a blighted name.

'Tis hard to keep your temper meek,
And hold up your unsmitten cheek
To your enraged and bitter foe,
To plant on it another blow.

'Tis hard, but needful help is given
To every candidate for heaven,
Thus every one through Jesus' blood
May prove a champion for his God.

ENVY.

Envy, that greedy fiend within
The worlding's all-absorbing breast,
That most uncomfortable sin
That ever marred a mortal's rest,
Peace cannot dwell within the soul
That yields to its fell, dark control.

Why should I envy those whom earth
Has pampered, dandled on her knee,
Or those who, blest with richer birth,
Ne'er felt the chill of poverty?
They have a right to what's their own,
That right is mine, and that alone.

What though my lonely path be rough,
My prospects desert-like and bare,
Still I'm content and have enough,
And might at times a little spare
To help a brother in his need,
And lessen, too, my worldly greed.

What selfishness to fret and fume
And sicken at another's joy!
Such envious thoughts the reins consume,
And every trace of good destroy
To fret won't make your troubles less,
Nor yet will envy bring redress.

Where envy reigns love disappears—
And what am I, of love bereft?
The slave of gloomy doubts and fears,
Without one ray of comfort left.
Thus envy leads to discontent,
And both to present punishment.

"*WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO
IT WITH THY MIGHT.*"—Eccl. 9, 10.

There are many things we would like to say
But the time to say them soon hastes away,
And advice too late is like locking the door
When the thieves have emptied our well fill'd store.

There are many things we intend to do
In this busy world we are passing through,
But we think and plan till the setting sun
Goes down and our work remains undone.

There is many a science we'd like to know
But our march to knowledge is far too slow,
For we try to fly and can only creep
And the upward pathway is long and steep.

There are virtues, too, we would wish to gain
And the way to reach them is simply plain,
And yet we linger from day to day
Till the wish to get them has pass'd away.

We may have habits we'd like to give up,
The noxious weed or the tempting cup,
But we wait till the habit becomes so strong
That we can't give up what we own is wrong.

We may have vices which cause our smart
While conscience urges a change of heart
But justice lingers and so do we
Till our hope is lost in eternity.

Then let us earnestly watch and pray
And zealously labour from day to day,
To add to our faith each needed grace,
Determin'd while running to win the race.

QUEBEC SCENERY.

AN INCIDENT.

One Summer's evening as I stood
Beside the flag staff, looking down
Upon the ships which throng'd the flood
And lin'd the wharves of Lower Town,
A strange emotion filled my soul
And held me under its control.

The picture was too vast—too grand
To be explor'd by human sight,
So I could only gaze and stand
Entranc'd, upon this rocky height,
And view the river deep and wide
Now meeting the up-flowing tide

The strong commanding Citadel
And guardian of our noble stream
O'erlook'd the fields where heroes fell
And scenes of many a poet's theme ;
But every spot, beneath, around
On which you gaze is classic ground.

Commercial ships and men-of-war
Were anchor'd in our friendly port—
But where could ship or gallant tar
Find such a beautiful resort ?
In vain they seek in other parts
For fairer scenes or warmer hearts.

The busy steamers plowed the deep
And blew their whistles rather shrill ;
Beyond uprose the woody steep
With Levis scatter'd o'er the hill,
While shore and river teem'd with life
All bustling in their busy strife.

A wider range of vision showed
A vast expanse of cultur'd ground,

Where Sol his sweetest smile bestowed
On all the villas strewed around,
While sylvan shades and meadows green
Enrich'd the beatific scene.

Far off the smoky mountain peaks
Outlin'd the grand magnificent sight,
While shadows in their playful freaks
Were sporting with the rays of light,
While through the cloud-chinks glory streamed
And in the hazy valleys gleamed.

Adown the river by Orleans
The landscape was surpassing fair ;
But all must own that Beauty reigns
In all her regal splendour there—
Her crown with many a gem beset
From Bon Ste. Anne to Old Lorette.

But who could sketch in small detail—
Could vision scan, or mind conceive—
The beauties of St. Lawrence vale
Portray'd that lovely summer's eve?
'Twas sad to think that bliss so sweet
Was doom'd for winter's winding sheet.

But martial strains assail my ear
And wake me from my reverie,
I cease to gaze intent to hear
The war inspiring minstrelsy ;
But peace surrounds our rocky steep
Where useless guns may rust—or sleep.

Quebec thou art a lovely spot,
The home of luxury and wealth—
Of honest toil and cultur'd thought
Of law and order, peace and health,
Nor can we view a fairer sight
Than from thy grand old storied height.

MAN HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER.

What have you written to-day my brother
On life's immortal page ;
If read aloud to the listening crowd
Would they call you a fool or a sage ?

Your every thought you are writing down
As well as each word and deed,
And what you write will be read again,
So brother beware, take heed.

You write your life with indelible ink ,
And you cannot erase one blot,
Nor can you *unsay* the spoken word
Nor *unthink* one wicked thought.

You are writing your autobiography now,
So look to your self-respect,
And never record a thought or a word
You would afterwards reject.

The wound may be healed but the scar remains,
The mark of the ugly sore,
Then beware of blunders, erasures and blots,
And carelessly write no more.

If what you have written be foolishness,
Turn over another leaf
And write, in the light of truth revealed,
What never will cause you grief.

Your life will shortly be quenched in death,
And your name may become unknown,
But the book you write will be safely kept
Till read at the judgment throne.

So be careful of what you do and say,
For nothing will be concealed,
And the hidden thoughts you would blush to own
Shall openly be revealed.

Then write, my brother, a beautiful book
Which Saints will delight to read—
A record of holy virtuous thoughts
Portrayed in each word and deed.

A REFLECTION.

I've seen the cheek suffused with red
By death's cold hand laid pale,
Like flowrets bruised by ruthless tread
Or withered in the gale.

I've seen the hoary-headed man
Outstep his three-score years,
With haggard visage, worn and wan,
Deep-furrowed with his tears.

I've seen the sinless baby die,
I've seen its mother weep
To see her little darling lie
In death's long dreamless sleep.

I've seen the pride of beauty fade
And pass from earth away ;
I've seen the youth cut down and laid
Low in the mouldering clay.

I've seen men rush to ruin's brink,
And some I've tried to save,
And some who bartered life for drink
I've follow'd to the grave.

Thus have I seen the young and old,
The thoughtless and the gay,
The rich and poor, the meek, the bold
All borne by death away.

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"IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"—Job 14, 14.

In vain I try to shirk the question which
Demands the cogitations of my soul.
I know that I shall die, but when or where
Or how? I cannot tell. But when I die
Say shall I live again? 'Tis mystery.
But then it is reveal'd in holy writ
That man shall live again. Nor can I doubt,
Nor can it be a thing incredible
That God omnipotent should raise the dead.
But then the puff'd up puny infidel—
Too proud to own a greater than himself—
Who scoffs at truth, says man has got no soul,
That when he dies oblivion seals his fate.
Thus he may think or rather he may wish
That such a death may quench his troubled life.
But such a creed is comfortless to him
Who suffers here and patiently endures
The ills of life in hope of joys to come,
The resurrection is the good man's hope ;
But full of dread to that ungodly man
Who fears, but flees not from, the wrath to come.
The sinner conscious of his awful guilt
May justly dread a sin-avenging God ;
But then the light that shows a man himself
Illumes the Cross and shows the antidote—
The cleansing blood which purges every stain.
The unbeliever often vainly tries
To stifle conscience with his gloomy creed,
And yet in spite of all his rebel pride
He has his doubts and dark forebodings too.
Annihilation is the skeptic's hope,
And his eternity, a dreamless sleep.
Thus darkness leads to deeper darkness, till
The soul is lost in dark depravity.

O ! let my soul mount up and soar beyond
The misty clouds of gloomy unbelief,
And gaze upon the everlasting joys
Which truth reveals, and which both faith and hope
Assure my trusting soul, shall yet be mine.

MY THEME.

Let others sing of groves and bowers,
Of beauty's charms and ladies' eyes,
Of verdant meads and blushing flowers,
Of moonlight scenes and azure skies ;
O ! be it mine to sing the praise
Of Him who led me all my days.

Sun, moon and stars my God proclaim
And earth and seas his skill declare ;
The hidden rocks reveal his name
And show his footprints everywhere ;
Creat are his works but in his word
I trace the glory of my Lord.

I love the grand old picture book
So beautiful on every page ;
The more I on each picture look
The more do I become a sage ;
Great Nature's book imparts delight,
Elates the soul and charms the sight.

But brighter far the world within
My longing soul—the earnest given,
The consciousness of cancelled sin,
The cheering antepast of heaven.
God's works attract my wondering gaze,
His word fills all my soul with praise.

THE SOWER.

Behold a sower went forth to sow,
And he scattered the golden grain,
And prayed that God would His grace bestow
And drop down the early rain.

And wherever he found the fallow ground,
He scattered the gospel seed,
And the seed took root and bore much fruit,
Unhindered by thorn or weed.

Some goodly grain by the wayside fell,
But the fowls in their ravenous greed,
Were hovering there, and, sad to tell,
Devoured the precious seed.

He sowed some seed on the barren soil,
Where stones in abundance lay,
But no fruit rewarded the sower's toil,
For the blade soon wither'd away.

And other seed fell among the thorns,
And tho' it was fertile ground,
The thorns sprang up and destroyed his hope,
And no harvest there was found.

But some seed fell in the cultured soil
And sank in the rich, deep mould,
And rewarded the sower's patient toil,
With thirty or sixty fold.

He sowed the seed when the morning light
Was chasing the gloom away,
And continued to sow when the shades of night
Were hiding his working day.

Beside all waters he sowed his seed,
For he knew that the Lord would bless
The efforts he made, and reward each deed,
With a hundred-fold success.

The Sunday-school was a fertile field
In which to scatter the truth,
And his heart was cheered with a bountiful yield
Of zealous, God-fearing youth.

And he sowed the truth in the haunts of vice,
And trustingly, sought by prayer
To gather some fruit for Paradise
From the seed he had scatter'd there.

And he sowed the good seed in heathen lands
And watered it with his tears ;
And others have reaped, with well-filled hands,
The fruit of his toiling years.

He scattered the seed, and he tilled the soil
Believing the time would come
When golden sheaves would reward his toil
With joy at the harvest home.

TOO MUCH OF THE "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

They may sing of the beautiful snow
Who dwell in a sunnier clime ;
For me I would rather bestow
My songs on a theme more sublime.

I long for the beautiful Spring
When the snow, we have had half a year,
Will dissolve, and the little birds sing
With joy when the flowers appear.

In this bleak hyperborean clime
Our winters are chilly and long,
And oft prove a wearysome time
Not worthy a jubilant song.

It is all very well for the rich
Whose comforts are ever in view ;
But hard upon women who stitch,
And men who have nothing to do.

Our winters are hard on the poor
And trying to both young and old,
Who have fuel and food to procure,
And suffer the terrible cold.

How oft, when the stormy winds blow
And the sky is with clouds overcast,
And facing the cold drifting snow,
We wish the dread winter was past.

Even now, while I write, the rude storm
Is kicking the clouds 'neath his feet,
While the snow-mounds in many a form
Are raising blockades on the street.

When I sing of the snow, let my lay
Be a wail that is plaintive and sad ;
And when the ice passes away
O ! won't I rejoice and be glad !

And when *Flora* visits our earth
I'll join with all nature and sing
With a heart overflowing with mirth,
A song to the beautiful Spring.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

What is Samson's boasted strength
Before Delilah's art !
He must yield to her at length
And tell her all his heart.
She has got his secret now,
Got his head upon her lap,
And cuts the locks which shade his brow,
Then wakes him from his nap :

Wakes him from his pleasing sleep
And sells him to his foes ;
Now, too late, he comes to reap
The harvest of his woes :
Mocked by cruel enemies,
Fettered with the captive's chain,
He mourns the loss of both his eyes
And groans with inward pain.

Samson's is no lonely case ;
We have Delilahs still—
Men who could a lion face,
Yet bend to woman's will,
Men, tho' physically strong,
Made a woman's willing slave,
To vice and ruin urged along,
And dragged down to the grave.

If you wish your strength to keep,
Beware of Samson's nap,
Never lay your head to sleep
Upon Delilah's lap ;
She will ply her cunning art,
Making you her easy tool ;
And when you've told her all your heart,
She'll spurn you as a fool.

MURDER.

The lowest depths to which degraded man
Can sink in deep, dark, vile iniquity,
Is to be branded as a murderer.
In all the catalogue of hellish crimes,—

And they are numerous and loathsome too,—
Not one of them appears so cruel, dark,
And devil-like as murder unprovoked.
A human being, innocent, unwarned,
Depriv'd of life, and his poor soul, dislodged
And sent adrift, perhaps with all his sins
Upon his head, to meet an angry God,
Must be the deepest depth of wickedness.

See ! that dark-hearted fiend in human shape
With murder-marks writ on his frowning brow,
Blood stains his skirts, his hands are red with gore,
And yet, that man may walk about at large,
Screen'd from the vengeance of the penal law
By rebel hordes, who glory in his deeds,
And know his guilt but won't reveal his crimes.
Or he may be acquitted by the law,
Not for his innocence, but thro' some flaw
Found in the statute book ; or some defect
Or wanting link found in the chain of facts ;
Or may be screen'd by him who saw the deed,
Or else thro' perjury or truth suppress'd ;
Or thro' the clever cunning of the man
Who pleads his cause ; or thro' the ignorance,
Or worse, the prejudice of jurymen ;
And thus the murd'rer is again let loose,
To add new victims to his list of crimes.

Sin leads to sin, from foul to fouler stains,
Until God's image is defaced, and then
The fallen wretch is equal to the deed,
Led captive by the devil at his will.
The mother's heart, thro' guilt and shame, has lost
Its feeling, and she kills her little one ;
The brutal father in his drunken wrath
Assassinates his own fond, trusting child ;
And his poor weeping wife falls by his hand.

And many a wicked child with daring guilt
Has quenched a parent's flick'ring life.
And oft, like Cain the brother's hands are stained
In his own brother's blood. And sisters too,
Who nestled in the same fond mother's breast,
Have learned to hate each other unto death.
Some in their wrath, and some for greed of gain,
And some thro' pride to hide their guilty shame,
And some thro' frenzied zeal, or bigotry,
Or to revenge a spite or fancied wrong,
Are prompted to commit the horrid deed.
Some feel the sting of guilt, but there are some
Whose flinty hearts know nothing of remorse,
And who can take a fellow mortal's life
As coolly as they would that of a dog.
The murderer may hide his secret in
His own dark heart. But blood has got a voice,
And heaven hears its plaintive wail, and will
Avenge it here or in the world to come.
God heard the victim's dying groan, and saw
The heaven-daring crime, and he is just
And won't o'erlook the foul, dark deed of blood.
And sympathizing angels saw it too,
And in deep sorrow bowed their heads and wept.
They share our joys, and so we may infer
That they are not unmindful of our grief.
But God beheld it, and he knows it all,
And tho' his justice lingers, it is sure ;
For murder stains must be removed, or else
Revenging wrath will suddenly come down
And purge the land defiled with human blood.
Then if we can't prevent the wicked deed,
Let us not cloak the crime nor screen the wretch
Whose hands are stained with blood. And let us try
To ferret out his guilt, and if condemn'd
A murderer, then let him get the death
Or punishment his wickedness deserves.

THE DECEIVER.

He looked on me with winning smiles,
And every word he spoke was love ;
But, ah ! I knew not then the wiles
He used, my youthful heart to move.

He got possession of my heart,
And only gave me in return
His treachery and cunning art,
Which leaves me now in grief to mourn.

He pledged his love a thousand times,
But still withheld his promised hand,
And tho' I dimly saw his crimes,
I could not his appeals withstand.

He wooed and won my heart, and then
He left me here in grief to weep
For joys that won't return again,
Until I take my last long sleep.

The world may never learn my grief,
Which lies concealed within my breast,
Nor can its friendship give relief,
Or bring me back my peace and rest.

And he, the base deceiver, he
May try to hide his darkened brow,
Yet when I'm gone he'll think of me,
And shudder at his broken vow.

SONNET.

Brave General Gordon ! thy exalted name
Now stands the highest on the list of fame,
A soldier, skilled in all the arts of war,
A hero, too, the bravest of the brave.

Khartoum's brave defender, sold, betrayed !—
 Oh ! would that we had sent thee timely aid
 Ere doomed to thy unknown and lonely grave :
 Ah ! It was sad to leave thee to thy fate
 And only send thee succour when too late.
 Thy deeds in China spread thy fame abroad,
 And we had learned thy honored name to bless,—
 A Christian hero, trusting in his God,
 Whose onward path was one of marked success,—
 But thine is now the crown of righteousness.

TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

Come now dear brother Jonathan
 And be more mod'rate if you can,
 And don't swell up your little bill ;
 Nor yet exhaust your caustic skill
 In calling England ugly names
 For spurning your dishonest claims.
 A few, we'll own, through selfish ends
 Appeared to be, the rebels' friends,
 And these should pay, and these alone
 Should for their foolishness atone.

Old England hated Slavery
 And long'd to see poor *Sambo* free,
 And so the great majority
 Gave you their heart-felt sympathy.
 Then why extort a tax from those
 Who never sided with your foes?
 Don't be too hard upon your mother—
 Forgive and bear with one another ;
 Ye know, ye both are mighty nations,
 And more, ye both are blood relations,
 Then drag the demon from his car
 And shun this fratricidal war.

We, too, who live in this Dominion
Will tell you what is our opinion,
We think that you are more to blame
Than those on whom you make your claim.
Why was there not a war-ship sent
These wide-spread evils to prevent?
And why not make the conquer'd pay
The cost of all this great affray?
You say that England built the ship,
And let her take her trial trip,
And so escape, and join your foes,
The cause of all these bitter woes.
'Tis not the maker of the gun
Whom we pronounce the guilty one,
But him who uses it in wrath
To cause a fellow mortal's death.

Your arguments are out of joint—
Let me adduce a case in point;
I buy a gun, say, in New York,
With it I shoot the Mayor of Cork;
A noise is made—the Queen demands
A million dollars at your hands,
Because from you the gun was bought
With which the Mayor of Cork was shot.
Would you admit the claim as just?
No, but you'd spurn it with disgust;
So Jonathan withdraw your claim
For Englishmen are not to blame.

You'd better therefore seek amends
From Davis and his rebel friends,
For tho' your losses we deplore,
Remember that you owe us more
Than England could have owed to you,
So pay us first our legal due.

Your Fenians crossed our boundry line
 With dark and murderous design.
 For tho' we don't believe you sent them,
 We say, why did you not prevent them ?
 You know 'tis very wrong to keep
 A dog that kills your neighbour's sheep,
 And you kept dogs, which caus'd alarm
 And losses on your neighbour's farm.

Now what has been your contribution
 To us by way of restitution ?
 Come, come, now Jonathan, be square,
 And try to do what's just and fair.
 Bear and forbear, give and forgive,
 And try with all in peace to live ;
 This is, you know, the great command—
 So take your brother by the hand
 And say, " 'tis not a few old ships
 " Our friendly feelings shall eclipse,
 " We'll live in love with one another,
 " And act as brother should with brother."

IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

I went in search of happiness
 And sought, alas ! in vain
 To find among earth's promised joys
 The bliss I thought to gain.

For, like the *ignis fatuus*
 O'er marshy swamps by night,
 I found earth's joys as fickle as
 That phosphorescent light.

I followed fancy's fairy flight,
And built my castles fair,
But soon I saw them all dissolve
Like bubbles in the air.

I sought for bliss in beauty's charms
And fascinating smiles,
And found, too oft, a painted mask
To cover artful wiles.

I found the dance a meteor glare,
And often void of mirth ;
Its promised joys ephemeral,
Or dying in the birth.

I turned into the gay saloon
And drank the sparkling wine,
And listened to the noisy throng
Who scoffed at things Divine.

But peace and happiness took flight
From that unhallowed spot,
To find a lodging for the night
In some lone, humble cot.

Ah ! no, accursed alcohol
Has got no promised bliss,
For all the joys it offers are
As false as Judas' kiss.

Again I sought, in wealth and fame,
For quietude of mind,
But chased a shadow all the while,
And followed far behind.

Thus disappointed, I resolved
Within my sphere to keep,
And as I could not run nor soar,
To be content to creep.

And so I sought by honest toil
To earn my daily bread,
And gloom and pride and murmurings,
Like morning vapours, fled.

And then I sought the Prince of Peace
His blessing to impart,—
He gave it, and I have it still,
Deep hidden in my heart.

TO MY WIFE,

ON OUR TWENTIETH WEDDING-DAY ANNIVERSARY.

Thro' sunshine and shower, for twenty years past,
By grace and by Providence kept,
We've lived in the shelter, and felt not the blast
Which over us blightingly swept.

We might have had more of the comforts of life—
And yet, perhaps, few have had more ;
We've lived in contentment, apart from all strife,
And want never entered our store.

Then let us give thanks to our merciful God,
Who has brought us so far on our way,
And trust Him to keep us the rest of the road,
Nor suffer us from Him to stray.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Tho' prince and peasant must resign their breath,
And yield alike to death's resistless dart,
Yet when a prince—wise, good and true of heart—
Falls suddenly beneath the stroke of death,
It thrills our hearts, while every head is bent
In talking, thinking of the sad event.

We lose a prince whose loved and honoured name
Stands proudly high upon the list of fame ;
A true philosopher, well skilled in art,
Who, while he lived, has acted well his part ;
But in a moment, in the noon of life,
The good Prince Leopold quits this mortal strife,
And leaves our Queen, his mother, in her grief,
To mourn her son whose years have been so brief.

GRIEF FOR PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Grief, through bereavement, is the common lot
Of every one who has a heart to feel ;
And he must have a heart as hard as steel,
Who stands unmoved mid scenes of deepest grief,
Nor offers comfort nor affords relief.
Grief in the palace or the humble cot
Demands our sympathy in deed or thought.
When kindred ties are rudely snapt in twain
We feel as if the very threads of life
Which bound our hearts were severed in the strife.
Thus felt Eugenie when her son was slain,
Thus feels our own loved Queen—thus feels the
 wife
Of this good Prince, the Royal mourners feel
A grief too deep for human words to heal.

A MEDITATION.

Sometimes I get wearied of life, and would fly
Far away from temptation and sorrow ;
And oft in my troubles in anguish I sigh,
And long for a brighter to-morrow.

Tho' I hid in a cave and became a recluse,
 'Twould be but a change of position—
 It is not in heathenish foolish abuse,
 To better my spirit's condition.

The world with its sorrows, defilements and sin
 May cause me much grief and vexation,—
 I may fly from its follies, its bustle and din,
 But where shall I fly from temptation ?

My thoughts will pursue me wherever I go,
 And sorrows shall trouble my spirit.
 Because my frail nature is wedded to woe,
 And grief is the lot I inherit.

I want peace of mind, and I want joy of heart,
 And neither the world can bestow me ;
 Besides, it is neither in nature nor art,
 The blessings required to shew me.

Then let me repair to the great word of truth,
 And rest on the promises given,
 And trust in Jehovah, the guide of my youth,
 To lead me in safety to heaven.

THE OLD BARD.

It happened in the olden time,
 Ere it was deemed a sin to rhyme,
 Or canting critics learned the art
 Of torturing the poet's heart,
 A lonely minstrel on his way
 Sang to himself a rustic lay.
 The people caught the soothing strain
 And listened to the bard's refrain,
 And begged that he would stop awhile
 And sing their sorrows to beguile.

The Bard attuned his much lov'd lyre
And ran his fingers o'er the chords—
Slow, soft and sweet, then higher higher,
And soon his thoughts got vent in words.
He sang of lavished beauties spread
Beneath, around and o'er his head—
The blessings of the fertile soil—
The honest men of cheerful toil.
He sang of chaste, soft, blushing love,
Pure as the light that shines above.
The maiden fair, the modest youth,
Whose bosoms glow with love and truth,
He sang of virtuous love matured
The choicest balm of life secured—
The sweets of matrimonial bliss,
The love revealed in every kiss.
O ! happy state, divinely sweet
With every hallowed joy replete
Where man and wife in heart agree
A love-united family.
Beneath this great o'er-arching dome
The fairest spot of earth is home,
Home, where our Eden is complete,
Where all the social virtues meet ;
Home, sweetest spot to mortals given
Faint type of that loved home in heaven.
A shadow dimmed the poet's face
While singing of our ruined race—
The cold, dark deeds of wickedness—
Oppression, sorrow and distress,
The tyrant's frown, the suffering slave,
The traitor, thief and painted knave,
The ravages of alcohol
Destroying body, mind and soul—
Drink with its twice ten thousand woes
To rob the soul of its repose,

Accursed drink, earth's greatest blight,
And most abhorred, revolting sight,
Oh ! say when shall the world be free
From this polluted misery ?
The Poet breathed a softer strain,
And sang his dulcet notes again,
And looking up beyond the skies,
While tear-drops glistened in his eyes,
He sang of patient faith's reward,
The need of every honest bard.
And pointing to the pilgrim band,
He sang the glories of that land
Outstretched beyond the misty gloom
Which mortals see around the tomb.

And
~~Then~~ then he sooth'd the suffer'ing poor
Who meekly, patiently endure—
Those noble heroes in the strife
Who triumph o'er the ills of life,
Who onward urge their rapid course
And even take the crown by force.
The poet raised his gleaming eyes,
Which seemed to penetrate the skies ;
Then musing, as if lost in thought—
But what he saw he told us not,
For suddenly he ceased to sing,
His muse had dropped her weary wing ;
And then he bowed his hoary head,
And then was numbered with the dead.
And with his harp upon his breast
We laid the dear old Bard to rest.

HOME THOUGHTS.

I love to think of the dear old home—
For my thoughts keep lingering there—
And to think of the haunts where I used to roam
With a heart unknown to care.

And I love to think of the days long gone,
And the friends of my early youth,
Who taught me to trust in the Holy One,
And to walk in the ways of truth.

And I think of the flowery-selvedged lanes,
Where I ran in my childish glee—
And I sportively roam o'er the verdant plains,
And I climb the old ash tree.

And I visit again in my waking dreams
The old familiar spring,
And the grassy slopes by the crystal streams,
And the grove where the warblers sing.

And I join my brothers and cousins at play,
With our hoops, tops, balls and kites,
And time too rapidly glides away,
Curtailling our loved delights.

And we cheerfully go to the village school,
And again pore over our books,
And we reckon our sums by the same old rule,
And—we watch the master's looks.

And I think of the days of healthy toil
And pure industrial mirth,
When I covered the seeds in the fertile soil,
Or gathered the fruits of the earth.

And I sigh while I think of that joyless day
When I left the dear old home,
And lonely and tearfully came away
Thro' this cold, vain world to roam.

And I oft survey in my pensive thought
The graves of my kindred dead,
And I sigh while I gaze on that hallowed spot,
And a tear to their memory shed.

And I hopefully think of the joys to come,
When my heart shall no more be riven—
When I'll meet the beloved of my childhood's home
In our Father's house in heaven.

SONNET.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Princess Louise, your feeling, loving heart
Still overflows with human sympathy.
Your royal gifts, so generous and so free,
Have made the wounded soldiers' tear drops start
In grateful feelings for such kindness shown
To all our brave, heroic volunteers.
We won't forget through all our future years
How much, through you, we owe the British throne.
Your long-loved name is music in our ears ;
When here we loved you and were grieved to part
With you and our good, wise and noble chief,
And now your thoughtfulness to soothe our grief
Has won our hearts, as all your actions prove
That Canada still shares your Royal love.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Always choose the sunny side
When you can such bliss attain,
Never swim against the tide—
Wait its flowing back again.

Should the clouds of sorrow lour
Veiling pleasure's faintest ray—
Wait, you'll find night's darkest hour
Is the one preceding day.

Happiness is not in wealth,
Joy is not a work of art,—
Greater is the gift of health—
Sweeter is a peaceful heart.

Tho' the gift you get be small,
If it square with your desires,
You are rich, for you have all
That your present need requires.

If you can rejoice to-day,
Do not grieve about to-morrow ;
Happiness will longer stay
By avoiding needless sorrow.

Always try to act the man,
Honestly perform your part,
Do whatever good you can—
Cultivate a thankful heart.

Never do nor suffer wrong,
Neither shew nor bow to pride,
Thus you'll smoothly glide along
Life's delightful Sunny Side.

MAN.

Man is like the wave-tossed ocean,
Ever moving, still in motion ;
Like a hurricane he ranges,
Like the wind or moon he changes ,
Ever shifting, passing on—
Glow's a moment, then is gone.
In this changing world of ours,
Man has sunshine, storms, and showers—
Sunny days his heart to cheer,
Storms when pleasures disappear ;
Cooling dews of sweet relief,
Tempests of heart-rending grief.
Few and evil are thy days ;
Many are thy devious ways,
Man of sorrows, born to woe
In this transient world below.
Man ! thou little thing of earth,
Doomed to troubles from thy birth,
Look not on earth's worthless toys,
All devoid of solid joys.
Thou hast an immortal spirit,
Which must bliss or woe inherit.
After death, eternity
Opens wrath or joy to thee.
If there were no hell nor heaven,
Why was reason to thee given ?
Reason points to nature's God,
Dwells not on this earthly sod,
Ever grasping, seeking, soaring,
God's and nature's laws exploring,
While the monitor within
Shews the sinfulness of sin,—
Calls earth's treasures dung and dross—
Leads the sinner to the cross—

Points him to the blood-stained tree,
Saying, "there is hope for thee."
There, before his weeping eyes,
Hangs the bleeding sacrifice.
See! he gazes on the tree—
Cries out, "Jesus died for me!"
Saved from sin, his fears depart;
Sweetest pleasures fill his heart;
While the feeling in his breast
Bids him hope for endless rest.

INFINITY.

My thoughts are circumscribed and held in check,
And cannot penetrate the vast unknown
Beyond creation's bounds, that starless void
Which borders on the dark infinity.
What is infinity? My finite mind
Can't grasp the thought. 'Tis far beyond the range
Of fancy's flight. The lightning's quickest flash
Continued through eternity would fail
To reach the outlines of immensity.
The Sidereal heavens but reveal to us
The inner circle of eternal space.
The milky way or galaxy is but
The faint reflection of the distant stars
In other regions of the universe.
'Tis not in finite mortals to explore
The shoreless ocean of infinity.
The learned astronomer may count the stars
And tell their names, perhaps may calculate
The magnitude of some familiar ones;
And he may give in lengthy numerals
Their distance from the Earth and from the Sun;

But can he tell the number of the worlds
Which may exist through boundless space beyond
The tiny range of telescopic sight ?
He'd waste eternity ere he could scan
The boundless regions of immensity.
But tho' I cannot grapple with the thought,
Or solve the mystery which hangs around
Creation's vast domain, yet in my soul
There dwells a longing wish to soar away
Beyond the skies and gaze with wondering awe
On all the glories which adorn the great
Illimitable circle of the heavens.
I dimly see creation's margin here,
But faith illumines the grand majestic whole,
Where suns and systems in their orbits move,
Fulfilling their Creator's high behest.
'Twas wisdom planned the whole. 'Tis power divine
That keeps in motion all the rolling spheres,
Which form the great machinery of heaven.
Infinity is endless nothingness,—
A dismal void. Creation beautifies
The dreary deserts of infinity,
And plants around the circle of the heavens
These glittering stars—the stepping stones of Deity
Or tapers to illuminate the night,
Or sparkling gems reserved for saintly crowns.
Hope lures me on, and points to future bliss,
And faith brings near hope's pleasing promises,
And truths divine are realized. And joys
To come are antedated here. I take
The earnest and await the fulness of
The bliss which shall hereafter be revealed.
But while encumbered with this house of clay
My soul must wait in hope for higher flights
When she with full-fledged wings shall soar far, far

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Beyond the limits of a mortal's thought.
 And when that glorious transformation comes,
 And I be clothed in immortality,
 I'll seek permission in the courts above
 To visit and explore creation's bounds,—
 The "many mansions" of my Father's house
 And all the wonders of his wide domain.
 Till then I'll wait and hope and trust, and learn
 The secret of my Saviour's dying love.
 The "little while" will shortly pass away
 And then my loving Lord shall come and take
 Me with him to his Father's home in heaven.
 And then all mysteries shall be revealed,
 For in the blaze of heaven's glory, I
 Shall gaze with rapture on the new delights
 Which throng high heaven and all the vast expanse
 Of God's illimitable universe.
 And then I'll sing and shout my Saviour's praise
 Who conquered death and gained the victory.
 And through eternity my grateful soul,
 With wondering awe, shall thankfully adore
 The great all-wise and all-creating God.

*THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE "MELANCHOLY
 DEATH OF MR. JAMES MILLER, OF QUEBEC.*

Killed by the railway collision at Richmond, August 24th, 1871.
 returning from Montreal.

A dark mysterious Providence
 We cannot comprehend
 Has quenched the life and called away
 Our brother and our friend.

We feel appalled and turn away
 With melancholy dread,
 To think he whom we loved so well
 Is numbered with the dead.

Like some destructive hurricane,
 Or whirlwind in its wrath,
 So came the messenger of death
 Upon his homeward path.
 Sharp comes the crash, he feels the pang
 Of life-destroying pain,—
 And home, with its endearing scenes,
 He'll never see again.
 Strong drink is proffered, but refused—
 Just hear his great reply,—
 "I've lived thro' life a sober man
 And such I mean to die."
 A few short moments and his soul,
 Freed from its mangled clay,
 Was wafted to that God he loved
 To dwell in endless day.
 Gone home, but not his home below,
 His family to greet,
 But to that happier home above,
 Where saints and angels meet.
 He thought and spoke and worked for God
 Till called away to rest—
 We'd rather he had stayed with us,
 But God knows what is best.
 If death be nature's sleep in hope—
 A rest from sin and strife,
 Then why should mortals dread the grave,
 And cling to wearied life?
 But death too often rudely comes
 And fiercely takes his prey,
 And from our midst our dearest friends
 Are quickly snatched away.
 O ! who would live without a prayer,
 Breathed forth in every breath,
 To be preserved in readiness
 For unexpected death.

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WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST!

What think ye of Christ? O! I feel he is mine
God blessed forever eternal divine,
My merciful Saviour, Redeemer and God,
Who saved me from ruin by shedding his blood.

My Prophet, the will of the Lord to make known,
My Priest and my offering, for sin to atone.
My Captain, salvation and strength to impart,
The Lord, King of Glory, who reigns in my heart.

What think ye of Christ? he is goodness and love,
The saints, intercessor now pleading above,
My life, and preserver, the truth and the way,
My rock and my fortress, my shield and my stay.

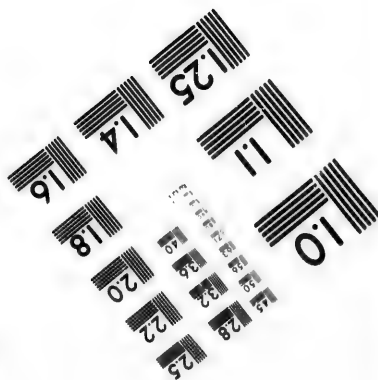
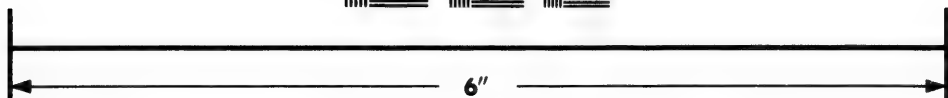
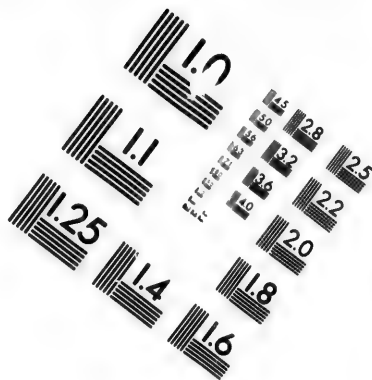
What think ye of Christ? I believe he'll soon come
To call up his servants and bring them safe home,
For he is the Conq'r of hell and the grave,
My life-giving Jesus, almighty to save.

What think ye of Christ? O! my poor meagre thought
Can never conceive of his love as I ought;
But when I'm in glory beholding his face,
Forever and ever I'll sing of his grace.

BAD HABITS.

The habits and vices we practise and love,
Like chronic diseases, are hard to remove,
The smoker will smoke and the toper will drink,
Not caring what others say of them, or think.

The swearer, whose language is coarse and profane,
Is bound by his habits, nor can he refrain
From cursing, blaspheming and damning his soul,
Urged on by a habit he cannot control.



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The liar who lies with intent to deceive,
Will lie, tho' he knows that you do not believe
One word that he speaks, for he learned in his youth
The habit of lying and hating the truth.

The thief and the robber who pilfer and steal
Declare what their devilish habits reveal.
And all who dishonestly try to get gold,
Their greed, through their covetous habits, unfold.

And those who give way to their passions impure,
Who oft are allured while they try to allure,
Are chained to their habits, repulsive and low,
Which lead them to darkness, destruction and woe.

All vices, when suffered to enter the heart,
Are hard to evict—they are loath to depart ;
And so the poor sinner is kept in control
By all the vile habits which master the soul.

One way—and but one—of escape is revealed
From habits and vices, exposed and concealed ;
'Tis trusting in Him who is mighty to save
From habits and vices—from death and the grave.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Redeem the time, nor moments waste
In slothfulness or folly,
Nor yet in frantic worldly haste,
Nor moping melancholy,
But every moment use with care,
In acts of mercy, love, and prayer.

Your daily toil must be pursued
While health and strength be given ;
The wearied frame must be renew'd
With sleep, the gift of heaven ;

Yet, still, by watchful care, you may
Redeem some moments every day.

Your mind requires mental food
And careful cultivation ;
Then store it with what's wise and good
By thoughtful meditation ;
So, if improvement be your theme,
You must the needful time redeem.

How many moments have you spent
In profitless employment !
In gossiping, or giving vent
To some depraved enjoyment—
Unthoughtful of the awful crime
Of murdering your precious time ?

Redeem the time !—on moments seize,
Because the days are evil ;
And slothful men, who sleep at ease,
Are lulled there by the devil ;
So, till you reach your end—the grave—
Each passing moment try to save.

Seek early rest ; and early rise,
Your daily task pursuing ;
Redeem the time, and gain the prize ;
Do something worth the doing.
Whatever truth points out as right,
Try to perform with all your might.

The night is coming on apace,
When work must be left over ;
Then squander not your ^{few} of grace,
But labour to recover
The mis-spent moments of the past,
And live each day as if your last.

DEATH.

Is death a blessing or a curse,
An enemy or friend?
A dreamless sleep, or terminus
At life's short journey's end?

Or is the grave a resting place,
Where wearied ones repose,
Mortality's last, calm retreat,
Beyond the reach of woes?

Death rends the veil which separates
Time from eternity,
And opes the door for saints to pass
To immortality.

The grave is but the warbrode where
Our earthly robes are stor'd,
Till call'd to put them on again,
To go and meet the Lord.

All mortal life must end in death,
But in the final strife,
The dying Christian conquers death,
And wakes to endless life.

For those who fall asleep in Christ,
In glory shall arise,
Arrayed in immortality,
To dwell beyond the skies.

So death to wearied saints must prove
An invitation given,
To leave the miseries of earth,
And share the bliss of heaven.

QUEBEC SCENERY.

The scenery around Quebec
Is beautifully fair,
Nor have I ever yet beheld
A richer any where.

In summer, when the leaves are green,
Go to the Citadel,
And view the all-surrounding scene,
And mark its features well.

Far off the outlined mountain peaks
Seem propping up the clouds ;
Some hill-tops bright with glory streaks—
Some hid in misty shrouds.

Within the vast horizon's girth,
Viewed from this classic height ;
Methinks no fairer spot of earth
Has ever charmed my sight.

And down beneath the rocky steep,
The great St. Lawrence flows ;
Where noble steamers plough the deep,
And gallant ships repose.

O ! beauteous river deep and wide,
Our great commercial mart ;
What wealth comes floating o'er thy tide—
What treasures, too, depart !

Orleans, that doubly gifted isle
Of groves and fertile glades,
Invites you down a little while
To see her sylvan shades.

O ! happy are the favoured few
Who, when the days are hot,
May go, and pleasure's path pursue
In that delightful spot.

And should you other scenes explore,
Then go where nature calls,
And listen to the deaf'ning roar
At Montmorency Falls.

See how the reckless, rushing stream
Comes dashing down the steep ;
And how the bursting bubbles gleam
Along the boiling deep.

Or should you wander up the stream,
You may, without a doubt,
Soon realize old Walton's theme
With many a speckled trout.

Or you may go on pilgrimage
And seek that sacred shrine,
Where faith may sufferings assuage
Through agency divine.

The scenery is beautiful
Around the bon Ste. Anne,
And nothing there is dark or dull
Except poor sinful man.

The crowding forest-covered hills,
Outline the beauteous scene ;
While sparkling, laughing crystal rills
Flow through the vales between.

And all around, the cultured dales
Are thronged with happy homes ;
Where conscious luxury prevails,
And trouble seldom comes.

Or should you wander back in thought,
Few other parts could yield
So many scenes of battles fought
On many a bloody field.

Or if a darker scene be view'd,
You still the spot may trace,
Where savage hordes have been subdued,
Or massacres took place.

The tomahawk and scalping knife
Are buried with the dead ;
The savage yell and deadly strife
For evermore have fled.

Perhaps a temple marks the place
Where once a wigwam stood ;
While in that meadow you might trace
A field once stained with blood.

And you may view the battle field,
And mark the very spot,
Where Britain's foes were forced to yield—
Where General Wolf was shot.

And while you mourn our hero's death
Think of Montcalm as well,
Who fought and breathed his latest breath
Near this old Citadel.

The victors and the vanquished have
Long since been turn'd to dust,
Yet love still decorates the grave
Which holds the good and just.

Montgomery in his reckless zeal
Received a final check,
And he and his compelled to feel
The prowess of Quebec.

The spot, now from your sight concealed,
Where brave Montgomery fell ;
And many another battle-field
Surround this Citadel.

But peace prevails. O! glorious peace,
In which my soul delights ;
For joy and plentiness increase
As men decrease their fights.

The scenes I love are spread around,
Within the circling hills ;
The verdant mead, the cultured ground,
Groves, valleys, rocks and rills.

Quebec presents a pleasing view
From this old rocky height ;
And piles of buildings, old and new,
Attract your wondering sight.

Our city streets are not our pride
As every one may see ;
They're neither clean nor straight nor wide
Nor what they ought to be.

Still we have buildings great and grand,
And many a stately fane ;
And forts and guns at our command,
The foeman to restrain.

And we have Banks and wealthy men,
And men of business too ;
And men who know the where and when,
And what they ought to do.

Our shipping interests are great,
Our Railway system thrives ;
Our trade is in a healthy state,
And enterprise revives.

All willing hands who seek employ
May find enough to do ;
And here the tourist may enjoy
A sense of pleasure too.

The Battery and Esplanade
Are crowded with delights ;
But Dufferin Terrace takes the lead
Of all our glorious sights.

So beautiful, a work of art,
Built on this rocky height ;
With everything that could impart
A scene of sweet delight.

And on this grand old storied height
I'll leave you to enjoy
The beautiful surrounding sight;
And bid you all good-bye.



THIS CANADA OF OURS.

Ye valiant sons of health and toil
And men of every grade,
Who either cultivate the soil
Or live by honest trade,
Rejoice that ye have lived to see
Upraised to princely powers
This great Dominion of the free—
This Canada of ours.

Where is the land we can compare
With Canada the blest,
Outstretched o'er half the hemisphere,
Away from east to west ?
A healthy clime, a sky sublime,
While fertilizing showers
Come down to bless with plentiness
This Canada of ours.

Great cities dot our cultured land,
While happy homes declare
That men of toil have cleared the soil
And now earth's blessings share ;
And many a home is beautified
With gardens, walks and bowers,
Whose owners boast with honest pride
This Canada of ours.

We well may boast a fishing coast
Of undefined extent ;
But all our waters teem with fish
Throughout this continent ;
Then game abounds o'er all our grounds,
While choicest fruits and flowers
Are here to show how much we owe
This Canada of ours.

Our mighty forests unexplored,
Our lakes of vast extent,
And mines, where countless wealth is stored,
Enrich our continent.
Deep rivers and broad prairie lands,
With hills like lofty towers—
For nature formed with giant hands
This Canada of ours.

We live in peace, for peace we prize,
But should the foeman come,
Our sons are brave our land to save
And guard each happy home ;
The daring foe would quickly know
Our courage never cowers,
And deeds would prove how much we love
This Canada of ours.

Old England has our gratitude
For all her favors shown,
But in our manhood now, we should
Be fit to stand alone.
Still in the garland of our Queen
Shall be no fairer flowers
Than those received from Canada—
This Canada of ours.

One common language let us speak,
One object be our aim,
The good of Canada to seek
And aid her rising fame ;
Then by-and-by we'll take our stand
Among earth's greatest powers,
And sing the glory of our land—
This Canada of ours.

The license law in Canada
Shall soon be wiped away,
And sober men with voice and pen
Shall hail the glorious day.
When we shall have the curse removed,
Which marred our midnight hours,
And then prosperity shall bless
This Canada of ours.

IN MEMORY OF MY YOUNG FRIEND.

TO HIS PARENTS.

I've seen the rose of Crimson dye
In beauty's smile array'd
But ere dim night had veil'd the sky
Its glory had decay'd.

I've seen the cheek suffus'd with health—
The youth elate with joy,
A father's hope, a mother's wealth,—
A noble, darling boy.

And ere his mid day sun had shone
His lifeless clay lay pale,
As fleeting as the flow'rets blown
And wither'd in the vale.

But as the rose its fragrance shed
When it had ceas'd to bloom,
So do the holy happy dead
Shed odors from the tomb.

Though death our dearest friends remove,
It cannot quench the light
Of memory ; for those we love
Can never leave our sight.

Nor are their voices hush'd, for still
We hear them speak again
Those treasur'd words, which often thrill
Our hearts with joy and pain.

I know your trial was severe,
Almost a crushing load,
Too much for mortal strength to bear
Unaided by your God.

But tho' your hearts be wrung with grief
And humbled to the dust,
You know where ye may find relief,—
The *hope* in which to trust.

Your darling boy is happy now,
Forever with his God.
'Tis yours to meekly wait, and bow
To heaven's chast'ning rod.

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When to the earth his lifeless clay
Reluctantly was given,
Ye knew his soul had passed away
To endless joys in heaven.

And tho' ye now may feel a loss,
Which earth can ne'er restore—
A heartfelt pressure in your cross
You never felt before ;

Yet still there comes a soothing voice
To ease your bitter pain,
Which whispers "weep not but rejoice
"For ye shall meet again."

*REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ILL-TREATED
BRUTES OF QUEBEC,*

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY
TO ANIMALS.

A great public meeting took place in this city,
The object of which was to move us to pity
Our ill-treated beasts, which had met to express
Their thanks to their friends who had got them redress.

A worthy old horse having taken the chair,
Proposed their best thanks to his Worship the Mayor,
The bishop, the clergy and all men of piety
Who gave their support to this noble society.

The President, Treasurer and the Committee,
Whose zeal in our cause is well known in this city ;
Their efforts to lessen our woes have been such,
I'm sure we can never applaud them too much ;

And the kind hearted ladies, whose tear-bedew'd features
Declare what they feel for the poor tortured creatures.
And then you would think that the sky would be riven,
With the shouts of applause which were heartily given.

"And now," said the Chairman, "you each may reveal
The tortures you suffered and what you now feel ;
So first I shall call on this broken-kneed mare
To simply and briefly her sorrows declare."

Said she "I'm unwilling to make a complaint,
But my master, you know, is not always a saint,
For he's fond of the liquor and cannot pass by
The tavern where he can obtain a supply."

"For hours he leaves me to stand on the street,
Stiff, cold, wet and hungry or melting with heat ;
At length he comes out and oh ! what a changed master,
And I'm whipped and am urged along faster and faster."

"He jerks at the reins till at last a false twitch,
Has sent us both sprawling right into the ditch.
Oh ! I wish they would add a new clause to their rules,
To never trust horses with drunkards or fools."

A carter's old horse next got up, and says he,
"My dear fellow sufferers listen to me.
The sharp pang of pain has oft gone to my heart,
And the sores on my shoulders still fester and smart."

"I am forced up the steeps and too oft overloaded,
I'm whipt and I'm cursed, I'm kick'd and I'm goaded,
Sometimes overdriven and panting for breath,
Then left on my stand almost frozen to death."

"Then hungry and cold I am left in my shanty,
And the forage I get is coarse, musty and scanty.
I was sleek, strong and active, but now I am jaded,
My spirit is broken, my beauty has faded."

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"Oh! I wish I was sold or else laid in my grave,
For oh! it is hard to be cruelty's slave."

"Your case is a bad one," replies an old cow,
"But I know what I've suffer'd, and what I feel now."

"I'm ashamed of myself, I'm so wrinkled and thin,
Sure I look like a skeleton hid in a skin.
I came from the bush, oh! a very long way,
With a rope round my neck and dragged after a sleigh."

"And with slipping and falling my bones are so sore,
That I fear I shall never know ease any more;
And my poor little calf to a butcher was sold,
And the tortures it suffered can never be told."

"But now all is over, the keen cutting knife
Has given relief to its short suffering life."
Said "Chien" in French "I am from St. Sauveur,
Where dogs seldom meet with kind treatment or care."

"For while some lucky dogs wear a collar of brass,
I am kept in the yoke and am work'd like an ass.
If I lie down exhausted I'm kick'd till I rise,
With no one to save me or pity my cries."

"Alas! the poor dog sees the last of his joy,
When placed in the yoke by a cruel bad boy."
Says pussy "you've only to walk thro' this city,
To view the extent of the mercy and pity"

"We meet with from those who, with fiendish delight,
Kill all the poor cats they find rambling by night.
I know it is foolish for Tommies to roam,
Because they'd be safer and better at home."

Says the Sheep, "we are often deficient in sense,
And stray from the fold and leap over the fence;
Then we're hunted with dogs, may-be worried to death,
Affrighted, exhausted and gasping for breath."

"But the wretch that no mercy desires to keep
Won't show a kind feeling e'en to a poor sheep."
Says the hog, "and we, too, could reveal a sad tale,
But few care to hear our unmusical wail."

"Yet vile as we are, we are sensitive creatures,
And follow like you the instincts of our natures.
'Tis said that some devils with foolish design,
On being evicted, went into the swine."

"And the whole herd disgusted ran down a great steep,
And drown'd both themselves and the fiends in the deep;
But the devil is wiser now than he was then,
For he takes his abode in the hearts of bad men."

A few other speakers excited my pity,
Which came from the villas outside of the city;
But all went to prove that where cruelty reigns,
The poor patient brute has to suffer the pains.

And the poultry cried out "and we, too, let us share,
Humanity's blessings in market and fair,
Don't tie up our feet or what's worse lock our wings,
Remember we're sensitive delicate things."

So the chairman assur'd them he'd make their case known,
And hop'd that redress would be speedily shewn.
Then all separated, each happy to know
That mercy was trying to lessen their woe.

That all men of manhood, and feeling and piety,
Were lending their aid to this noble society,
Now trying to lessen and finally check
The cruelties shown to the brutes of Quebec.

THE HORSE.

The noble horse, but, oh ! how oft the poor
Ill-treated brute, starv'd, whipp'd and overworked,
Oft suffers in Quebec. It must be so,
And hardly can be otherwise, because
Our horses, here, are often plac'd in charge
Of cruel men who know not how to shew
A kindly deed to either man or beast.
The tender mercies of the wicked are
Dark, savage, cruel and malevolent.
How seldom do you see the carter give
A helping hand to his poor panting horse,
While struggling 'neath a heavy load up some
Steep hill, or stuck in some deep muddy rut.
No, no ; he'd rather sit upon his load,
And whip his horse, regardless of the pain
The tortur'd brute must suffer at his hands.
What does he care, so long as he can take
His stupid ease and rest his lazy limbs !
Too long these low-bred wretches have been school'd
In thoughtless or in wanton cruelty ;
But weeping mercy in her soft appeals
Has touch'd a chord in many a feeling heart,
And men are calling to their fellow-men
To spread the blessings of humanity.
Besides our laws are being put in force,
And cruel wretches now begin to feel
That vindicated law asserts her power
To save the tortur'd beasts from their misdeeds—
That punishment pursues their cruelty.
Thanks, many thanks to those kind hearted men
Who raise a shield to save the poor dumb brute
From those whose frozen hearts ne'er felt a pang
Of sorrow for the creature's sufferings ;
And whose dull minds ne'er think that He who marks
The sparrows fall, beholds their cruelty.

But bright-eyed faith looks to a happier time
 When men shall learn what mercy stoops to teach—
 The lovely lesson of humanity,
 And then the lower animals shall share
 In all the bliss which pity loves to show.
 O ! how I long for those delightful days
 When deeds of cruelty shall be unknown—
 When grateful mercy shall sing songs of praise
 And kindness to the noble horse be shown.

DEATH OF NIAL III. ARD RIGH OF IRELAND.

Among the brave kings of old Erin is found
 The record of one who is justly renowned,
 King Nial the third, the *Ard Righ*, lost his life
 Not in fighting the Danes nor in battle's fierce strife,
 Yet he died as a hero in trying to save
 A *gilla* or serf from a watery grave.
 In seeking a ford in the *Callan* dark river
 The *gilla* sank down—there was none to deliver—
 The King shouted "save him," but none was so brave
 As to venture his life in the swift rolling wave ;
 And then the brave King, at the call of humanity—
 And prompted by Mercy, not bravo nor vanity,
 Plunged into the river, was lost in the flood
 While his minions appalled on the river's brink stood
 And watched the brave King while he struggled in vain
 His *gilla* to save or the shore to regain.
 Thus *Nial of Callan* is justly renowned
 Who, in trying to save his poor *gilla*, was drowned.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE PRESS.

In every dispensation of the world
The banner of the truth has been unfurled,
That men might gaze upon the upraised sign
And lift their heads and think of things divine.
Some heard the word, but others turned aside
To sleep in ignorance, or nurse their pride.
False prophets came ; sleek devils in disguise
And raised, instead, their flimsy flag of lies.
And men grew wicked, ignorant and vile,
God often spoke, but darkness reigned the while ;
For centuries the world was steeped in night,
With here and there a spark of glimmering light.
At length the Lord designed the world to bless
And gave the wisdom to invent the Press,
We own the Press a wondrous power of might,
The fertile source of intellectual light.
And though, much evil issues from the Press
Still more of good has come the world to bless ;
And truth shall stand, shall prosper and prevail,
While limping lies and worthless trash shall fail.
Then let us all adore our God and bless
That Providence which gave the mighty Press.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Don't beat your poor, dumb animal,
Nor let your passion rise ;
Nor blindly see its misery—
Nor deafly hear its cries.

God's creatures feel, as well as you,
The pang of bitter pain ;
And often, too, they mutely plead,
And pity beg in vain.

Don't over-load nor over-drive
Your ill fed, jaded horse ;
Nor let your conscience go to sleep,
Untroubled with remorse.

'Tis devil-like to vent your spleen,
In oaths and kicks and blows ;
'Tis cowardly to triumph in
The poor dumb creature's woes.

The animals which God has made,
And given for your use,
Demand your mercy and your care,
And not your vile abuse.

The righteous man is merciful,
And treats his beast with care ;
But wicked men act cruelly,
And know not how to spare.

Then never to the creature's wants
Be either deaf or blind ;
And let them all that mercy share
Which you expect to find.

FAREWELL LINES.

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE FOR CANADA.

Old Tullykittagh, fare thee well !
We part to meet no more ;
I go to foreign lands to dwell,
Far on a distant shore.

Yet, mem'ry oft shall wander back,
Where'er my lot be cast,
Reviewing the long-trodden track
Of the eventful past.

Montalto school, where oft I ran,
A wayward, thoughtless boy,
Unheedful of the future man,
I sought but present joy ;

And Skerry rock, so bleak and bare,
With mountains piled behind,
Shall form a picture which shall share
A corner in my mind.

The sunny braes of dear old home,
Still bright on mem'ry's chart,
Shall still be viewed where'er I roam,
And treasured in my heart.

Dear scenes of youth, a long farewell !
Dear kindred, good and kind,
'Tis painful as a parting knell
To leave you all behind.

But never, never, from my heart,
Tho' far from thee I rove,
Shall I displace the dear old spot
Where dwell the friends I love.

LOVE, HONESTY, AND TRUTH.

The wisdom of the cultured sage—
The zeal of earnest youth,
Are dimmed, when lacking heaven's gifts—
Love, honesty and truth.

These are the gifts which sweeten life,
The choicest graces given
To elevate the sons of earth,
And raise them up to heaven.

Possessed of these ennobling gifts—
Truth, honesty and love—
We view a candidate for bliss,
In brighter worlds above.

The glory of our hoary age,
The dignity of youth,
Are gilded by this treble gift,
Love, honesty and truth.

This world would be a paradise—
A type of heaven above,
If every one possessed these gifts—
Truth, honesty and love.

These priceless gifts are free for all,
And all the bliss may prove,
Which flows from these enriching gifts—
Truth, Honesty and Love.

TO A LADY WHO SENT ME A BEAUTIFUL BOQUET.

Best thanks for the sweet floral beauties bestowed,—
Your lovely, artistic boquet ;
If ever my heart with true gratitude glowed
It throbbed with that feeling to-day.

Such flowers remind me of Eden of old,
While they point to the Canaan above,
Where the bowers, surrounding the City of gold,
Are garnished with flowers of love.

In garden or field what a feast of delight
We find in the beautiful flowers,
So pleasing the odor, so charming the sight,
Fit gems for the heavenly bowers.

SONNET.

Loved Enniskillen, old historic town,
And still revered, for never shall the name
Be severed from truth, loyalty and fame.
Thy ancient sons were men of high renown,
Who held their sway and dared the tyrants' frown,
And still thy sons their loyalty maintain.
For should rebellion raise it hydra head
Thy stalwart men will arm themselves again
And in their loyal father's footsteps tread.
But O ! I trust invaders never more
Shall raise their standards near thy peaceful shore,
And that henceforth Commerce shall be thy aim
While, as of old, thy motto still shall be
"God and our right, truth, love and loyalty."

A QUESTION.

I don't know which the most to prize,
A tuneful voice or sparkling eyes,
The voice is sweet, the eyes are bright,
And both entrance me with delight.
'Tis nature's gift, refined by art,
To sing these strains which move the heart,
And culture, too, must train the eyes
To gleam that sweetness which we prize.
Thus color, form and feature join
To give a creature half divine,
But still more charming when we find
The beauty of a cultured mind.
There is a charm in woman's vail
To make the saddest heart rejoice,
All care and sorrow pass away
Soon as she sings her cheerful lay.

And in her soft alluring eyes
 A depth of mental power lies,
 To speak her love, or flash her hate,—
 To spurn, repel or captivate.

The sparkling eye and dulcet voice
 Can never fail to be my choice,
 If with these graces she possess
 A heart brimful of tenderness.

But all accomplishments are vain
 If in her heart dark passions reign,
 For what is voice, or eyes, or mind
 Without a soul by grace refined?

'Tis piety that gives the grace
 Which beautifies a woman's face
 When this with other charms are given
 We view in her a type of heaven.

*WELCOME TO THE MARQUIS OF LANDSDOWNE OUR
 NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.*

Thrice welcome here to Canada
 Lord Landsdowne, justly famed
 By every son of loyalty—
 By rebels, only, blamed.

Act well the part assigned to you
 With dignity and grace—
 The path your predecessors trod
 You might do well to trace.

Lord Dufferin had the happy art
 To win the people's love,
 And leave, deep hidden in each heart,
 A thought we can't remove.

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Lord Lorne and his fair princess were
 Beloved, as right they should ;
 By wisdom and by watchful care
 They sought the people's good.

Then you, if you would win our hearts,
 Must emulate these men,
 Who nobly, wisely played their parts
 By word and deed and pen.

As you have every requisite—
 Wealth, talent, rank and fame,
 Then let your brilliant gifts unite
 To magnify your name.

And we—the men of Canada—
 Our loyalty shall prove,
 By fealty to your rule and law,
 With honesty and love.
 Oct. 22nd, 1883.

E OUR

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Let supplicating prayer to heaven ascend,
 Prayer from the heart, the broken contrite heart,
 And let us ask our Father and our friend
 For Jesu's sake his blessing to impart.

"Come unto me," 'tis Jesus speaks the word,
 "Ye burdened souls, with conscious guilt opprest."
 Then come ye weary to your loving Lord,
 And enter now into his promised rest.

'Come as the prodigal, ashamed to come,
 And yet constrained to flee from your disgrace,
 'Come as an outcast, yearning after home
 To beg your Father for a servant's place.

Come as a penitent, devout, sincere,
Unveil your heart, your secret sins confess,
Come bold in faith, yet awed by holy fear,
And God your soul abundantly shall bless.

Come from your closet to the house of prayer
And spread your wants before the throne of grace,
And cry "Oh! Lord thy guilty people spare
And turn their hearts again to seek thy face."

"Revive thy work, withhold thy vengeful wrath,
And look in mercy on thy wandering sheep,
And lead us in the straight and narrow path,
And give us grace that Royal road to keep.

"O may thy ransom'd church with joy return
And hail the coming of a brighter day,
When thy glad people shall no longer mourn,
For all their sorrows shall have passed away."

PRAVER.

Every want my spirit feels,
Every sorrow, every care,
Only strengthens my appeals,
Sweetens earnest pleading prayer.

Many are my daily wants,
More the precious gifts I share,
For the loving Saviour grants
All I ask in faithful prayer.

Every promise in his word,
Which his love and truth declare,
May be mine, through Christ my Lord,
Richly realized in prayer.

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Sweet the revelations given,
Bright and beautifully fair,
While the curtain veiling heaven
Seems withdrawn in holy prayer.

O ! I love a throne of grace,
For the Saviour meets me there,
And unveils his glorious face,
While I look to Him in prayer .

*SONNET.**ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.*

A Prince among the sons of men is dead,
The healer of the breach, a warrior brave
Has passed away to fill a soldier's grave,
While o'er his bier a nation's tears are shed.
But not Americans alone lament
The death of General Grant, twice chosen chief,
For other nations bow their head in grief
And sympathize and mourn this sad event.
This soldier, statesman, traveller, was known
By half the world, and monarchs on the throne
Revered the great Republic's President,
For he was honored everywhere he went.
His noble deeds, historians shall record,
His deathless soul we leave with Christ the Lord.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF A LOCAL POET.

Weep, brother Poets, for the loss of one
On whom the muse her choicest gifts bestowed,
And in whose breast the sacred fire glowed,
While from his ready pen sweet numbers flowed ;
His wit was keen, and oft his pointed pun
Would sparkle like a dew-drop in the sun.
Love warmed his heart and light illumed his mind,
And yet too oft he seemed to reason blind,
While gloomy shadows stretched across his path
With dark forebodings of impending wrath,
And then he flung his prospects to the wind,
And wandered down the thorny road to death ;
Yet, after all, we must engrave his name
High on the pillar, raised to men of fame.

A VIEW OF THE PAST.

THANKSGIVING.

When smiling spring with noiseless tread,
Her gem-bespangled carpet spread,
We sought the fields with eager feet,
The green-robed goddess there to meet.

Then summer came with warmer glow,
More life and vigor to bestow,
And flowers blushed a richer bloom,
And filled the air with sweet perfume.

The trees put on their gayest dress,
And smiled in all their loveliness,
While blooming Flora widely spread
Her gems o'er mountain, vale and mead.

The sweet delicious fruits matured,
And we the precious gifts secured,
And vegetation grew and thrived,
While hope was strengthened and revived.

Then autumn with her golden treasures,
Came to increase our earthly pleasures,
And fill our basket and our store
Until we ceased to ask for more.

With these enriching blessings blest,
Then let us take our needed rest,
And in our homes that peace enjoy,
Which stormy winters can't destroy.

Oft in this hyperborean clime
Too many have a dreary time,
For scanty means insure distress,
And suffering want brings weariness.

O! ye who in your busy strife
Secured the luxuries of life,
Don't steel your hearts, nor shut your door
Against the suffering, needy poor.

It makes our cup of joy o'erflow
To ease a fellow mortal's woe ;
It thrills our hearts with sweet delight
To know and feel we acted right.

Thus shall our winter joys increase,
Our homes and hearts be filled with peace,
While round the festive board we meet
And feast on bliss, divinely sweet.

If some loved book my thoughts engage,
Then let the howling tempests rage,
They cannot chill, nor bid depart
The joy that glows within my heart.

And should the muse my heart control,
And raise the ardor of my soul,
I'll sing of Zion's grand advance—
Of virtue, peace and temperance.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

Far from the spot that gave me birth,
I mournfully yet fondly gaze,
Through fancy's light, on faded mirth
And happy scenes of other days—
The short-lived pleasures of the past,
Which only were too sweet to last.

My childhood, youth, and early friends
Have passed away, like childish tears ;
And now, reflection only tends
To throw me back on by-gone years,
And paint those early scenes which seem
To haunt me like a lover's dream.

What tho' I find my lonely track
Full oft with thorny cares bestrewed,
Why should I murmur or look back
On scenes that should no more be viewed,
Or swell my heart with longing pain,
Or hopes of happiness, in vain ?

The past can give no pleasure now,
Nor can the future cheer my breast,
Unless I in submission bow
To my Redeemer's high behest.
So, now, supported by my Lord,
I'll seek my pleasures in His word.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

I often wander back in thought,
To childhood's happy days,
Reviewing each familiar spot—
Scene of my childish plays.

Loved days of innocence and truth,
Unknown to wordly strife,
When in the glow of buoyant youth
I sipped the sweets of life.

Since then along life's weary way,
My onward course I've trod,
Preserved and kept from day to day,
By my supporting God.

But tho' the past has had its bliss,
It had its days of pain ;
For joys in such a world as this,
Are hollow, brief and vain.

Then why should I for pleasures grieve,
Which long have passed away ;
Or feel repinings when I leave
Scenes going to decay.

Far better look at joys to come,
And view a fairer sight ;
Then ever bless'd my childhood's home,
When days were young and bright.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

The child of God has naught to dread ;
For who is he that dare molest
That trusting one, who leans his head
Upon the loving Saviour's breast !

Protecting angels wait on those
To whom the royal robes are given,
To shield them from their hellish foes,
And bring them safely home to heaven.

What tho' the wicked don't discern
The grandeur of the saints below,
Yet they will shortly come to learn
That truth they now refuse to know.

They'll see where Lazarus is placed
With Abraham, in highest bliss ;
While they, dishonored and debased,
Must sink into the dark abyss.

God greatly loves his own elect,
And guards them with his watchful eye ;
His providence their steps protect,
His ear is open to their cry.

It may be theirs to suffer loss,
Their journey may be rough and long ;
And theirs, may be a heavy cross,
But theirs shall be the victor's song.

HYMN.

We all like sheep have gone astray,
And wandered far from wisdom's way,
And found the mountains bleak and bare,
Affording us but scanty fare.

But Jesus sought us in the wold
And brought us to his sheltered fold,
Where we with every blessing blest,
In pastures green may take our rest.

And he has guaranteed to keep
Secure from harm his trusting sheep
Who hearken to his warning voice,
And make his will their lasting choice.

No foe can pluck out of his hands
The sheep who follow his commands,
While he shall give eternal life
To all who conquer in the strife.

The Lord protects his saints below
Till they have vanquished every foe,
And then he bids the victors rise
And claim their laurels in the skies.

And when they join the white-robed throng,
Who sing the everlasting song,
They praise the Lamb whose cleansing blood
Has made them kings and priests to God.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVERIE.

One night I fell a-thinking, and
I wandered back in thought,
Revisiting the scenes which oft
In early life I sought.

I ran along the sunny slope,
And through the mossy dell,
And sat beneath the fairy thorn
Beside the holy well.

Again I struggled up the hill,
And climbed the rocky steep,
And watched the boulders which I hurled
Go plunging in the deep.

And far beyond the glistening waves,
Half hid among the clouds,
I saw old Scotland's lofty hills
Roll up their misty shrouds.

And I watched the hardy fishermen,
Who left the little bay,
And spread their sails before the breeze,
Dash through the foaming spray.

And many a prayer was offered up
That God would safely keep
The fishermen from accidents
And dangers of the deep.

And I joined my little play-mates,
And we sported on the lea,
And ran and laughed and shouted
In our happy childish glee.

Again I sought our village-school,
Where, many a weary day,
I sat, impatient to be off
To join my boyish play.

And I rummaged thro' the school-room,
And examined all the nooks,
The peg on which I hung my cap,
The shelf which held my books.

And I recognized my school-mates,
For their faces were the same
As when we sat together, and
I knew them all by name.

A few short years soon hurried past,
And then I vainly strove
To hide the feeling in my breast—
My heart's first blushing love.

And I felt the same emotions,
The joy, the hope, the pride,
For in thought my own dear little girl
Was tripping at my side.

And we walked down by the meadows,
Where many a stroll we took,
And we sat upon the mossy bank,
Beside the little brook.

We talked—I don't know what we said;
But this I only know,
That earth to me no richer gift
Or fairer could bestow.

To hear her voice, to get her smile
And half-reluctant kiss,
Was then, is still, through fancy yet,
My purest earthly bliss.

Again there was a parting time:
I felt inclined to roam,
And, tho' it almost broke my heart,
I left the dear old home.

Since then, thro' life I've plodded on,
And had my hopes and fears;
But I never found much poetry
In manhood's busy years.

AUTUMN.

The flowers are fading, the trees getting bare,
And thin frosty vapours are chilling the air,
For nature is losing her mantle of green,
And now in a rusty-brown robe may be seen.

The beauties of summer are faded and past,
And the sweet, balmy breeze is exchanged for the blast,
And Autumn is losing her rich golden store,
And Winter, grim Winter, is coming once more.

The gay scenes of Summer, and Autumn's rich treasure,
Have given me oft' the most exquisite pleasure—
The pearly dew sparkles in Summer's gay morn,
Whilst Autumn shows golden fields smiling with corn.

I love the long days when the fair face of nature
Is sprinkled with gems, and a smile on each feature,
'Tis then I delight to traverse the wild mountain,
Or seek the green valley, beside the clear fountain.

O ! is it not pleasing to spend the sweet hours
Amid nature's beauties of verdure and flowers ?
Yet still more enduring the sober-toned mirth.
Enjoyed in securing the fruits of the Earth.

Thus blest with abundance and social delights,
We dread not the coming of long winter nights,
For Winter has pleasures, and while the storms rage
We may be consulting some favorite page.

And the cold drifting snow which forbids me to roam,
But sweetens the social enjoyment of home,
While cozy and warm near the stove or the fire,
I glance o'er a paper or tune my rude lyre.

Or perhaps meet a friend of approved conversation,
And talk of what tends to our edification,
Thus time hastens on like a bird on the wing,
Till Winter recedes to give place to fair Spring.

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SONNET.

Ten thousand twinkling stars illume the night,
But cannot chase the darkness quite away ;
The sombre shadows, murky, dull and grey,
Still linger, till the glorious orb of day
Peeps o'er the hills and floods the world with light.
The fair, full Moon in borrowed lustre shines,
And cheers the Earth with her soft, silver rays,
But Nature comes not to her sacred shines,
Nor offers to her thankful songs of praise.
But when the god of day puts forth his might,
Then Flora smiles and every thing looks bright,
While tuneful warblers sing their choicest lays.
God is our sun, and in that light divine
Our little lights grow dim and cease to shine.

THE BOY THAT WILL SUIT US.

If you were a master and wanting a boy,
What sort of a lad would you like to employ ?
One quiet, good natured who sits in the house,
And asleep or awake keeps as mute as a mouse ?
I know you love modesty, but for your store,
Or office, or workshop, you'd like to have more.
Well, then, a smart boy who is clever and witty ?
No, no, we've too many such lads in our city.
Or a sharp cunning fellow, who knows at a wink
When to hide his cigar or to stifle his drink ?
Ah ! no, for altho' such a boy may be just,
Yet somehow or other we'd feel a mistrust,
For the lad who learns habits so vile in his youth,
Will seldom make progress in virtue and truth.
Would you like a young imp with his head full of tricks
Who often gets into, and out of, a fix ?
Or a keen, clever lad with a leer in his eye,
Who won't lose his breath when he tells a trade lie ?

No, no, 'tis enough that the men long in trade
In selling their goods may enlarge or evade,
But tho' we may err yet we love the brave youth,
Who is honest and just and adheres to the truth,
The boy we select must be active and smart,
And have brains in his head and have love in his heart,
Apt, cheerful, obedient, industrious and kind,
And such is the lad we are longing to find.

TO AN INFIDEL.

Rob me of my Christian faith,
Take away my soothing hope,
And you leave my soul in death
Through uncertainty to grope.

Cold and dark must be the heart,
That can neither hope nor trust—
Darkness veils his future chart ;
Death but drags him to the dust.

Such a dull desponding creed,
Sinks me lower than the brute—
Husks on which I cannot feed,
Drugs which don't my palate suit.

Death may end this mortal strife
But has got no more control,
Death can't quench my inner life,
Can't annihilate my soul.

Wearied worlds shall cease to roll,
Nature slumber in decay,
But my God-imparted soul,
Shall exist through endless day.

LOSS OF THE " ATLANTIC."

'Tis midnight and the waves run high,
And darkness veils the murky sky,
While swiftly the Atlantic glides
Undauntedly through storms and tides.
The watchman sees no danger near,
Nor seeming cause of dread or fear,
Nor is there heard the warning cry,
"Look out, beware of dangers nigh."
But like the bridegroom's midnight call
Death's awful voice is heard by all,
Who from their peaceful slumbers wake
Their chance for life or death to take.

Like thunder-crash there comes a shock ;
She strikes on Meagher's sunken rock,
And then is heard a plaintive wail
Borne shoreward on the noisy gale.
But who can now the hundreds save
Engulfed beneath the foaming wave.
Perhaps some hundreds, while asleep
Were buried in the dreadful deep,
While others only wake to see
Impending death and misery.
Some shriek for aid in loud despair,
While others kneel in fervent prayer,
And plead the sinners only plea,
"Oh ! God be merciful to me."

Three worthies bear a line ashore
And save three hundred lives or more.
And yet it was a mournful sight
To see the suffering-saved, that night,
Cold, naked, scared and tempest tossed—
For every thing, save life, was lost.
May God assuage their bitter grief
And send them comfort and relief !

Was there no guardian Angel near
 That doomed, ill-fated ship, to steer?
 Was death concealed from mortal's sight
 And hidden in the winds that night?
 Or did he lurk beneath the deep
 To seize his victims while asleep?

Down to the ship death's angel flew
 And marked both passengers and crew,
 Resolved, before the break of day,
 To seize them, as his lawful prey.
 But mercy came with feeling heart
 And snatched from death's cold grasp, a part,
 Yes, but a part, for death may boast
 His triumphs on that rocky coast.

No woman saved! Oh can it be
 That in that night of misery,
 No stalwart arm, nor manly breast
 Was there, to succour the distrest.
 All dark despair, nor hope of life
 For mother, daughter, sister, wife,
 For if not drowned, both young and old
 Succumbed and perished in the cold.

How strange the ways of Providence!
 How limited our range of sense!
 We feel appalled, our heads we bow,
 For God's designs we know not now.
 With lightning speed the message flies—
 A telegram of bitter sighs,
 And millions pity, and lament,
 And talk about the strange event.
 But, ah! who can depict the grief,
 Or bring their lonely hearts relief,
 Who feel bereaved, who weep and mourn
 For loved ones who will ne'er return.

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And loving friends will drop a tear,
Soon as the mournful news they hear,
And say : Oh ! it is sad to roam !
Oh ! would that they had kept at home.
But hope like Noah's faithful dove
Comes to us with a pledge of love
And offers, to assuage our grief,
The cheering gospel olive leaf.

*OUR NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL AND THE
PRINCESS LOUISE.*

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise
Have more than succeeded the people to please,
For the proofs they have given to do what is right
Have filled every heart with a thrill of delight.

Their dignified wisdom and unassumed skill
Have lovingly drawn us to bend to their will
With heartfelt allegiance, assured they shall prove
Deserving of Canada's fealty and love.

The Marquis, as chief of the great Campbell Clan,
With God-fearing Scotchmen must still lead the van,
And keep the old pathway of virtue and truth
And prove an example to manhood and youth.

He may keep his sword sheathed, yet be ready to draw
To punish the wicked who sin against law ;
His rule must be firm, without weakness or fear,
Yet neither despotic nor harshly severe.

The beautiful Princess, his fond, loving wife,
Has shewn us her dignified mission of life.
With wisdom to counsel and truth to direct,
She means to raise women to love and respect.

"Domestic Economy!" study it well,
And in that accomplishment try to excel.
Ye ladies of Canada can ye discern
The wisdom a Princess would have you to learn?

If home be not happy then where shall we roam,
For the world is a wilderness outside of home!
Let woman be taught that to brighten her hearth,
Restores a lost Eden to man upon earth.

O! what a rich gift from our own beloved Queen!—
A daughter to be what her mother has been—
A pattern for women in palace or cot
To plan, do and say, just the things which they ought.

Long live our great leader, the Clan Campbell chief,
May his rule prove a blessing unclouded with grief;
And long live the Princess, his good, royal wife,
To cherish our hopes and to sweeten his life.

LITTLE MAIDENS.

Little Maidens sweet and fair
Tossing back their wavy hair.
Laughing, skipping all the day
Happy as a lamb at play.
Like a baby's angel dream
Like the tinkling of a stream,
Is the happiness they bring—
Is the joyous notes they sing.
O! how soon the little doves
Tell each other of their loves.
Silly thoughts they can't conceal
But must childishly reveal.
Then in confidence they show
Some love-token from their beau.
Tho' like timid hares they run
And his presence feign to shun,
Yet their love is shewn the while
In that little-girlish smile.

Pretty little lively misses,
Longing for a change of kisses,
Half ashamed to kiss their mother,
Tired kissing one another,
Blushing, looking rather shy,
Giving kisses on the sly.
Cheerful are the little dears
Passing through life's brightest years,
In the margin of their teens,
Looking out on fairy scenes.
Arbours, meadows, groves and bowers
Beautified with choicest flowers,
Decorate the future way
Down along their golden day.
Little dream they of the cares,
Sore temptations, traps and snares
Which the wiley tempter hath
Hidden in their future path ;
Or the trouble, toil and strife
Which may be their lot in life.
Pity that their sky so bright
Ever should be dimmed with night ;
Pity that their trusting hearts
E'er should feel deception's darts.
Little maidens, modest, good ;
Filled with love and gratitude,
Innocence and virtue shine
On their features, half divine,
While the snowy robes of truth
Beautify their guileless youth.
O ! that every little maiden
Would retain her inward Eden,
List to wisdom's warning voice
Making piety her choice,
Then her happy day would close
Brighter than her morn arose.

THE INFIDEL.

None so foolish, none so blind,
None so dark in heart and mind
As that little earthly clod,
Who would dare deny his God.
Yes, indeed, the Lord deny—
God omnipotent, most high,
God the universal cause
Of creation and its laws—
Whose creating skill and might
Far extends beyond our sight;
Worlds on world's tumultuous rise
Dimly seen by mortal eyes,
But they all alike proclaim
God is our Creator's name.
Did the sun himself create
And assume his princely state?
Did the self-appointed Jove
Shew the planets where to move?
Still the puzzling thought must be,
Who created earth and sea?
Or were they such funny elves
As to start and make themselves?
Changes have come o'er the earth
Since creation gave it birth,
But each change in rock and clod
Shows the power of a God.
Man may use his gifted skill
Nature's works to change at will,
Still creation holds her state,
Man can nothing new create.
Last of God's creation—man
Came to study wisdom's plan,
Widely spread, around, above,
Telling of creating love.
See! the skeptics curl their lips,
Unbelief their eyes eclipse;

Hear ! how foolishly they chatter
Of their " uncreated matter."
" Matter," by their theory,
Was from all eternity ;
But if you should take offence
At their want of common sense,
Ignorance of things supernal,
Saying " matter was eternal,"
Then with supercilious nod
They will ask you, " who made God ? "
Thus Jehovah is denied,
While his works are deified ;
Such the inconsistency
Of the skeptics' theory.
Wretched creatures, blind as moles
Who would rob us of our souls—
Cast away our future hope,
Leave us in the dark to grope,
Live the life of brutes below,
Then to dark oblivion go.
Such a wintry, lifeless creed
Does not suit me in my need ;
I must have a remedy
For my every misery ;
Rest in toil, in trouble peace,
Life, when mortal life shall cease,
Inward joy revealed to me,
Which shall last eternally.
Infidels, what do ye gain
By the creeds which ye maintain ?
Does your unbelief impart
Conscious pleasures to the heart ?
Tho' the dread of future wrath
Glares not on your misty path,
Still in spite of all your pride
Ye must feel dissatisfied ;

In your secret hearts ye hate
All that man could elevate ;
In your miseries ye brood
Shunning what is wise and good,
While your restless spirits creep
Down a lower, darker deep,
Till ye feel your life a hell
Dark and unendurable.
Can we look for words and deeds
Better than your darkened creeds ?
Is it not your creed to move
Down in nature's lowest groove ?
Thus if nature take the shape
Of the donkey, cat or ape,
True to nature ye will try
Nature's wants to gratify.
But I dare not further go
Down your gloomy path of woe—
Unrestrained by love or fear—
Nought to check your mad career,
Need we wonder why your deeds
Are in keeping with your creeds.
If ye make a man a brute,
Brutal then must be the fruit ;
If ye take away the soul,
Where's the helm to give control ?
Who would calmly bear a trial,
Who would practise self-denial,
If there were no hell to shun
Nor bright heaven to be won ?
Is not he who suffers pain
And who hopes for ease again,
Much a happier man than he
Who has nought but misery ?
Thus our christianity
Can a soothing balm supply,
While a dark desponding grief
Hangs about your unbelief.

ARBOR DAY IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

INSTITUTED BY THE HON. MR. JOLY.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Arbor day,
The one we have placed in the month of May,
With hopeful hearts let us haste away
And join the procession, or bright array
Of the men of worth, and our ladies gay,
All brimming with pleasure on Arbor day.
With our gay flags fluttering in the breeze
And marching along to plant our trees,
Oak, ash, beech, elm, birch, maple and spruce,
Designed for shade and for future use ;
And beautiful shrubs to adorn the bowers
Where lovers may stroll in the noontide hours.
O ! there never will be such a grand display
Or such planting of trees as on Arbor day.
Memorial trees to record the name
Of the planter placed on the list of fame ;
Or in memory of some hero at rest
Whose deeds still live in each glowing breast.
Historical trees with dates and days
To cherish the names and proclaim the praise
Of those most worthy to wear the bays,
And of those who devised and led the way
To give our Dominion an Arbor day—
A hopeful, tree-planting jolly day.
Let our Governor, Mayor, and all men in power
Plant trees and guard our umbrageous bower.
Let the magnates noted in Senate and Church
Plant trees of hope, oak, maple and birch,
And let every citizen lend his aid
To protect those trees, for beauty or shade.
And let all the parishes share in the joy
And give Arbor day to this grand employ,

Men, women and children—let all agree,
That each shall plant a memorial tree—
A registered tree with the planter's name
Which in years to come shall record his fame.
But whether you rise to fame or not
You'll never forget that one loved spot,
And shall oft look back, till life's latest close,
To the hallowed place where your own tree grows.
And every year on our Arbor day
We'll deck our trees with ribbons so gay,
Each jealously guarding his own loved tree
And all enjoying their mirthful glee.
And for every little baby that's born
We'll seek a young tree on our Arbor morn,
And plant baby's tree in the family grove
In memory of the sweet pledge of love.
Our tree-clad hills are getting too bare,
But we'll take them under our watchful care,
And protect our forests from wanton abuse
And allow them to grow for our future use.
And as the hewer our groves invade
We must plant more trees for shelter and shade,
That our children's children may rise and bless
Their grandfathers for their thoughtfulness.
Let us plant in hope, like sowing in tears,
And make a provision for future years,
That when we be laid in our graves to sleep
Some others a harvest of joy may reap.
Thus every year in the middle of May
We shall celebrate our bright Arbor day,
For ages will come and shall pass away
But we'll never forget our loved jolly day.

*LINES.*WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE ON MY FIRST
VISIT TO IT AFTER HER DEATH.

My mother's grave ! sad hallowed place,
Beneath this little mound of earth
Is hidden that sweet loving face,
Of her who gave me birth.

My mother's grave, I mourn to-day,
While kneeling on the grassy heap,
Where calmly rests her lifeless clay,
In death's long dreamless sleep.

Why is it that I sadly gaze
Upon this little sacred mound ?—
O ! that I now my thoughts could raise
To where her soul is found.

But memory with her vivid light,
Pourtrays my mother's love and care—
The past is passing now in sight,
I hear her dying prayer.

I feel as if her hand were laid
With tenderness upon my brow,
Her look, the sayings which she said,
Are present with me now.

Dear mother dost thou see me here,
And dost thou know my lonely grief ?
If so, then in my inward ear
Speak words of sweet relief.

Dost thou still feel a mother's care
For us who grieve that thou art gone,
And dost thou still engage in prayer
For us before the throne ?

Or is thy disembodied soul
Unconscious of what passes here,
And under God's supreme control,
Preserved from grief and fear ?

Methinks 'twould pain thee now to know
The grief thy lonely children feel—
The sore temptations, pain and woe,
Our hearts cannot conceal.

But all is happy with thee now,
For safe on the eternal shore
The victor's crown adorns thy brow
Where joys are ever more.

MY MOTHER.

'Midst all my pleasure, care, and strife,
And bustling scenes of busy life,
I hear a voice—it comes from thee—
Which inly whispers : " Think of me !
" Oh ! think of me, whose watchful care,
" Whose sighs and tears and fervent prayer
" Were daily offered up for thee,
" Who ceases now to think of me.
" Oh ! think of me, who often wept
" And prayed for thee whilst others slept,—
" Who warned thee of the tempter's snare,
" And led thee to the house of prayer,—
" Who told thee of the joyful way
" That leads to everlasting day.
" And tho' long since my weary head
" Was laid among the silent dead ;
" Yet, oh ! still let my prayers and tears
" Extend through all thy future years.
" Then say, oh ! shall it ever be
" That thou shouldst cease to think of me !"

No, mother ; no !—thy name shall rest
The sweetest treasure in my breast.
No !—till the rivers cease to flow,
The rain to fall, the winds to blow,
Or till this heart shall cease to move,
I'll love thee with a filial love ;
For, oh ! I feel it cannot be
That I should cease to thine of thee.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

She died, but, ere her spirit fled,
She breathed one earnest prayer to heaven—
That God a ray of hope would shed,
To comfort us when she were dead,
And heal the hearts by sorrows riven.

She slept, alas ! to wake no more,
Still she looked beautiful in death.
A tranquil smile her features wore,
I almost hoped God would restore—
But, oh ! how vain—her vital breath.

The verdant turf bedecks the grave,
Where she now takes her long repose ;
The busy world may toil and rave,
The poor oppressed for pity crave,
She hears them not, nor feels their woes.

Her spirit to her God has flown,
To join the ever-blissful throng,
And taste of joys to us unknown,
While constantly before the throne
She sings the everlasting song.

Thrice happy are the peaceful dead,
 Who from their toil and labor rest ;
 Nor want, nor pain, nor sickness dread,
 Disturb their joys—for pleasures shed,
 Effulgent rays on all the blest.

Oh ! may we who are left behind,
 Tread in the path in which she trod ;
 Like her, possess a patient mind—
 Be to our Maker's will resigned,
 And humbly walk thro' life with God.

THOUGHTS,

ON SEEING SOME LINES COMPOSED BY MY MOTHER.

These lines, from the pen of my dear sainted mother,
 Have thrilled thro' my heart like a voice from the dead ;
 Tho' the grave has divided us long from each other,
 Yet ne'er from my heart has her memory fled.

Her sweet, placid features so truthful and loving,
 Her smile of approval which sweetened my joy,
 And the sad, earnest look which she gave while reproving
 The follies she checked in her too thoughtless boy.

Ah ! yes, dearest mother, thy look so endearing,
 Thy voice soft and soothing, thy nature so kind,
 Thy counsel so gentle, restraining or cheering,
 Are all photographed on my sensitive mind.

Forget thee ! ah ! never, thou fondest of mothers,
 Tho' long death divided thou still hast my love,
 And this feeling is shared by my sisters and brothers,
 Who all hope to meet thee in glory above.

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SONNET.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Let every subject of our gracious Queen
Share in the sorrow which o'erflows her heart,
And should the sympathetic tear-drops start,
Remember there is happiness serene
Beyond the shadows of our human grief—
That hoped for home which beams with sweet relief
To cheer the mourner and to heal the smart
Of those who sorrow for their loved ones gone,
And weep in grief and feel so sad and lone.
Our Queen has had her trials which she bore
With patient faith and Christian fortitude
Throughout her years of hallowed widowhood,
Again bereaved,—a loss we all deplore,—
The lovely Princess Alice is no more.

SONNET.

DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

America's great poet is no more,
His matchless harp is broken and unstrung ;
His pen is laid aside ; his heart and tongue
Are hushed in death. But on the other shore
His soul exults in bliss, while we deplore
Our heartfelt loss and mourn in bitter grief ;
For he of poets was our chosen chief.
He knew the music of the human heart
And what would cheer and what would bring relief.
He charmed the Sage, and had the happy art
To sing the songs which nature has designed
To reach the soul and beautify the mind.
Loved Longfellow is gone. His writings will
Remain with us till every heart they fill.

I LOVE MY BIBLE.

I love my Bible, for it is
The pure inspired word ;
It came from God ; it leads to bliss ;
Its author is the Lord.

I love my Bible for the truth
Revealed on every page ;
It taught me wisdom in my youth,
It cheers my hoary age.

I love my Bible, for it shows
The path that leads to heaven,
And points me to that calm repose—
The joy of sins forgiven.

I love my Bible, for it tells
Of endless joys to come,
Where Jesus my Redeemer dwells—
The saints' eternal home.

I love my Bible for the light
It sheds along my way—
My lamp in dark affliction's night,
My guide to endless day.

I love my Bible for the balm
It has to heal my grief—
A soothing promise or a psalm
To give a sweet relief.

O ! may the Bible widely spread,
Diffuse the living word—
T' awaken sinners from the dead,
And bring them to the Lord.

SONNET.

When dark, foreboding fears distress the soul,
And swell the bosom with despairing grief,
Remorse and doubt, and gloomy unbelief,
And wicked promptings which we can't control,
O ! how we long to find some sweet relief—
Some friend to lead us to a throne of grace,
Where we in Christ may find a hiding-place
From all the sorrows which surround our path,
The dread of hell and God's avenging wrath,
And get that sweet serenity of mind,
Which we have lost and long so much to find—
That bliss we knew ere yet to reason blind—
A gleam of light again to point the way
In which we trod before we went astray.

THE REV. W. M. FUNSHON.

[Written after coming from his Lecture on Wilberforce,"
delivered in the Wesleyan Church, Quebec, on Monday
evening, the 20th September, 1869.]

I've stood beside the foaming cataract,
And gazed with wonder on the awful scene,
As down the steep the mighty waters rolled,
And surged and shouted from the depths below.
And while I listened to the ceaseless psalm,
As loudly chanted by the raging flood,
I felt the power of nature's eloquence ;
And I have stood upon the ocean shore
When seething billows broke in angry foam
Upon the rocks, or roll'd far up the strand.
And while I heard the wailings of the wind,
And plaintive moanings of the affrighted waves,
I owned the majesty of nature's voice.
But far more overpowering than the flood,

Or white-maned billows coursing to the shore,
Is Punshon's overwhelming eloquence,
Which onward rolls impetuous as a flood ;
And deeper-toned to my delighted ears,
Than ocean's wail or howlings of the storm.
He takes the hero from his hidden grave,
And holds him up before our wondering gaze,
A thinking, speaking, working, living man,
Clothed in the deathless virtues which he won,—
The heritage of all who good pursue.
And while our matchless orator declaims
In choicest phrase the virtues of the brave,
He with a scorpion scourge inflicts on vice
A punishment sharp, scathing and severe.
We who were privileged to hear him tell
Of Wilberforce, the saviour of the slave,
And of that noble band who stood by him,
Through toiling years and brav'd the battle's rage,
And shouted " No surrender," till at last
The foeman fled and victory was gain'd,
And slavery, that foul and wicked blot,
Was wiped away from Britain's widespread rule,
Won't soon forget the lesson which he taught.
We love the mem'ry of the noble dead,
But we should love the living, toiling man,
Who treads the path in which these heroes trod ;
And *William Morley Punshon* is a name
Known and revered—designed for deathless fame.

THINGS WHICH I HATE.

I hate to hear the aged and infirm
Give utterance to words obscene, such as
The libertine devoid of shame would use.
'Tis folly in its most debased extreme
When hoary age with revelry unites.
I also hate to look at those who gape
With open mouths and stare and gulp with greed
The fulsome ravings of the prating fool.
There's nothing social in the vulgar mind ;
All, all is harsh, discordant, not unlike
The hateful raspings of a sawyer's file.
Lead must be light and buoyant when compared
With that low, frothy jesting of the man
Devoid of understanding, in whose mind
A bright idea never was conceived.
Besides, I hate the vain conceited fop,
Who pokes his nose in other men's affairs,
Or like a snarling cur will snap and bite
At every word incautious truth may drop.
With stores of squibs and hateful, canting trash,
He thinks himself the critic's overmatch.
I also hate the stupid, senseless drone,
Who yawns and sleeps and wastes his precious time,
And lingers out a lifetime unimproved.
Above all things give me the man of sense,
Who knows the *when* and *where* to act and speak,
Whose bosom is truth's storehouse, and whose tongue
Can grace with sweetness what his mind conceives.

AUTUMN—THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Summer's lovely meadows green,
Sylvan shades and fairy bowers,
Dewy dawns and eves serene,
Balmy air and pretty flowers,—
All these sweets will soon be gone,
Fading, dying one by one.

Autumn breathes a colder breath,
Warning us of winter's chill—
Nature passes on to death,
Beautiful in dying still,—
Cheeks aglowing in decay,
Blushing as they fade away.

Could there be a grander sight,
Than our forests' rainbow tints,
Glancing, changing in the light,
Fairer far than colour'd prints,—
Surely death cannot be grief,
To that rosy maple leaf.

Emblem of my fleeting days,
Verdant, changing, frail and brief,—
O ! that as my strength decays,
I may show the maple leaf—
Fair in every passing stage,
Still more beautiful in age.

ELIGIAC SONNET ON THE DEATH OF MOTHER-IN-LAW.

That sweet endearing smile we loved to trace
 Shall never more illumine our mother's face ;
 Her lips are sealed, her eyes shall open no more,
 No loving words, nor kiss, nor fond embrace
 For us henceforth ; we must our loss deplore,
 But though we mourn and suffer inward pain
 Our heartfelt loss is her eternal gain.
 She sought and found the Lord in early youth
 And ran with patience her appointed race,
 Sustained through life by God's supporting grace
 And strengthened by the written word of truth ;
 Nor did she hope and trust and love in vain.
 For God was with her in the final strife
 When she exchanged mortality for life.

LOVE.

Love is the smile of gratitude,
 A sympathetic glow,
 The inward heaven of the good
 And bliss of saints below,
 A gleam of glory from above
 And this is purest, highest love.

There is a love less pure than this,
 A pleasure mixed with pain,
 A love that longs for earthly bliss
 And often sighs in vain ;
 Love is the price if love you buy,
 Love must have love or it will die.

The tender passion of the heart
 Is designated love ;
 But when *Cupido* flings a dart
 At every cooing dove
 It needs not then a name so high,
 'Tis but the echo of a sigh.

Love lingers in the tearful eyes
Of many a love-lorn maid ;
It whispers in her plaintive sighs
And almost asks for aid,
Hers is an ardour most intense,
The guileless love of innocence.
The sharpest pang that pains the heart
Is urequited love,
And oft it baffles human art
Its venom to remove,
Love, only love, can cure and save
The love-sick from an early grave.
Love has its dark and deadly foes
Of every grade and name
To quench, pollute it, or disclose
The path that leads to shame,
And foremost of its foes we see
That green-eyed monster—jealousy.
The strongest passion of the soul
Is love, unselfish love,
And under its supreme control
In vain our efforts prove
To quench the flame, or draw the dart
Which drains the life blood from the heart.
The blushing maid and love-sick swain
Who meet in field or grove
Oft taste the sweets—or sick'ning pain
Of this strange passion, love,
When lovers in first love unite
And love gets love, O ! what delight.
We never taste of earthly bliss
Till love with love unites,
Then pleasure's cup, in every kiss,
O'erflows with sweet delights,
Thrice happy they who live to prove
The sweets of such connubial love.

LOVE.

There is a love of heat intense,
Which like a scorching ray
Consumes the rose of innocence
And quickly dies away.

There is a counterfeited love—
A studied work of art,
Which seems as if the cooing dove
Had got a vulture's heart.

There is a love in words expressed,
And, ah ! too oft believed,
Which leaves the trusting heart distressed,
Forsaken and deceived.

There is a love to reason blind
Which nature can't control—
A thought which occupies the mind
And fills up all the soul.

There is a love of modest blush —
A timid bashfulness
Which tells you by that glowing flush
What words could not express.

There is a love serenely calm,
The germ of earthly bliss,
Which cherishes a healing balm
In each devoted kiss.

There is a love which pity claims,
Seen in each kindly deed—
A sacred love which ever aims
At helping those in need.

Then say what is your love for me—
 Deceitful or sincere?
 Deep-rooted as a forest tree
 Or like a baby's tear?

Or is it like the morning dews
 Which on the flow'rets fall—
 Short-lived, enduring or profuse
 Or do you love at all?

SONNET.

I would not if I could again retrace
 The steps which I have taken up through life,
 So mixed with pleasures and with bitter strife;
 I'd rather try to end my little race
 Supported by my God's sustaining grace.
 I had my joys when buoyant hopes were rife,
 And I had, too, that sweet, consoling peace
 Which God bestows on all who seek his face.
 Oft have I erred and had my doubts and fears,
 And sought again the Lord with prayers and tears
 And found again a happy, sweet release.
 I'm glad the past is past; my few short years
 Will soon expire. Till then my soul would say:
 Thanks to my God, who led me all the way.

MY LUXURY.

Take from me every luxury but one—
 But leave me one—the only one I choose—
 A little while each day to sit alone
 And take a look at all the latest news.

I want to know what in the world transpires—
 The deeds and strange events of every clime,
 Which flash'd along the telegraphic wires,
 Almost ignore the lapse of passing time.

I read of wars, of battles fought and won,
Of armies routed, and of thousands slain,
Of Kings raised to, then driven from, the throne
And sent back to obscurity again.

Again I read of reckless loss of life,
A boiler bursts, or else a train collides,
And lives are lost, for accidents are rife,
And death may come a thousand ways besides.

I also read of devastating storms,
Of earth's upheavings and volcanic fires,
How restless nature in a thousand forms
Lays hold on life which in her grasp expires.

I read of crimes as fiendish and as dark
As ever stain'd this sin-polluted sod ;
How *Cains* escape and none can see the mark
Except the eye of the all-seeing God.

It grieves me, too, to read the sad details
Of want and suffering felt in other climes,
I'm also pained when wickedness prevails
And justice lags behind advancing crimes.

I read how Alcohol, the fertile source
Of many crimes, distress, disease and pain,
Dark-hearted deeds, grief, anguish and remorse,
Maintains his cruel and despotic reign.

And how the advocates of temperance
Are labouring those maniacs to save,
Who to the very brink of hell advance
And head-long rush down to the drunkard's grave.

And many a picture, beautiful and bright,
Of noble deeds and true and manly thought,
The mighty Press reveals to public light
In courtly halls or in the humble cot.

Then if you wish to do the people good,
Let every home be stored with useful news
And feed their minds with literary food—
With truthful records, and enlightened views.

Give useful knowledge, not the frothy trash
And rabid ravings of disordered brains,
Exalt the one, the other try to quash
And write the truth, despite the worldly gains.

Then let me have a truthful, honest sheet
Unswayed by bribes, in purpose firm and strong,
In counsel wise, in useful news replete,
The shield of right, the *expose* of wrong.

A SONNET.

SUNSET.

This evening, when my office work was done,
I sat down at my window, to behold
The western sky, all tinged with burnish'd gold,
Illuminated by the setting sun
Gone down to rest behind yon distant height ;
And gazing on the glory-tinted west,
I felt enraptur'd by the picture given,
Which seem'd to me, as if the veil of heaven
Was drawn aside, to shew me where the blest
Whose onward path, like to the shining light
At day's bright noon, but more divinely bright,
Go home at eve to their eternal rest.
Fair emblem of the christian's closing day,
Who, like the setting sun, in glory melts away.

A BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION.

I'm growing old, and life's short day
Will very soon have passed away ;
But tho' I near the coming night
At even-tide there shall be light.

And tho' I soon shall lay my head
To rest among the silent dead,
Yet still with joy I hail the morn
Of that glad day that I was born.

In looking down my by-gone years,
So checkered with my smiles and tears,
I bless the Lord that in my youth
I sought and found the God of truth.

I often sipped the sweets of life,
And often passed through bitter strife,
Yet always found throughout the past
A shelter from the stormy blast.

I soon shall reach the victor's goal
With glory dawning on my soul,
And through the all-atoning blood
Shall dwell forever with my God.

And when I reach the shining shore
And join the friends who went before—
I'll still look out for friends to come
And join me in my happy home.

TO A YOUNG POETESS.

My dear Miss Bella, should the muse
Her free and easy aid refuse,
Then you should study to disclose
Your thoughts in tersely written prose.
Pegasus is a fiery steed,
So if you ride on him, take heed ;
Bellerophon once straddled there,
So, of his luckless fate beware.
Hold tight your rein, nor urge too fast
Lest you might get a downward cast ;
And you, and your sweet little lyre
Be laid bespattered in the mire.
So if you would in fancy's dream
Drink from the famed *Castalian* stream,
Drink only that which you are sure
Is soul-refreshing, chaste and pure.
Or if you have the strength and skill
To climb and top *Parnassus'* hill,
Or *Helicon*, or other places.—
Haunts of the muses and the graces,
Be quick to scan and wise to choose
The sweetest and the chastest muse.
Euterpe and *Erasto* might
With *Terpsichoré* give delight ;
Or should you incidents record
Then *Clio* must her aid afford :
Or should you be inclined to follow
The varied teachings of *Apollo*,
See that your wings are fledged and strong
Ere you take flight to realms of song.
But better still could you aspire
To strike some chords on *DAVID's* lyre.—
But why with classics rack your brain,
Since all mythology is vain ?

For better far than studied art
Is that sweet music of the heart.
So follow nature when you sing,
And like the lark upon the wing
Breathe forth a soul-inspiring song
To soothe and cheer the listening throng.
Let every sentence be complete
And every verse have equal feet ;
Write common sense, and soon you'll see
Respect shewn for your poetry.

THINGS WHICH I HATE.

I always hate to hear a man
Complaining of his wife ;
It shows he never learn'd the plan
To sweeten wedded life.

Too soon she'll hear the ugly news,
And then she'll raise a clatter
In telling him what are her views
About him in the matter.

Far better give the soothing kiss
And try his griefs to smother—
There cannot be domestic bliss
Where they accuse each other.

A man should strive to please his wife,
Nor ever give her cause
To vent her spleen in angry strife
Or sin 'gainst nature's laws.

She may at times his pleasures thwart,
But woman's heart is tender.
And if he act a gentle part
She'll to his love surrender.

It pains my heart when I behold,
A man who weds for dowry—
When men and maids are bought and sold
Their path cannot be flow'ry.

Love forms a chain that never breaks,
The golden one is brittle.
And so the love that riches seeks,
I count not worth a spittle.

Love, virtue, beauty, youth and health
Would be, in my opinion,
A greater prize than all the wealth
That's found in this Dominion.

Esteemed, beloved, dear to your heart
Should be you wife, because
Of you she is the better part,
Made so by nature's laws.

And she, because she is your wife,
Should in your strength repose,
To be your help and joy through life
And soother of your woes.

READING AND WRITING.

I cannot write unless I read,
And if I read I'm forced to write,
And thus I gather for my need,
And then I try to sow the light.

A man, who has the time, may read,
And glean the fruits of others' toil,
But, if he want to plant the seed,
He'll have to cultivate the soil.

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Suppose I get a work on drill
And scan it over, every word,
Would reading give the practis'd skill
To use the rifle or the sword?

I may pore over many a page,
And others' sayings may retain,
But never can become a sage
Unless I exercise my brain.

As like produces like, so thought
Excites to thought; then let me strive
To catch the strain the sages caught,
And let my thoughts like theirs survive.

EMMA'S PRIDE CURED.

"Mamma, I don't like that little girl
Who comes to our kitchen door,
Her features are pleasing, her teeth are like pearl,
And her golden hair has a beautiful curl,
And you said she was fit for the child of an earl—
But what of all that—she is poor."

"Oh! fie! on you Emma," her kind mother said,
"Don't let the proud thought arise;
That poor little orphan's father is dead,
And her mother is now on her dying bed—
And see how she mutely stands, asking some bread
With downcast tearful eyes."

"But see, mamma, her old frock of gray—
And her stockings not fit to be seen,
See Ella and I, how we dress so gay—
And what do you think but the other day
She begg'd we'd allow her to join in our play,
But we told her she was too mean."

“ And then she hung down her head and sighed
While the tears bedewed her face,
And she walked away, and bitterly cried
‘Oh ! if my dear father had not died,
I still might have raiment to flatter my pride
‘Nor have met with this sad disgrace.’ ”

‘ Of late she has come with her sorrowful look,
And timidly stood at our door,
To get a few crusts, or a bone from the cook,
Or may be “ be off ” with a coarse rebuke,
While the poor little creature trembled and shook—
Oh ! mamma it is hard to be poor. ”

But Emma got cured of her pride that night
As she stood by the widow’s bed,
And heard her tell of her hope so bright—
Her dazzling crown, and her robe of white—
Which were hers to enjoy ere the morning light—
For the orphan’s mother lay dead.

While here, the poor widow had sorrow and woe,
But now she feels want no more ;
And her orphan child has a home below
Where Emma and Ella their love bestow
On that dear little girl, whom, not long ago
They slighted for being poor.

*SONNET.**PSYCHOLOGY.*

Ye learned psychologists can ye reveal
The mysteries or workings of the soul ?
Say can it roam, or what is to control
Its close confinement in its house of clay !
A trance or slumber may our eyelids seal
And tho' we live we neither know nor feel
Till that unconsciousness has pass'd away ;
Yet while we sleep the soul a march may steal
And pass through scenes as in the light of day ;
Then time and space are obstacles unknown—
The misty past, the unknown future years
Are to the mind as in a moment shown
Or else a moment to the soul appears
A tedious age be-dimmed with griefs and fears.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, I have seldom known thee,
Tried and true, firm-fixed and sure,
That in smiles and tears would own me,
And through weal and woe endure.

Friends have come with bold professions
When my noon-day sun was shining,
But withdrew their fond expressions,
When they marked my sun declining.

Friendship oft is but a mask,
Worn to hide an icy feeling,
But whenever put to task,
Flies—a selfishness revealing.

See! how to that rich man's door,
Friends have come when none were needed.
See him now, when sick and poor,
These can pass him by unheeded.

Friendship, like the Cov'nant bow,
On a cloud should show the brighter—
Raise his friend when fallen low—
Try to make his burden lighter.

Friendship such as gentle Ruth
Had for her adopted mother—
Pure, unselfish, based on truth—
Such should we have for each other.

He who would have many friends
Must evince his friendly feelings—
Must not give with selfish ends—
Must be true in all his dealings.

Friendship may be formed below,
Death itself cannot dis sever,
Which thro' life will purer grow,
And in heaven last forever.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

Is the fourth Commandment binding,
Or should it be cast away
As a law not worth the minding,
Quite unsuited for to-day?

Or, if not, why, then, is Sunday
Profaned without a check,
And proclaimed the common *fun-day*
Of the godless of Quebec?

If the sleeping old Saint Lawrence
Knew the Sabbath-breaker's vice,
He would show his deep abhorrence,
And upheave his floor of ice.

But the river now lies dormant,
And its dangers all concealed
Like the hidden depths of torment,
Which may shortly be revealed.

And then the Sabbath-haters
Will be driven from the throne,
And be sent with Sunday skaters
To where Sabbaths are unknown.

Tho' they now mock at religion,
And do just whate'er they please,
They may yet get to a region
Where the waters never freeze.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

The great Saint Lawrence rolls along
In peerless majesty,
And bears upon its bosom strong
Our shipping to the sea.

Far in the West it has its source,
Beyond the lakes and isles,
Then onward speeds its lengthened course
More than two thousand miles.

On, on through lakes of vast extent
It slowly wends its way—
Or down the rapids seeking vent
Impatient of delay.

Anon, it dashes down the steep
At famed Niagara's fall,
Where hollow thunderings from the deep
Our throbbing hearts appal.

Then foaming, surging, on it goes
Adown its rocky bed,
Till in the lake it takes repose
And moves with slower speed.

Its source, though free from moral taint,
Commands not our devotion,
As it is only dubbed a Saint
From Kingston to the ocean.

Yet all the streams above, which drain
The upper lakes, so wide
Flow down St. Lawrence to the main,
And swell its mighty tide.

From Lake Ontario it flows
Through many a lovely scene,
And swiftly down each rapid goes
From Kingston to Lachine.

At length it meets the flowing tide
Far inward from the sea,
And forms a river deep and wide,
From shoals and rapids free.

And from the Gulf to Montreal
The shipping of the world,
From early spring to winter's fall,
May have their sails unfurl'd.

And when cold winter's chilling breath
Suspends our navigation,
Its frozen surface forms a path
Or highway, for our nation.

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Then gentle spring returns again
And thaws its icy crest,
And ships again come o'er the main
And seek the golden West.

But though Quebec and all our ports
Invite a friendly trade,
We'd deal destruction from our forts
Should foreign foes invade.

The priceless trophies gained by Wolfe,
With Britain's flag unfurl'd,
Still fling their shadows to the Gulf,
And awe the fighting world.

Thus, while with loyalty we guard
Our great commercial river,
Yet peace shall be our loved reward
And pledge of wealth forever.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Vice for a time may raise its guilty head
And triumph in its reign of wickedness,
But virtue's path tho' often clouded here
Leads to the victor's goal and sure reward,
In that bright land where shadows are unknown.

Oft have I seen the votaries of vice,
In costly raiment clad, toss their proud heads
And strut along with self-conceited airs,
Vain of the dress which hid their infamy;
And thoughtless of all care and honest toil,
Laugh at poor virtue in her humble garb
As modestly she toil'd along through life,
Cheered with hope of future happiness.

I well remember having seen a case
Of vice and virtue in their wide contrast.
A poor industrious, honest, ragged girl,
Head, feet and legs exposed and bare, while she,
To gain a scanty living, sought the fields
And gathered thistles, which she brought to town
And sold to those who horses kept or swine,
And with the price, perhaps, at most, three pence,
Bought some coarse food her hunger to appease.
This was a time when poverty prevailed,
And many sought, but could not find, a home
Where they might work e'en for their daily bread.
And this poor girl chose thus to live, that she
Might neither beg, not steal, nor yield to vice.
And while this poor hard toiling girl passed by,
She met a votary of vice clad in
The newest style or fashion of the day,
Proud of the dress which should have caused her shame,
And wagging her unshapely feather'd head,
Looked scornfully at that poor ragged girl,
And passed along to plot new schemes of vice.
With downcast eyes this poor girl moved along,
Poor thing, she felt the sting of poverty,
But more than dress she prized her purity,
And looking at the two I inly said,
"There's vice in silks and virtue clothed in rags."
But vice is seen in many a shape and form,
Wrath, envy, lying and dishonesty,
Oaths, blasphemy and vile debauchery,
And stupid drunkenness, the lowest vice
And most degrading sin on this side hell.
But every vice is virtue's enemy,
And so the pure and good must face their foes,
And prove their faith by patience often tried,
And looking through the gloom of earthly cares
Cling to the precious promised joys to come.

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But were there no hereafter, still the bliss
Of conscious virtue is a thousand fold
More precious than the short-lived joys of vice.
Thus "virtue is its own reward," while vice
Has poison in its sweetest pleasure draughts.

CHRISTMAS.

Hail ! happy season of the year,
With sweetest pleasures fraught,
With social joys and earthly cheer,
And calm and holy thought.

But whether in the sacred fane
Or round the festive board,
Let everyone take up the strain
Of glory to the Lord.

Oh ! what a glorious, grand event
Took place that joyful morn,
When God his swift-winged angels sent
To tell that Christ was born.

The veiling clouds are rolled aside
And glory streams around,
While wondering shepherds terrified
Fall prostrate on the ground.

"Fear not, the branch of Jesse's stem"
The soothing angels said—
"Is born this day in Bethlehem
And in a manger laid.

"We come glad tidings to proclaim—
The promised Christ is given,
And all who call upon his name
Shall find their way to heaven."

Then quickly down the shining steep
Descends the angel throng,
To sing the holy child to sleep
With heaven's choicest song.

'Tis heaven's music come to earth—
For men hear angels sing
Their anthem at the Saviour's birth—
The praise of Zion's King.

"All glory be to God on high,
On earth be love and peace,
Good will to men," the angels cry—
"So let their jarrings cease."

Oh, what a grand, majestic sight !
'Tis angels come to tell
That God, who sat enthroned in light,
Has come with men to dwell.

God gives his Son the greatest gift
That heaven could bestow,
'Tis mercy's lowest stoop to lift
Our souls from endless woe.

Then let us keep our festive day
With holy, joyous mirth,
And to our friends good will display,
And peace to all on earth.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

I'm wearied with the world, but then
I cannot shake away my trouble,
For I must run with running men,
Who daily try their pace to double,
And move along with rapid pace,
Or like a laggard lose the race.

And thus the wear of life goes on,
With toil and worry never ceasing;
My sunny days will soon be gone,
And with my load of care increasing,
I struggle through the bustling throng,
And urge my wearied steps along.

A little fame, a little wealth,
A little gratified ambition—
The fruits of toil and wasted health—
And shall I boast of my position,
That after all my toil and strife
I still eke out a weary life?

But is there not a sweeter rest
Than earth affords, to soothe our sorrows?
Where fretting cares no more molest
With happy days and bright to-morrows?
Yes! but this rest is only given
To those who are the heirs of heaven.

Then why should dying mortals prize
Earth's fleeting toys—not worth securing?
Far better look beyond the skies
For bliss supernal and enduring—
To seek religion and retain
A greater wealth than worldly gain.

*LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF A SNOW
STORM.*

The storm is raging and the drifting snow
Is forming curious ridges on the street,
And still the noisy wild winds loudly blow,
Untolding winter's ghastly winding sheet.

How hard the fate of that poor wandering wight,
Who has to face the cold and bitter wind,
And wade through heaps of snow on such a night,
Perhaps knows not where he may shelter find.

On such a night the "Pictou" ploughed the wave ;
The flames upshoot, while chilling storms prevail,
All hope is gone, in vain for help they crave,
Not one is saved to tell the tragic tale.

How comfortless must be the needy poor,
Whose homes are destitute of food and fuel,
While angry winds keep howling at their door,
Where heartless men have spoken words as cruel.

Oh ! how our hearts with gratitude should glow,
Who have our homes, and all our wants supplied,
And feel no chill from storm-tossed drifting snow,
For every want is more than satisfied.

But while the storm keeps raging at our door,
And while we share earth's gifts of plentiness,
Oh ! let us think upon the needy poor
And lend our aid to lessen their distress.

'Tis not enough to say "be clothed, be fed,"
Advice is good, but better far the deed
Of that kind heart that gives a loaf of bread,
To feed the hungry in their time of need.

God asks a loan—dare we refuse to lend
A little of the much which He has given ?
If we withhold, then sad shall be our end,
And dark our prospects of a future heaven.

TEMPTATIONS.

When temptations throng your pathway,
When you're almost forced to yield,
Then upraise the royal banner
And more firmly grasp your shield.

Call on your victorious captain,
He'll impart his shielding power,
And bestow the needful courage
For the tempting, trying hour.

Have you yielded to temptation,
Is your soul of peace bereft,
Is your hope eclips'd forever,
Is there not one solace left?

Tho' you may have deeply fallen
In the filthy, miry clay,
Seek again the cleansing fountain,
Go and wash your sins away.

You have still an intercessor,
And an advocate above,
Waiting, pleading to restore you
To the fullness of his love.

Better far to never stumble,
But if you should chance to fall,
Make an effort Christ will raise you,
If by faith on Him you call.

We can only gain the conquest,
We can only win the race
By our watchful, prayerful trusting
In the Lord for needful grace.

Come then to this loving Saviour
And His saving grace implore,
And He'll pardon while He bids you
Go in peace and sin no more.

RHYMING.

Oft in my musings,
If leisure I find
I write down the thoughts
Which keep crowding my mind,
For tho' it seem foolish
It cannot be wrong
To vent my emotional
Feelings in song.

Defending fair virtue
And fighting with crime,
I think I can do it
Far better in rhyme ;
Tis poetry's birthright
Alone, to impart
The soul's deepest feelings
Which flow from the heart.

My theme is, that honesty,
Chastity, truth
Must be the adornments
Becoming to youth,
While wisdom and charity
Prized above gold,
Must be the rich jewels
Befitting the old.

For vice is so hatetul,
That he must be blind
Who suffers the demon
To enter his mind,
And yet he will enter
Unless God impart
His grace and salvation
To strengthen the heart.

The liar, the murderer.
Drunkard and thief
Are terrified wretches
Forever in grief;
Then shun the dark pathway
That leads you to shame,
And follow fair virtue
To glory and fame.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Let us hail the new-born year,
Come our drooping hearts to cheer,
Let us all be cheerful, gay,
On this happy New Year's Day,
Social day of friendly meetings,
Joyous day of kindly greetings,
Dawning of a year of blessings,
Lover's hopes and sweet caressings,
Blessings in anticipation,
Wealth and fame in expectation,
All is pleasing, joyous, bright,
Full of half-enjoyed delight.
Yes, it comes, brimful of pleasures,
Honors, health and golden treasures.
Hopeful year of bright to-morrows,
Or, may be, of hidden sorrows.
Happy that we do not know
What the morrow will bestow,
Happy that we cannot see
What is in futurity !
If we knew the coming strife,
Who could face the ills of life ?
But our cheering Angel Hope
Holds our sinking spirits up,

Wipes away the falling tear,
Promises a happy year.
Thus encouraged let us rise,
Soaring upward to the skies,
Where all passing time shall be
Hidden in Eternity.

THE WHALE.

To-day I saw the captured whale,
And viewed it all, except the tail,
Which was too much submerged in water
For me to see it—but what matter ;
I saw enough to cause conviction
That every tale is not a fiction,
For oft I've told a truthful tale,
Yet people said "'twas like a whale."
This whale, three Irish perches long,
Which I considered great and strong,
Was but a small one—I was told—
And scarcely yet a twelvemonth old.
Methinks a few such little fishes
Would more than fill five thousand dishes ;
Besides, if whales were good for food,
This one would serve a multitude,
Say fifteen hundred, if you wish
Give each a cubic foot of fish,
This little whale would serve your need
These fifteen hundred men to feed.
But Nature, both by sea and land,
Deals dainties with a niggard hand ;
For legal fish, with fins and scales,
Are puny things compared with whales.
Just fancy this great mass of matter
Alive and plunging through the water !

Then think, could aught the courage quail
Of him who dares to hook a whale.
The *Druid* found this lucky prize,
And towed it up to where it lies ;
Its back all blistered, skinn'd and bare—
Its awful mouth—its teeth of hair—
Its tongue, so greasy, soft and black,
And larger than a miller's sack—
Its belly, lank, and almost shocking,
Grooved like a ridge-and-furrow stocking,—
Enough to say, I saw the whale,
Which I considered rather stale,
And like to news not told in time,
Or like a rather fishy rhyme.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

Work while it is called to-day ;
Dangers threaten thy delay ;
Work before the night appears,
Shutting out thy mis-spent years.

Work while early youth invites
To the sweetest of delights ;
Work while health and strength be given ;
Work, and look for rest in Heaven.

See ! thy sun's meridian ray
Lures thee to eternal day ;
Work while work is in thy power,
E'en at the eleventh hour.

Haste ! thou hast a work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through,
Foes to fight, a race to run,
Steeps to climb, ere thou hast done.

Night is coming ; see the gloom
That is gathering o'er thy tomb !
Work while yet thou hast the light ;
None can work in that dread night.

Fleeting years have passed away ;
Why then linger ? why delay ?
Future days may not be many ;
Go and work, and get thy penny.

Idler in the market-place,
Loiter not ; thy steps retrace ;
In the vineyard of thy Lord
Work according to his word.

Work while it is called to-day ;
Precious moments fleet away ;
Night is coming, drear and dark,
When thou canst no longer work.

THE PRESS.

The printing press, the mighty press,
O ! what a power for good or evil—
A light to shine—a voice to bless—
A curse—an agent of the devil.
The potent press, the teeming press
Has sown the light in every nation—
Thro' it the slave has found redress—
The sinner brought to seek salvation.
While thro' the vile, prolific press,
Untruth has been disseminated,
And still, alas ! we must confess,
The filthy flood is unabated ;
But still there is a noble press,
The gifts of mind on man bestowing—
A fountain in a wilderness—
An angel, light and wisdom sowing,

God bless the honest, truthful press,
With righteous laws to shield and guard it,
And may the world its worth confess,
And share its riches to reward it.

MY TWO LESSONS.

The first great lesson of my life
Which I must learn, is how to live
A Christian in a world of strife,
And all its wrongs to me forgive.

Then let me humbly seek the Lord,
Who will his saving help impart ;
And teach me by His holy Word,
To practise holiness of heart.

The next great lesson, and the last
Which I must learn, is how to die ;
But He on whom my soul is cast
Will every needful grace supply.

But as I know not *when*, or *where*,
Or *how* my mortal life shall end ;
Then let me seek by faith and prayer
Each day, as if my last to spend.

SONNET.

THE DEAF MUTE.

The ear, that avenue to reach the mind
Is closed to every sound. Then how to find
An entrance to the mind of that deaf mute,
And then to guide his thoughts in the pursuit
Of knowledge, was a question of the past
Which Sages failed to solve. But now at last
We find the question easy of solution,
Exhibited in many an Institution,
Where poor deaf mutes are taught to exercise
Their thinking powers ; to use their hands and eyes,
And in that silent language of their own,
Can take our thoughts, and theirs to us make known.
Thus mutes may rise to literary fame,
And proudly bear a wreath-encircled name.

DEAF MUTES.

In ages past the deaf and dumb
Were left in ignorance at home,
No institution then was found
In all the provinces around
Where poor deaf mutes might gain the knowledge
Which others learned in school and college.

In olden times if mutes were poor,
They went about from door to door
And made their signs, scarce understood,
And got relief in cash and food,
Or by the hearthstone warm and bright
Received a lodging for the night.

The credulous believed the dumb
Could tell them of events to come,
And cunning mutes soon learned to meet
Such ignorance with dark deceit
And made their signs to indicate
Their dupes, good fortune or their fate.

Impostors often played the mute
Which placed the dumb in bad repute,
And many a harsh and cruel freak
Was tried to make the creature speak
And so for other's imposition
He had to bear his sad condition.

A purer ligh has dawned at last
To dissipate the darkened past,
Philanthropy with loving hands
Has raised in this and other lands
Her noble monuments to prove
That mutes have her peculiar love.

Thus God's afflicted ones are sought,
And then with skill and patience taught
The law of God, the rule of life
And fitted for this mortal strife,
That they by true philosophy
May learn to live and learn to die.

THE DEAF MUTE.

Deaf to the music of the grove,
When tuneful warblers sing
Their dulcet notes, or songs of love
To greet the opening spring.

Deaf to the thunder's loudest crash,
Deaf to the cannon's roar,
Deaf to the wail, when wild waves lash
Their fury on the shore.

Deaf to the song so sweetly sung
When joyful saints rejoice,
Deaf to the music of the tongue—
Deaf to the human voice.

Deaf to a mother's lullaby,
Her prayer and uttered love ;
For sound to him is mystery
And fails his heart to move.

The ear, that gateway to the mind,
Is barr'd to every tone.
And loving words and words unkind
Are all to him unknown.

Tho' deaf and dumb his searching eyes
Can read your hopes and fears.
While his intelligence supplies
The lack of lips and ears.

In ages past the mute was left
Unheeded and untaught ;
Of arts and sciences bereft,
How few his culture sought.

But now a brighter day has come
Which glows with rich supplies—
Ears for the deaf, voice for the dumb,
The blind with other eyes.

Then let us thank the God of heaven
For all His mercies shewn,
The institutions he has given,—
The blessings He makes known.

THE LAST KISS.

Oh ! take me to her dying bed,
To get her farewell kiss,
Ere she be numbered with the dead,
Or her immortal soul has fled
To realms of endless bliss.

I gazed upon her palid cheek ;
The rosy glow was gone ;
But beauty still, tho' pale and meek,
Was there. I wept, and tried to speak,
And said, " Thou art my own."
I took her wasted hand in mine,
And held it to my heart ;
She whispered, " Love, I still am thine,
" And will be in our home divine,
" Where we shall never part."

" Ah ! do not leave me thus in grief,"
I said, and inly sighed ;
" Weep not ; remember life is brief,
" And heaven brings a sure relief,
" Farewell ! " she said, and died.

The chill of death was on her brow ;
A smile illumed her face,
Which told me she was happy now ;
For, faithful to her sacred vow,
She sought redeeming grace.

I knelt besides her lifeless clay,
And took my farewell kiss ;
And then I longed to pass away,
To be with her, thro' endless day,
In yon bright home of bliss.

WAR!

O ! what a devastating curse is war !
What miseries are hidden in that word !
It tells of battlefields and noisy strife,
Of slaughtered hosts and carnage widely spread,
Of fellow-mortals weltering in their gore,
Of ghastly looks, of thirst and dying groans ;
Of gaping wounds, and mutilated limbs,
Of cities sacked and fruitful fields laid waste,
Of dark revenge and awful massacres,
Of desolation, want, and sore distress,
And other miseries entailed by war.
It makes the heart grow sick to read the sad
Details of war and all its train of woes.
What foolishness to madly rush to arms
And end their petty quarrels with the sword !
If men were wise they'd seek some friendly aid,
To arbitrate and settle their disputes ;
And if a head-strong nation should decide
To end the strife in war—if after all
The efforts made for peace have been in vain —
Then let the nations loving peace unite
And awe that nation which delights in war.
War only can be justifiable
When we, in self defence, protect our homes
From the invading foe. Aggressive war
Is found, too often, inexcusable.
In olden times the sword was often sent
To punish guilty nations for their crimes ;
Perhaps it is so still, and if it be,
What nation then can claim immunity
From famine, plague, or retributive war ?
War is a curse, and must be viewed as such ;
A judgment on the conquered, and perhaps
A punishment to both. For victory oft
Is found to be more costly than defeat.

The shout of triumph has its echo in
The orphan's and the widow's wail of woe.
Fame, glory, victory are all too dear
And never worth the precious blood they cost.
The olden prophets sang in plaintive strains
Of coming wars. It seems the time is near
When some war-prophecy must be fulfilled !
The great apocalyptic day foretold—
The day of vengeance, darkness and despair—
Has thrown its shadow over half the world.
The storm clouds gather in the distant East—
Nor is the western hemisphere exempt—
And rumours reach us of a wide-spread war.
The sable Eagle of the frigid north
Has sought his quarry in the glowing East ;
The conflict, doubtless, will be fierce and long,
And armies shall be wasted ere the dove
Of peace shall visit these contending powers.
Mizraim, long the theatre of war,
Is still the scene of conflicts horrible ;
Egyptian sands have oft been stained with blood ;
And many, too, of England's bravest men
Have helped to swell the number of the slain.
Rebellion, there, is scorched ; not yet consumed.
The Upper Nile, and all the vast Soudan
Is one broad battle field. War rages there,
Fierce battles have been fought and thousands slain
Of Britain's foes. And hundreds of our braves
Have fallen too and died a soldier's death ;
And England's glory there has been eclipsed
With clouds of grief. Her culpable delays
Despoiled her hopes and caused death and defeat
To General Gordon and his little band—
Khartoum's brave defender left to meet
His long impending fate and fall—at last
Of hope bereft—but not his hope of heaven.

And other heroes, too, almost as brave,
Have fought and fell and shed their blood in vain.
That foul, false prophet, that vile Mahdi still
Maintains his cruel and despotic reign.
This rebel fanatic, this self-made god—
Or rather fiend incarnate—still bedupes
His followers with boastings of his powers,
And gifts divine of working miracles,
And promises of spoils and paradise,
While those who dare to disobey his will
Must meet their fate and die a cruel death.
Strange as it may appear, the enemies
Of England aid this wretch with arms, and teach
His soldiers how to use them with effect ;
But mighty England shall convince the world
That God is still her refuge and defence.
And other storm clouds gather nearer home
And hidden fiends and bold defiant knaves
Athirst for blood are ripe for civil war.
But Britain's lion half awake shall soon
Start up and shake his mane and roar defiance
At the rebel curs, and scatter them
Like chaff before the wind. The struggle may
Be fierce and long, and thousands may be slain,
While miseries untold accumulate ;
But truth and loyalty shall stand the test,
And peace and happiness shall be restored.
There shall be wars and rumours of great wars ;
But peace—that peace foretold shall come at last,
Mahomet's Crescent Moon is waning fast
And soon shall disappear behind the Cross.
But tho' Mahomet trusted in the sword
To propagate the tenets of his creed—
And cruel Mahdi thinks to do the same—
'Tis not the way the Gospel must be spread.
The heroes of the Cross are called to fight

But not with cruel weapons nor in wrath ;
They follow Him who is the Prince of Peace
And wait and hope until the day shall dawn
When peace and righteousness shall fill our Earth.
Then swords and spears and all the arms of war
Shall be transformed to useful implements.
To aid the farmer in his healthy toil,
And in this reign of universal peace
The nations shall forget the art of war.

RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

In olden times respect was shown to age
And youth revered the hoary-headed sage
But times have changed, the old are flung aside
To clear the way for youthful prating pride.

Oft have I seen the self-conceited youth,
As ignorant of manners as of truth,
Ignore old men and hold them up to scorn
As garments which should be no longer worn.

Should young America this course pursue
And rob the aged of their rightful due !
Is this her boast ? then let it be her shame,—
A cloud to hide the glory of her name.

A crown of glory is the hoary head
To him who is by truth and virtue led,
And those old veterans in the cause of truth
Should get the homage of our rising youth.

Experience teaches, and the aged should
Know what is bad and what is truly good,
And so the young who venture on life's stage
Should take their counsel from the hoary sage.

Our clever youth oft make it a pretence
To mock old men found limited in sense ;
'Tis wickedness, their age commands respect
And therefore none should treat them with neglect.

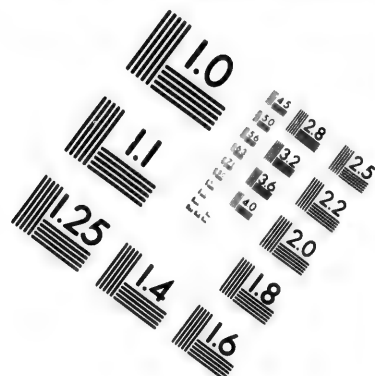
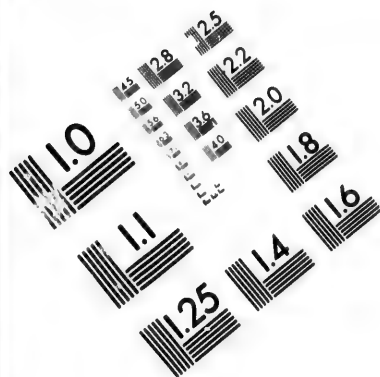
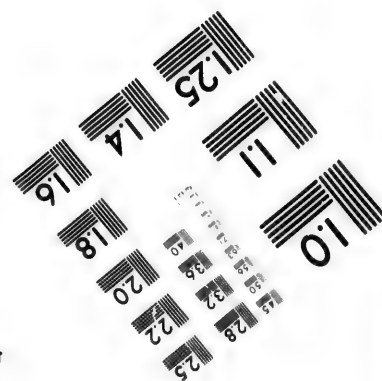
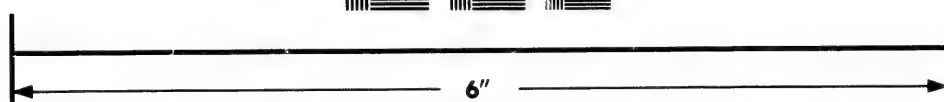
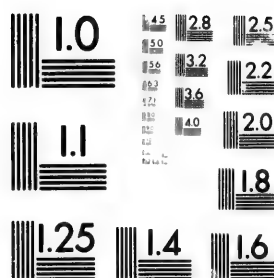


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AN HONEST MAN.

'Tis hard to find an honest man,
Sincere in every part,
And who, could you his motives scan,
Is truthful in his heart ;
For, tho' to others he be just
In dealing with their pelf,
Say is he faithful to his trust
And honest to himself ?

The miser and the prodigal
Are both dishonest men,
And are as deaf to reason's call
As is my writing pen ;
This, gathers all the wealth he can,
That, spends without control,
And neither is an honest man,
For each defrauds his soul.

The votaries of fashion are
To modest virtues blind ;
And all their vanities declare
Their littleness of mind.
Tho' like the peacock's gaudy tail
Their fashion-dress may seem,
Yet after all, they often fail
To win the world's esteem.

Tho' dandies think themselves so nice,
In spite of all their skill,
A man may estimate their price
Who knows their tailor's bill ;
What ! honest ! no, we don't believe,
And never did, nor can,
For he who dresses to deceive
Is not an honest man.

The drunkard acts dishonestly
To friends, and home, and wife,
His prospects and posterity,
His character and life ;
He, thro' his craving thirst for drink,
Has lost all self-control,
And rushes down to ruin's brink
With guilt upon his soul.

But tho' your character be fair,
Unstained by outward sin,
Yet search your heart, and oh ! beware
Of lurking thieves within ;
For tho' you pay your lawful debt,
And have an honest name,
Still you may wilfully forget
To meet God's higher claim.

If rich don't toss your head too high,
Nor claim the whole amount,
For God will call you by and by
To render your account ;
Then how can you be reckoned just,
Who claim what God has given,
And faithless to your sacred trust
Defraud the God of heaven ?

Thus he is honest, he alone,
Who gives what God bestows—
Whose words and deeds are wisely shown
To lessen human woes ;
Then if you love an honest name
You'll follow heaven's plan—
The lowly road to highest fame—
A truthful, honest man.

AFFLICTIONS.

God's dealings with His creatures oft
Seem cruel and severe,—
Some cannot see, some cannot speak,
And others cannot hear.

And some are cripples from their birth,
And helplessly they crawl—
Sad wrecks of frail humanity,
The ruins of the fall.

And some are born to poverty,
Disease and want and woe,
Whose life is one long, lingering scene
Of dying here below.

But why so many suffer so
Is more than we can tell,
For God, we know, is good and kind,
And doeth all things well.

Poor Lazarus was full of sores,
And begged his daily bread ;
The rich man, at whose gate he lay,
Was princely clothed and fed.

The rich man had a sermon in
That cripple at his gate,
But never sought the beggar's prayers
Until it was too late.

Oh ! ye who revel in your wealth
And riot in your mirth,
Despise not God's afflicted ones,
Nor those of humble birth.

Perhaps you first shall reach that goal
The poor afflicted crave,
For oft the wealthy, young and strong,
Come to an early grave.

It dissipates our haughty pride
To look on others' woes ;
It humbles us and makes us prize
The gifts which God bestows.

It brings a pleasure to the heart
To lessen others' grief,
While peace must be the recompense
Of him who gives relief.

Besides, it gives the sufferer ease
And soothes his bitter smart,
To get that balm, he needs so much—
A sympathetic heart.

God cheers his own afflicted ones
And stifles their complaints,
By whispering his promises
To all his suffering saints.

But ah ! how many suffering ones
Through doubts and darkness grope,
Whose gloomy thoughts are never cheered
With this celestial hope.

Oh ! would that every suffering one
Would to that Saviour go,
Who has a heart to sympathize
With every child of woe.

“*PROVIDE THINGS HONEST IN THE SIGHT OF ALL
MEN.*”

From childhood up to hoary age
Let honesty your thoughts engage,
Be honest in your early youth
And always *act* and *speak* the truth ;
For truth and honesty unite
To do and say whate'er is right,
Still cling to truth, and you must be
A man of sterling honesty.
Equivocating lies precede
Each selfish, low, dishonest deed.
Thus all dishonest deeds must be
The fruit of lies and perfidy.
You must be fed, and must provide
Your food, and other things beside ;
And you may oft be sorely tried
In having all your wants supplied ;
But you must think, and strive, and plan,
And do the very best you can
To earn an honest livelihood ;
But should you fail, then God is good
And will all needful things supply
To those who on His word rely.
Jehovah Jireh : rest assured
Your every want will be procured.
Not only should your conscience be
From all dishonest leanings free,
But it is yours by right, to claim
The glory of an honest name.
“Provide things honest in the sight
Of all men,” and you'll do the right,
That all who choose your deeds may scan
And say, “there goes an honest man.”
This principle of honesty
Belongs to all, and so should be

T OF ALL

Possessed by all, but ah ! I fear
But few, too few, possess it here.
An honest man will not delay
His every claim and debt to pay,
And better still, his heart is set
Against contracting any debt.
An honest man ! what higher name,
What honor, title, wealth, or fame
Could you possess, that would compare
With that exalted name you bear !
But if you needs must glory, then
Give thanks to God, give proofs to men,
That you're possessed of wealth untold —
A virtue far more prized than gold.

FAREWELL TO LADY DUFFERIN.

No maudlin tears were those we shed,
No counterfeited grief was shown,
We felt a joy of life had fled
And that a cherished hope was gone.

That fond adieu unlocked our grief
And then we felt so loath to part
With her, the lady of our chief,
Who held a place in every heart.

She had a heart to soothe and love,
A bounteous, open generous hand,
While all her graces went to prove
How much she loved our favoured land.

Loved Lady Dufferin, farewell !
Thy name like precious balm shall spread,
And children yet unborn shall tell
The virtues of our honoured dead.

No monument to tell thy fame,
 No sculptured bust nor work of art
 Is needed here, because thy name
 Is graven on our every heart.

May health and peace and length of days
 To thee and thine be richly given—
 The thankful heart, the song of praise
 And constant antepast of heaven.

HYMN.

Oft when dark, foreboding fears
 Cast their shadows on to-morrow ;
 When my eyes are dimmed with tears
 And my heart is filled with sorrow,
 Jesus comes and whispers peace ;
 Jesus brings a sweet release.

CHORUS.—Glory be to God above,
 All is peace and joy and love ;
 Grief no longer shades my brow,
 I am happy, happy now.

O ! my Father's watchful care
 Leading me through pastures vernal ;
 Balmy sweets perfume the air,
 Foretastes of the bliss eternal ;
 Raptures fill my longing soul,
 Pressing onward to the goal.
 Glory, &c.

SONNET.

A SABBATH MORNING IN WINTER.

The morn was cold, and frost lay on the ground,
 While snowy raiment clothed the distant hills,
 Which glistened in the sun so brightly fair,
 As if old Sol was lavish of his rays,
 And flung them down upon the cold, crisp snow
 Which seemed to set the white-robed peaks aglow,
 But, Oh ! the chill of winter's breath was there,
 And trees and hills and fields looked bleak and bare,
 Like mendicants who once saw better days.
 A solemn silence reigned, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, save the tinkling rills
 Which sang their morning hymn of grateful praise ;
 And toiling man, with God's provision blest,
 Once more enjoyed the Sabbath's peaceful rest.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

With joy we hail the happy morn,
 When God was robed in man,
 When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
 To work Redemption's plan.
 Rejoice, since Christ, the Saviour Lord,
 Has visited our earth,
 Which but a stable could afford
 To give the Saviour birth.
 For Jesus found no downy bed,
 Nor home nor princely hall ;
 His birth-place was an humble shed,
 His couch an oxen stall.
 But now he reigns, the Mighty King,
 Our God, enthroned above ;
 Where countless hosts forever sing
 The triumphs of his love.

ove ;
 brow,

LAUNCH OF THE "LADY DUFFERIN."

Crowds of gazers stand around,
On the bridge and o'er the ground,
Watching till they see the ship
Gliding down the greasy slip.
Busy workmen ply their sledges,
Driving in the clefting wedges—
Hark ! a shout, *LE MER EST HAUT*,
Split the blocks and let her go.
See ! a lady young and fair
Smiling through her golden hair
Comes to her appointed stand,
Takes the bottle in her hand,
Waits to give the ship a name,
Honored in the world of fame,
Standing at the vessel's prow—
See ! the ship is moving now,
Sliding down the smooth descent
To her native element.
Good ! she flings the bottle at her
As she glides down to the water,
Sprinkles her with sparkling wine,
Gives a name almost divine ;
One which every heart must win,
Calls her *LADY DUFFERIN*.
Down along the oily slip
Swiftly moves the stately ship,
With a plunge she quits the slide
Dashing through the foaming tide,
See how gallantly she floats—
Listen ! from a thousand throats,
Cheers are given to express
"Lady Dufferin's" success ;
Hearty cheers resound again,
For the owner Mr. Lane,
While another rends the air,
For that lady sweet and fair,
Who the sparkling liquid spilt,
On the ship her father built.

WINTER IS COMING.

The beauties of Summer are passing away
And the flowers are losing their bloom,
And soon, hoary Winter so withered and grey
Will see them all laid in their tomb.

The forests so bright in their garments of gold
Will shortly be leafless and bare,
And the daughters of *Flora* will shrink from the cold
Until they give up in despair.

The dull leaden sky and the fierce howling blast,
And the withered leaves rustling along,
Assure us too plainly that summer is past—
The season of flowers and song.

And cold, cruel Winter will shortly appear—
Already he knocks at the door,
And his desolate reign will be lifeless and drear
And hard on the destitute poor.

But tho' for a time vegetation shall cease
We must not succumb to our woes,
But patiently wait for another release
From Winter's long lingering snows.

*THE SNOW STORM ON THE NIGHT OF THE 10TH
MARCH, 1869.*

Out in the cold, wild, drifting snow,
Blindly wandering to and fro,
For the night was dark and I went astray,
And I laboured long ~~long~~ ere I found my way.
I looked to the left, and I looked to the right,
But never an object appeared in sight;
I could neither proceed nor yet turn back,
For the snow had hidden the beaten track,
And I struggled and wallowed thro' soft deep snow,
And I knew not what way I should go.
Nor moon, nor stars, nor light could I see,
And the thick, cold drift kept blinding me.
And hope for a time seemed almost gone,
Yet I braved the tempest and still moved on.
Harshly and loudly the wild winds howled,
As if the dark dog of Pluto growled;
For if ever the Spirit of wrath had power,
'Twas put into motion in that dread hour.
Thro' chilling drifts and the bitter blast,
I stumbled upon the right path at last;
And I reached my home—O! joyful sight,
And escaped from a cold, lone death that night.
O! ye who inhabit a milder clime,
And smoothly glide down the stream of time,
But little ye know of the storms severe,
And hardships endured by the people here—
Toiling along thro' snows so deep,
The wearied traveller sinks to sleep;
To sleep—to yield up his vital breath,
And be found congealed in the grasp of death.
O! ye who enjoy your homes so warm,
And feel not the cold of the raging storm,
Think, sometimes think of the shivering poor
At their woodless stove, on a cold, bare floor;

And the surplus comforts which ye can spare
With the needy and comfortless go and share.
And should your gratitude point you to heaven,
To thank your God for his blessings given,
O! think of the way-worn luckless wight
Exposed to the tempest on such a night;
And to Him who can winds and waves command,
Commit the travellers by sea or by land,
And vow that you never will shut your door
'Gainst the homeless stranger or friendless poor.

WORK.

A man must work to earn his bread,
And all who labor should be fed,
And if the lazy loafers starve
They only reap what they deserve.
Want is the curse of idleness,
At least with some,—yet I confess
There are a few whom we call blest,
Who eat and drink and take their rest,
Nor, know they of the toil and care
In which the bulk of others share.
'Tis right that we should have employment,
It gives us health, peace and enjoyment;
And every man of every station,
Should sweeten life with occupation;
And every man should seek the post
Which he can fill and loves the most.
It would be wrong to have the sailor
Who loves to roam, appointed gaoler,
While he who loves to plough and sow
Should never to the ocean go.
Some love the quietude of home
And never feel inclined to roam,

Nor do they ever see a charm
Beyond the precincts of their farm.
Some love to grasp the glittering sword,
And some to preach the sacred word.
Some love to rise to worth and fame ;
Whilst others love their humble name,
Contented with their lowly lot
And happy in their peaceful cot.
Some love the city's crowded mart,
And others love to keep apart,
And would prefer the hermit's life
To bustling scenes of noisy strife.
Some love to read, some love to write,
And some in neither take delight,
Whose little minds cannot contain
What will not bring them worldly gain.
Some love in costly wares to trade.
And some to labour with the spade.
Some love to climb the lofty steep,
And some along the vale to creep,
Some love to have a change of scene,
And some to be what they have been.
Thus every man on earth may find
A calling to his heart and mind.
And every man may have enjoyment
In what should be his *own* employment,
While none should seek an occupation
He finds against his inclination.

MY CHOICE.

I would not be the rich and great,
Nor yet the poor and mean—
I'd rather have my present state—
The middle way between.

The greedy rich pursue their gain
And load their souls with care—
The willing slave cleaves to his chain
Or yields to dark despair.

The haughty lordling sits astride
Upon the neck of fame—
His happiness a chilling pride,
His boast a titled name.

The needy poor are discontent
Who ask and are denied,
For seeing life in sorrow spent
They're seldom satisfied.

My choice would be the happy art
Of always doing good ;
My wealth an humble, honest heart,
Brimful of gratitude.

Let me be neither rich nor poor,
The lordling nor the slave,
But let contentment guard my door,
Till I sink in my grave.

*"FOR EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON AND A
TIME FOR EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN."
SOLOMON.*

The Book of inspiration says
There is a time for all things done,
A time for grief, for mirth and praise—
For every thing beneath the sun.
There is a time when joys appear,
When hearts are warm and spirits high,
When all is music to the ear
And all is pleasing to the eye.
There is a time of deep distress,
When sorrow's clouds their griefs explode
Poor suffering mortals to depress
And crush beneath affliction's load.
There is a time for wakeful toil,
A time for sweet refreshing sleep,
A time to sigh, a time to smile,
A time to laugh, a time to weep.
There is a time when mercy calls—
When sinners may their steps retrace,
And there's a time when judgment falls
On those who spurn God's saving grace.
There is a time for private prayer,
The sweetest time to mortals known,
When far apart from grief or care
They may approach Jehovah's throne.
There is a time when death destroys
The pleasures of our brightest day,
And robs us of our dearest joys,
And sweeps our latent hopes away.
Time glides along with noiseless flight,
And yet to all a time is given
To watch and pray and do the right,
And run the race which ends in heaven.

IT IS SAD TO BE LONELY.

It is sad to be lonely, when others are gay,
With a cloud o'er the heart to eclipse pleasure's ray ;
It is sad to be nursing our sorrows alone,
Or sighing for pleasures long faded and gone.

'Tis sad to see coming the troubles we dread,
While a dark boding future hangs over our heads ;
Tho' often the storm-cloud that darkens our sky
Seems darker approaching than when it is nigh.

When the sharp pang of anguish has entered the soul,
Mirth loses its power to cheer or condole,
And we turn from the gay to indulge in our sadness,
Whilst light-hearted laughter seems folly and madness.

The heart oft has sorrows unknown to the world,
And its flag of distress may be seldom unfurled,
For 'tis better to suffer than loosely reveal
A feeling to others, which others don't feel.

The heart often bleeds while the forced flickering smile
Is borrowed to light up the features the while,
As they only who feel can with sympathy blend
The reciprocal tear with a heart-broken friend.

There is One, and but one, who can give us relief,
He bore all our sorrows, He knows all our grief ;
Let us go to this Friend, and our sorrows make known,
And He'll cheer our lone hearts by revealing his own.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Will "the family in heaven"
Be to each other known?
Is the *hope* in Scripture given?
Is the revelation shewn?
Will the brother meet with brother
And feel each other's love?
Will they recognize each other
In that happy home above?
Yes, for the pleasing story—
In God's own Book is given—
We'll join the Saints in glory—
We'll know our friends in heaven.
Here memory is dim-sighted
And friendships pass away;
But *there*, by heaven lighted
In that eternal day,
We'll know both past and present,
Yea know as we are known,
And meet our friends—how pleasant—
And sing before the throne,
And then, O! what enjoyment—
To meet with those we love,
And join the sweet employment
Of holy saints above.
Methinks I hear the voices
Of friends who've gone before,
And my longing heart rejoices
To meet them on the shore.
And I know those friends shall meet me,
For they long to see me come,
And then, O! how they'll greet me
With shouts of "welcome home."

I AM A CHRISTIAN.

I am a Christian, and I love the name,
Nor will I shrink thro' fear or guilty shame,
To tell the world that I belong to God—
Redeemed and washed in the atoning blood.

I am a Christian, and I'll bear my cross,
Tho' it exposes me to grief and loss ;
My loving Lord who hung upon the tree,
Endured the cross, a heavier one, for me.

I am a Christian, cheered with inward grace
And by the smile which beams on Jesus' face,
O ! may I act a Christian and proclaim
The saving power of my Redeemer's name.

I am a Christian, and I hope for heaven,
Because in Christ I feel my sins forgiven ;
Tis' but a little while till He shall come
And take me with His ransomed people home.

THE SABBATH.

Hail ! holy, hope-inspiring day,
God's portion of the Seven,
And oldest landmark in the way
That leads from earth to heaven.

To-day the wearied sons of toil
Enjoy the Sabbath's rest,
And under God's approving smile
May worship with the blest.

To-day the sons of God present
Themselves before the Lord,
And feast on heav'nly nourishment
Drawn from the sacred word.

To-day the social joys of home
Their choicest sweets impart,
Whilst gratitude like sweet perfume
Fills every loving heart.

To-day our Resurrection Lord
Comes down his saints to greet,
Who wait according to his word
And worship at his feet.

Hail ! peaceful Sabbath, ever blest,
The sign which God has given
To tell me of an endless rest
Prepared for me in Heaven.

TRIALS.

Oft in my sorrows have I thought,
That crosses may be given
Which better suit than blessings sought,
To fit our souls for heaven.

Our patience may be often tried—
Our faith be almost shaken—
Prayer long unanswered—not denied—
Cast down, but not forsaken.

Thorns may bestrew the weary way
Which stretches long before us—
The sun withhold his cheering ray
While, tempests gather o'er us—

Still, hope shall be our guiding star
To that unseen to-morrow,
While faith beholds that land afar
Unknown to grief and sorrow.

Then let our path be smooth or rough,
We'll take whate'er be given—
Christ soon will say "it is enough,
Come up and rest in heaven."

SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus is now on his way
Laden with presents for Christmas day ;
Then down the chimney he comes at night
And passes away ere the morning light,
But leaves behind him the sweets and toys
For his own rich, favorite girls and boys.
For many a good little boy and girl
Won't get one sweet from the hard old churl,
Because, too seldom he enters the door
When he knows the people within are poor.
So there must be something wrong in the laws
Which guide the actions of Santa Claus.
Now if Santa Claus will bring gifts to me
Either in sock or on Christmas tree,
I'll ask my parents to let me share
The sweets and pennies I've got to spare
With some poor little boy or girl
Who got no gifts from the queer old churl.

HAY-MAKING.

I love to see the meadows
So luxuriant and green,
And all the other cultured crops
Which grace the rural scene ;
Cereals and all verdant plants
Which promise daily bread,
Inspire hope and dissipate
The gloom of famine dread.

But O ! how sweet to wander in
A bright sunshiny day,
And inhale the fragrant odor
Of the lovely new-mown hay ;
The sweep of the sharp cutting scythe
Is musical and sweet,
The tedding and the winnowing—
All, all is joy complete.

Oft have I, with the boys and girls,
When life was young and gay,
Joined in the mirth-producing work
Of winnowing the hay ;
Or ran with armfuls of the hay
And threw them in the pile,
And then built up a stately rick
Shaped in the olded style.

And we raked the shaven meadow
And secured the fragrant hay
And felt healthier and happier
By spending such a day.

Ye who in stifled cities dwell
Amid the dusty streets,
Go out and see the meadows
And drink in their fragrant sweets,
And join the jolly hay-makers
In some bright sunny day
And toil will prove a sweet delight
In winnowing the hay.

MY PET ROBIN.

Do you see that little robin there,
Perched on the apple-tree ?
Well, he has got a friendship for,
And confidence in me.

See, when I call him, how he comes,
Obedient to command,
To take the crumbs I offer him,
And pick them off my hand.

I move away ; he follows me,
And hops about my feet ;
There now he perches on a bough,
And sings so softly sweet.

Now, if I could translate his song
I think his words would be :
“ I love you, sir ; you are my friend,
But I love my liberty.

“ I love to exercise my wings,
Then rest, my plumes to trim—
To take the good which God provides,
And sing my thankful hymn.”

Then sing away, my little friend,
So confident and tame ;
You know the hand which brings you food ;
Would, mortals knew the same !

SLANDER.

Among the loathsome vices of the age,
The most revolting to the saint and sage
Is that of slandering an honest name,
And robbing virtue of her spotless fame.

The slanderer and scandal-monger are
More to be dreaded than the scourge of war ;
Their poisoned tongues, like to the serpent's fangs,
Fill many a breast with sad and bitter pangs.

And yet these vile calumniators try
Their guilt to hide, their deeds to justify ;
They feign a grief, would rather not reveal
Their awful secrets which they can't conceal.

And then in whispers from their fetid hearts
The scandal flies, like Satan's fiery darts,
And calumny, that foul and deadly blight,
Has marred and stained the robe of purest white.

"O, did you hear what happened poor Miss S?
"I'm grieved to think of her mamma's distress.
"And I am told there is much bitter strife
"Between young B. and his light-headed wife !

"Tis all too true, I heard it from Miss P ;
"But don't be telling what you hear from me,
"For I was promised ; but you must excuse
"My leaking out to let you have the news "

Ye glib-tongued gossippers, who love to prate,
And foul your neighbors in your tete-a-tete,
Ye never think, when ye your friends beslime,
That tho' they err, yours is the greater crime ?

O ! for that charity which kindly throws
Its friendly mantle over human woes,
Lifts up the fallen, soothes them in their grief,
And tells the mourner of a sweet relief.

ODE TO AMERICA.

WRITTEN ON MY ARRIVAL IN QUEBEC.

Land of cold winters, deep rivers and floods,
Hot summers, broad prairies and wide spreading woods,
Land where the surplus of earth may be fed—
Where millions have come to partake of thy bread.
The great land of freedom from tyranny's thrall,
Where fortune dispenses her favors to all.
Land where all people are welcome, who come,
Land where industry is promised a home,
The great land of commerce, preferment and wealth,
Regardless, too often, of morals or health.
Perhaps I may love thee, yet Erin shall be
That green spot of earth, still the dearest to me.

THE LAURENTIDES AND THE LAKE ST. JOHN
RAILWAY.

Far down in the dim cycles of the past
The Laurentides were formed, and firm and broad
Their deep foundations laid. What countless years
It took to build these piles of olden rocks !
Anon, wave-washed, displaced and broken up,
The glacial period came, and o'er these hills
The floating icebergs swept, or stranded on
These heights, and left their gathered boulders there.

Then through successive ages mighty floods
Ploughed river beds, and swept the loosened earth
And debris down to lower ground, and formed
Great gravel heaps and wide-spread wastes of sand.
The flood-washed rocks and vast diluvial beds
Point to the far remote, when wild waves surged
And billows rolled o'er these Laurentian hills.

Then at Creation's dawn the waters were
Rolled back, and seas and oceans placed in bounds.
The ocean's depths laid bare, dry land appeared.
How bleak ! how barren at the first ! But soon
The Great Creator spread a verdant mantle
O'er the new-drained earth, and fixed a law
That trees and plants should reproduce themselves.
Rank vegetation lived and died and formed
The carboniferous strata hidden deep
Beneath the debris of succeeding years.

Then at Creation's close the Great Supreme—
Or triune God—in likeness of Himself
Created man,—a duplex being with
A form erect and features half divine ;
And gifted with a never-dying soul—
A holy, happy being like his God,
Endowed with knowledge and a kingly will
To choose or to refuse,—to live or die.

Man fell—was driven from his Paradise,
And scattered o'er the earth to earn his bread
By weary toil and consummated skill.
Men deeply sinned and stained this earth with guilt,
And so provoked a just, long suffering God,
That He a deluge sent to wash this earth
And cleanse it from its wide-spread filthiness ;
And, through his servant Noah, raise a race
Of beings who would keep his righteous laws.

In course of time the post-diluvial world
Was peopled by the branching tribes which sprang
From the old parent root. The crowding hordes
Sought wider space and wandered forth in quest
Of lands unoccupied. And fighting kings
And warlike tribes in conquest bent, made war ;
And, if victorious, occupied the lands,
And took the spoil of those whom they subdued.

The dark and cruel ages passed away
And truth and science shed their cheering light,
And in that light inventions multiplied,
And new and great discoveries were made—
The greatest was this mighty Continent,
Out-stretched along this western hemisphere.
How varied and how vast the bounds we crowd
Within that comprehensive little word—
AMERICA ! Home of the homeless, and
The country where the honest toiler reaps
A sure reward. Our own loved Canada,
The largest country on this Continent,
Invites the surplus population of
The British Isles to come and occupy
Our vast, unpeopled bush and prairie lands.
Great Canada ! thy enterprising sons
Are rapidly developing thy worth ;
The vacant places are now being filled,
And habitations stud the vast expanse
Of prairie lands throughout the far north-west.
New cities have been built and railways stretched
From shore to shore across this continent.
Thus from the broad Atlantic coast, to the
Pacific shore, our railway lines extend,
Uniting two great oceans by this grand
COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

But Canada
Has many other lines besides the great
Pacific, which are all well patronized.
The " Lake St. John," now being built demands
Our earnest thought and heartfelt gratitude,
Great engineering skill and plodding toil
Have overcome the difficulties of
The Laurentides, or rocky heights which marred
The way between Quebec and Lake St. John.

And when this line has reached its terminus,
'Twill link our City to a source of wealth,
And open up a country where the sons
Of toil shall clear the forests and shall soon
Be blest with competence and happy homes.
O ! what a health-invigorating boon
To go by train to these Laurentian hills !
So grandly wild, so very picturesque !
Lakes, rivers, hills, ravines, and rocky steeps—
And everywhere, except the towering cliffs,
Bedecked with Nature's verdant drapery.
Along the line the crimson fire plant
In rich profusion greets you with delight ;
And many another blooming beauty spreads
Its tinted petals in the sun's bright rays.
The air is redolent with fragrant guins,
And every breath inhaled is health renewed—
For every grateful sense is satisfied.
For many miles the track runs through a glen
Along the margin of the Bastican.
Beyond the foaming river, towering high,
Are rocky cliffs, their lofty summits crowned
With dwarfish spruce and other forest trees ;
The noisy river speeds its rapid course
Adown the shelving rocks or boulder bed,
And sings aloud its far-resounding psalm.
At other places, silent, smooth and deep
It like a mirror shows inverted hills
And azure skies. O ! what sublimity !
The scenes above reflected in the deep !
How picturesque, how grand, how beautiful !
The poet's paradise—the fisherman's
Delight. What son of Isaac Walton could
Restrain his wish while passing by these lakes
And streams which swarm with lovely speckled trout.

The sportsman, too, with dog and gun, may find
Among these lakes and hills the game he seeks.
The botanist has here an ample field
For his research ; and so has every one
Who loves to roam in Nature's solitudes
Among these alpine hills, far from the haunts
Of busy life hid in the sylvan shade.
And here the learned geologist may trace
The origin of these primeval rocks ;
And theories advance to show the cause,
Which, long ago, produced these grand effects.
And here, our cousins from across the line,
May come and feast their eyes, and breathe the cool
And fragrant air of these Laurentian hills.
All honor to the men of wealth and skill
Who planned and built this line which leads to scenes
Of new delight ; which, when completed, will
Afford another proof of what our men
Of enterprise and engineering skill
Can do in overcoming hindrances.
The obstacles which seemed to bar the way
Keep disappearing as the track proceeds ;
And when the road has reached to Lake St. John,
O ! what a boon to old Quebec !—to all
Who dwell, or yet may dwell, along the line !
Prosperity attend thee " Lake St. John."
Oft may it be my joy to take a trip
On this new Railway to the Laurentides.

WINTER IN QUEBEC.

Far as the eye can range around,
Snow cold and crisp o'erspreads the ground ;
With nothing to relieve the sight
From painful, blinding, dazzling white,
Unless the circling forests dark,
Outlining the horizon's mark.

Or, if the wild winds loudly blow,
And drift along the blinding snow,
Upheaving white mounds in their wrath,
Blockading the deep hidden path,
'Tis but another, rougher form,
Of winter's long continued storm.

And should the dark clouds disappear,
And sunshine gild the atmosphere ;
Tho' all around seem bright and fair
The chill of death is in the air—
White frost the while maintains its hold,
So unrelaxing, hard and cold.

No sheltered, fertile valleys here,
Where verdure lingers all the year ;
And Autumn's flowers keep in bloom,
Till Spring's first daughters leave the tomb ;
No, no, 'tis all a changeless sight,
Of lifeless, verdure-killing white.

But tho' the long-stretched winters here
Are cold and terribly severe ;
The hardy natives love their clime,
And patiently await the time,
When Sol shall shine with warmer glow,
And dissipate the winter's snow.

Oft times the frost will nip your toes,
And grip you by the ears or nose ;
While on your beard your breath distils,
And freezes into icicles ;
And during this cold snap, or spell,
We suffer more than tongue can tell.

St Lawrence is a ghostly sight,
A jumbled mass of black and white ;
And as the tidal waters flow
The icebergs utter cries of woe,
And grind and crush, upheave and toss,
Till oft the river's bridged across.

An ice bridge formed, secure and strong,
Then daily, what a motley throng
Is on the ice ; they crowd the places
Prepared for skating, sliding, races ;
While carters and pedestrians go
As traffic leads them to an fro.

Here long continued frosts abound,
Which penetrate deep in the ground ;
And oft our dead can't find a grave.
And must await in vault or cave,
The vernal Spring ere they can be,
Placed in their final destiny.

And such is Winter on the whole,
In this cold clime too near the pole ;
And yet 'tis freer far from crime ;
Than many a more congenial clime ;
For Canada the home has proved,
Of peace, the loving and beloved.

MOSES.

In Egypt reigned a wicked king,
Whose every act was vile,—
He took the Hebrews' baby boys
And drowned them in the Nile.

What must have been the mother's grief
To see her hope and joy,
Dragged from her arms and borne away
For monsters to destroy !

Thrown to devouring crocodiles,
Or plunged beneath the wave—
And yet 'twas better thus to die,—
Than live to be a slave.

The Hebrews were in bondage then,
And suffered great distress ;
Until at last their cry went up
To Heaven for redress.

At such a time was Moses born,
But God was strong to save
The future hope of Jacob's race,
From such a watery grave.

For three long months good Jokabed
Her little son concealed,
And then she carried out the plan
Which doubtless God revealed.

She placed her baby in an ark,
And laid it near the path
Where Pharoah's daughter daily came,
To have her wonted bath.

The anxious mother prays in faith,
Anon with hope elate ;
While Miriam stands sentinel
To watch her brother's fate.

The Princess comes and finds the child ;

It weeps—her heart is won—

A nurse is called and Jokabed

Receives her darling son.

And with a loving mother's care

She sows the holy seeds,

Which yield their fruit in after years,

In great and mighty deeds.

Tho' heir presumptive to the Crown,

As Pharoah's daughter's son,

God's people and their poverty

Are prized above a throne.

Through faith he made his noble choice,

Because he had regard

To that eternal recompense—

The saints' issured reward.

God honours them that honour Him,

And Moses is a name,

Which in the foremost ranks above

Commands the highest fame.

Then let his noble choice be mine

To choose the better part,

And have the promises divine

Deep-hidden in my heart.

MUSINGS.

The joys of earth are few and unenduring,
And scarcely worth the trouble of securing ;
The friendships formed, the pleasures half enjoyed,
Are but the preludes of an empty void.
The glow of health to-day—perhaps to-morrow
The fever flush, wounds, pain and bitter sorrow ;
Alternate joys and sorrows come and go—
A day of mirth precedes a night of woe :
Bowed down with grief, anon with joy elate,
We scarcely know what is our normal state.
Is grief an interruption of our bliss ?
Or is our pleasure but a stolen kiss ?
Thus tossed about between the two extremes,
From stubborn facts, to fancy's idle dreams,
We laugh and weep, express our hopes and fears,
And soon expend our few allotted years.
But all don't share alike of joy and grief ;
Nor do all mourners find the same relief.
Some live a life of suffering to the end,
In pain and poverty, without a friend ;
And worst of all, a discontented spirit
Destroys that peace the poorest might inherit.
Some find a respite from disease and strife,
And dance along the sunny side of life ;
Till sorrow's clouds their sunny sky o'erspread,
And coming storms distract their souls with dread :
Some in their troubles find a sweet release,
Have friends to soothe and whisper words of peace—
Impart relief and aid them in distress,
And lead them back to health and happiness.
A few seem flushed with buoyancy of health,
Possessed of friends and fame, and wordly wealth ;
But even these may find in wounded pride,
A galling sore their features cannot hide.

Can wealth and fame prolong the owner's life,
Or guard his heart from jealousy and strife ?
The lavished luxury of earth destroys
Our appetites, and nauseates our joys.
Like bacchanals while in their festive glee,
The cup that cheers begets their agony ;
They stagger down the serpent's slimy trail,
Till drunken mirth ends in a howling wail.
O ruinous, bewitching alcohol !
Destroyer of the body, mind and soul ;
Can he be honest, who would passive stand,
Whilst thou, foul fiend, art ravaging our land ?
Up men of truth and in your righteous wrath,
Drive the destroyer from the people's path.
O wretched earth ! degraded by the curse,
Through drink thou art a thousand times made worse ;
Let drink be banished, and our wretchedness
Will be, at least discernibly, made less.
The panacea of all human grief—
The only remedy to give relief,
Is that sweet hope which sovereign grace imparts,
To soothe and cheer and heal all broken hearts.
You may have pain, may suffer grief, and loss,
And you may groan beneath a weighty cross,
But if you know the mighty power of prayer,
You'll soon find strength your heaviest load to bear.
Not only passive peace, but true delight,
God gives to them who follow him aright ;
Thus helping grace each needful time is given,
To every soul that seeks relief from heaven.
The dwellers on this sin-polluted earth
Are doomed to pain and trouble from their birth ;
None are exempt, all have their joys and sorrows—
Their hopes, regrets, their bright or dark to-morrows ;
And all must reach the terminus of life,
Though short the race, or fierce and long the strife.

Our wisdom or our folly we display,
On entering the broad or narrow way ;
If wisdom guide us in the narrow road,
It must be joyful for it leads to God.
Should folly drive us down the world's broad path,
It soon grows rough and terminates in wrath ;
Transgressors' ways their foolishness declare—
Their short-lived pleasures end in dark despair.
Thus every man has sorrow or delight,
And reaps the fruit of doing wrong or right.
Sin's fleeting pleasures leave a sting behind,
To gnaw the heart, and plague the tortured mind ;
But wisdom's ways, or virtue, love and truth,
If sought and found in days of early youth,
Insure life's comforts to the Christian sage,
With hope and peace to cheer his hoary age.
Let pain, affliction, crosses, trials come
They'll but increase my longings after home ;
Then be it mine to walk the royal road,
Sustained and cheered by my forgiving God.

HYMN.

When pining sorrows fill my breast.
And I feel lone and weary,
Cast down, afflicted and opprest
With troubles dark and dreary,
I'll look to Thee my Friend above,
Nor sink beneath my sorrow,
Assured to-day of present love
And hoped for joys to-morrow.

Say is there aught in this vain world
 To give me joy or pleasure !
 What beauties do I see unfurled
 To keep me from my treasure !
 'Tis not on earth my treasure lies—
 Its honours fade before me ;
 No it is placed beyond the skies
 In you bright world of glory.

Come on with me my brethren come
 Who feel your sins forgiven,
 Come, for this earth is not your home,
 Come on with me to heaven.
 There we shall meet to part no more,
 Where joys shall be increasing,
 And where we shall our God adore
 In praises never ceasing.

Then welcome be the cross and shame,
 Since faith has placed so near me
 The joys which spring from Jesus' name,
 The hope that he will hear me.
 There's nothing here to court my stay—
 From bliss my soul to sever—
 Come Lord and waft my soul away
 To dwell with Thee forever.

Farewell vain world, I must be gone,
 Waft, waft ye heavenly breezes,
 And speed my happy spirit on
 To my sweet loving Jesus.
 That I may view Him on His throne
 And prostrate fall before him,
 And gratefully his mercies own
 And ever more adore him.

IS CHANGE IMPROVEMENT?

Is change improvement? yes, it must be so,
For who would wish a north wind still to blow;
Or who would wish a winter, bleak and drear
To outlive spring and swallow up the year?
When cold Boreas blows his blighting blast
We love a change and wish the storm was past;
Moon, wind and weather, every thing would be
Without a change a dull monotony.
'Tis health-improving changing our position,
While nature shows the blessings of transition;
The planets move, the seasons come and go,
The rivers glide, and oceans ebb and flow.
Without a change, sure all the world would be
A vast stagnation full of misery.
Is change improvement? list to music's voice,
What changing tones! O how our hearts rejoice!
Without a change, think what a drawling drone
Would be in one continuous changeless tone!
Is change improvement? ask the sons of art,
Who in life's struggle play so brave a part;
Go see their works of energy and skill,
The flaming steed, the ship and busy mill,
The wild red bog changed to a fertile plain,
And once bleak heath now clothed with golden grain,
The forest wild through persevering toil
A cultivated and productive soil.
And when these pleasing works of art you view.
Look back and think of what our father's knew;
Their customs savage and their manners rude,
Their passions wild and ignorance their good.
But changes came, dark superstition fled,
And brought us art and science in its stead.
What queer highways they made in former years,
How stupid were their Civil Engineers!

Up hill, down hill, they took their onward course
Regardless of fatigue to man or horse.
Now roads are changed for we have art and science,
To which rude nature yields a quick compliance.
I know, to many, change has proved a curse,
From good to bad, more oft, from bad to worse ;
But e'en the worst may from their woes depart
And find enjoyment in a change of heart.
I care not how through history you range
You must admit the blessings of a change,
The telegraph, steam engine and the press,
Have wrought a change which all men must confess
A vast improvement in our social state,
Designed to make the nations truly great.
Thus every change where wisdom takes command
Approximates the beautiful and grand ;
And then at last the final change shall be
To bliss or woe—each to his destiny.

THE RESURRECTION.

Grey streaks of dawn had shot athwart the gloom,
While stalwart soldiers watched around the tomb ;
But suddenly there comes an awful shock
Which opens the tomb and shakes the solid rock.
A mighty Angel rolls away the stone,
While on his face the light of heaven shone ;
The stricken guards fall prostrate on the earth,
The scene has hushed their jibes and songs of mirth.
The Resurrection Jesus leaves the cave,
O'er death triumphant, Conqueror of the grave ;
The prostrate guards, still trembling with affright,
Creep from the place and take themselves to flight.
They reach the city and the story tell
Of what they saw, and what to them befel ;

The wicked priests persuade the guards with gold
To tell a lie, to quash the truth they told.
They might as will have tried to quench the sun
As hide the light and stop the work begun ;
The risen Lord to chosen saints appears,
"The Lord is risen" thrills his people's ears.
The wondering Angels linger at the cave,
And talk of him who came the world to save ;
The weeping women come at morning light
And start to see the strange, mysterious sight.
The sympathising Angels kindly say,
"The Lord is risen—see the place he lay,
"Go tell the loved disciples of your Lord
"That it has been according to his word."
They run and tell the thrilling news, but they
Gave little heed to what they heard them say ;
But John and Peter ran and reached the cave
And found that Christ had risen from the grave.
They leave the place, awed with strange hopes and fears,
But lingering, loving, weeping Mary hears
The Master's voice, to her divinely sweet,
And shouts *Rabboni*, while she clasps his feet—
The blood stained feet she once washed with her tears
When Jesus saved her from her guilty fears.
The sad Disciples meet again that night,
And suddenly they see a glorious sight ;
Their risen Master in their midst appears,
Dispels their doubts and calms their rising fears.
Week after week the Saviour comes and shows
The wounds inflicted by his cruel foes.
For forty days the resurrection Lord
Oft met his own and cheered them by his word ;
Then from their midst they see their Lord arise,
And wing his flight towards the upper skies.
And while they gaze with wondering affright
A passing cloud receives him from their sight.

Two sons of light assuage their rising fears
 And whisper words of comfort in their ears—
 "Cease from your sorrows, and from tears refrain,
 For this same Jesus shall return again."
 Ten days they wait to be endued with power,
 And on them falls the pentecostal shower—
 The Spirit comes their rapture to inspire,
 And on them rests like cloven tongues of fire.
 And thus endowed they hasten to proclaim
 Salvation in the risen Saviour's name;
 The Lord is risen! let the people sing
 The grave is conquered, death has lost his sting.
 The new and living way is now made known
 From sin and death up to his glorious throne;
 Then shout for joy! Ye sons of earth arise
 And waft your loud hosannas to the skies!
 Sing of the triumphs of your conquering Lord!
 Sing of his love! His mighty deeds record.
 The Lord is risen. Sing the loud refrain
 That as he rose so shall we rise again.

*RECOLLECTION OF THE RELICS AND SUPERSTITIONS
 OF IRELAND.*

Raths, cairns and mounds, and ruins old and grand
 Abound throughout the north of Ireland;
 Huge standing stones, or pillars old and grey,
 And Danish forts, fast going to decay,
 Old Druid altars, relics of the past,
 And fairy thorns, which no one dare molest,
 And fetish trees, and many a holy well,
 And haunted cave found in the rocky dell.
 When superstition over truth prevails
 Then old tradition tells her curious tales,

Of tragic scenes in many a lonely glen,
And ghosts appearing of those murdered men ;
Of witches dancing round some phantom light,
Of yells and screams heard in the dead of night,
Of old *Banshees* which come with plaintive cries
To mourn with you, when some beloved one dies,
Old women gathering dew on May day morn,
Your cattle *blinked*, luck taken from your churn,
The custom is, to wish your neighbours luck
Of milk and butter, and of all his stock,
All dread the man who has an evil eye
And shun his path if he should pass them by,
Nor witch nor wizard can effect their harm,
If they have got the proper kind of charm,
For, for all ailments mortals here endure
Old superstition has a ready cure.
What queer old stories, void of sense and truth,
Old people told me in my early youth,
Of *Leprohauns*, these cunning little rogues,
Whom you may find a-cobbling at their brogues,
If you see one don't turn your eyes away
For if you do, he'll vanish like a fay,
In highway style make him give up his purses
Twill make you rich despite his cries and curses,
But tho' I sought to find one, night and day
No *Leprohaun* has ever crossed my way.
In woman's guise a fairy seeks your door
To see if you be friendly to the poor,
If kind to her—to all who like her come—
She'll leave a blessing and enrich your home ;
But if you treat her harshly, when she goes
She'll take your luck and leave you all her woes.
But many a queer old story I've been told
Of haunted places and of hidden gold.
Thus while the slave of superstitious dread
The thought of riches filled my foolish head,

I hoped, I dreamed, and feasted on the pleasure
Of finding some of this long-hidden treasure,
And when I searched it was my luck to find
Not gold, but treasure of another kind.
I found beneath a cairn or heap of stones
An urn containing ashes and charred bones ;
The last of some poor mortal passed away,
Who had been great and honoured in his day.
With four large stones the hollow square was made
To hold the urn, o'er which a flag was laid ;
And over all was raised this ancient cairn,
Now over-grown with lichen, moss and fern.
Luxuriant heath grew thickly all around
The hill *cairn ard*, where this strange grave was found.
Two thousand years and more have doubtless fled,
Since some old race had there interred their dead,
Whose funeral rite, or custom was to burn
Their dead and place their ashes in an urn,
Then place the urn, like that one I had found,
And raise a heap of stones above the ground.
It showed much toil tho' very little skill
To place these heaps of boulders on the hill.
But where could they produce so large a stock
As no stone there was quarried from the rock ?
And why make choice of such a heathy height
To have the dead thus hidden from their sight ?
'Twas doubtless raised some tragic tale to tell,
Or else to show where some great hero fell.
But who the hero was and where he died
Our ancient history has not supplied,
Nor does tradition help my anxious thought
With olden tale connected with this spot.
But there are other heaps of gathered stones
Which were not raised to cover urns and bones ;
Each has its tragic tale of cruel guilt
And marks the spot where human blood was spilt.
The custom was, a funeral passing by

Must give the stoney heap a new supply.
The custom, too, was carried on where none
Could tell the reason why he cast a stone ;
His father did it, that was all he knew,
It was the custom and he'd do it too.
'Tis evident, from all the facts we trace,
The Irish are a very ancient race,
For in the olden scriptures are detailed
The customs which in Ireland prevailed.
And tho' these customs are subsiding fast
A few still live to tell us of the past.
While fort and cairn, round tower and standing stone
Are monuments which point to years long gone.
Oft in my youth, while turning up the ground
Stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads I've found,
And curious pipes, smoked by the ancient Picts,
And other treasure trove in these Districts,
Through which it was my happy lot to roam
And trace the history of my island home.
But for my lack of antiquarian lore
I set light value on my gathered store,
And now I wish,—but wishing now is vain—
That I had all my treasure trove again.
Yet still through memory's light I often gaze
On many a picture of my early days,
And cairns and urns and ashes of the dead
And other relics are before me spread,
And from these old memorials I can trace
The rude beginnings of a simple race.
The old grey cairns and weapons made of stone
Point to a time when metals were unknown.
But who the first rude, early settlers were
And how ? and when they landed ? and from where ?
Are questions which we only can expound
By those old relics buried in the ground ;
And yet from these it would be hard to trace
The history of this rude, pristine race.

In course of time, we learn, invading hosts
Found out a pathway to the Irish coasts.
Tuathdadanon, Firbolg, Pict and Celt,
And proud Milisian whose arm was felt
By every race, the warlike Danes and others,
Who seldom lived as peacefully as brothers.
Thus tyrants ruled, and suffering serfs obeyed,
And Lord and Chief upon each other preyed,
And rival kings kept up their deadly strife
And many a prince in battle lost his life.
Invaders came, but with the sword they brought
Much useful knowledge and inventive thought,
As many of the relics found declare
How skilled in arts some of our fathers were.
Yet over mountain, valley, bog and hill
Hung the dark cloud of superstition still ;
But heathen Ireland draws near the day
When all the gloomy rites shall pass away.
Some fourteen hundred years ago or more
St. Patrick brought the gospel to our shore,
The light burst forth and heaven's choicest smile,
Gleamed down with gladness on our favoured Isle.
Since that event, up through succeeding years,
Loved Ireland has had her smiles and tears,
Her poets, heroes, senators and saints,
Her shout of joy and wail of loud complaints ;
Her devastating wars and bitter woes,
And deadly vengeance too upon her foes.
Her history is stained with many a blot,
And old tradition points to many a spot
Where cruel wrath and fiercest passions burned,
And all the laws of God and man were spurned.
Her long dark night of fable and tradition,
Of ignorance and gloomy superstition,
Is almost past and soon the day will come
When knowledge, love and truth shall bless each home.

Tho' gathering mists her mountain peaks may shroud,
And o'er her bogs may hang the threatening cloud,
There still is light to gild the grand old sign
And cheer our Spirits with the hope divine;
Her schools and colleges are scattered wide,
And education like a flowing tide
Now floods the land, a blessing to impart,
Of useful sciences and works of art.
There is treasure hidden in the soil,
The sure reward of skilful, honest toil,
And Erin's sons may work unhindered now
And realize the blessings of the plough.
Thus Ireland is blest from shore to shore—
Is richer now than e'er she was before.
Improvement and progression too declare
That Irishmen are wiser than the were,
More temperate, industrious and quiet
And less inclined for faction fights and riot.
The envious growler and the indolent
May raise a whine and show their discontent,
Yet happier men are now rejoiced to see
Their country rising to prosperity,
While hopeful men in faith pursue their way
And hail the dawning of a brighter day.

THE DEAF-MUTE.

The uninstructed tyro mute
Is difficult to teach,
Yet Christian love has found a voice
His silent ear to reach.

His sleeping thoughts have been aroused
To work and watch and pray,
And many a mute now triumphs in
The blaze of gospel day.

That Institution for the mute
Must always take its stand
As first among the monuments
Which grace our favored land.

The deaf and dumb are taught to speak
A language of their own,
While all the useful sciences
Are fully there made known.

Light slowly dawns upon the mute,
Yet persevering skill
Has never failed to reach his mind
And mould his heart and will.

A system has been organized
To teach the deaf and dumb,
And homes erected to receive
All mutes who choose to come.

Yet after all the efforts made
To benefit the mute,
There still remains sad wastes untilled
Which might have yielded fruit.

How heartless must that parent be
To his afflicted child,
Who leaves its thoughts like fallow ground
Unweeded, waste and wild!

He'd better send his darling mute
To that good Institution,
To have it taught the Rule of Life
And saved from sin's pollution.

'Tis criminal to keep at home,
The deaf and dumb and blind,
When there are schools where they may come,
And useful knowledge find.

God bless the generous men who give
The needed contributions,
And all who take an interest in
These noble Institutions.

CONVICTION.

My soul is sorrowful to day,
My heart is hard and cold,
Like a sheep I've gone astray
And left the sheltered fold.

Oh ! that my Shepherd now would come
And seek me in the wild,
And bring the weary wanderer home
And save his erring child.

And Oh ! that he would bar the door
When he has got me in,
And keep me where I never more
May wander back to sin.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER,

BORN 6TH JANUARY, 1790, DIED 2ND JAN., 1875.

My dear old father has been called away
From worldly cares and all that could molest ;
Years eighty-five told his long working day,
And he was wearied and he needed rest.

Fond memory brings before my anxious gaze
Sweet reminiscences of by gone years ;
My father's love, down to my early days,
O'er flows my heart and fills my eyes with tears.

His loved, familiar face I'll see no more,
But cheering hope assures my trusting heart,
That I shall meet him on the other shore
Where we shall meet and never never part.

Blest with intelligence and buoyant health
Industriously he labored to provide
Life's needful blessings, still far more than wealth
He prized his family, his hope and pride.

Intruding death laid loved ones in the tomb,
And these bereavements filled his heart with grief ;
But even in his sorrow's darkest gloom
God soothed his soul with heaven sent relief.

His active habits and unflagging zeal
Remained with him up to life's closing days,
While lovingly he sought his children's weal,
Well pleased to know they walked in wisdom's ways.

Yes, many a heart-felt prayer we've offered up
That God would fill our father's heart with love—
And full of days, and cheered with trusting hope,
He passed away to join the church above.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

The wrong you did may be concealed,
Yet God has said—nor can we doubt—
That secret things shall be revealed,
And that your sin will find you out.

Though deeply hidden in your heart,
Your secret sins shall see the light ;
And you may yet with horror start
To see them brought before your sight.

The only witness of your guilt
May be your silent memory,
But what you did—the blood you spilt,
Shall haunt your soul with agony.

And you will feel and have to own
That every evil deed you did,
Was to the Lord most fully known,
From whom no secrets can be hid.

And so the harvest which you reap,
Has sprung from the ungodly seeds,
Which you thought hidden, dark and deep,
But now appear as noxious weeds.

If sinners sow the gusty blast,
The whirlwind storm will surly come ;
And what a dreadful scene at last
Shall be the sinner's harvest home !

You may repent and be forgiven,
But memory you cannot blind ;
And though, through grace, you enter heaven
You leave the serpent's trail behind.

Then " buy the truth and sell it not,"
And keep in wisdom's pleasant ways,
Be pure in word and deed and thought,
And peace shall crown your latter days.

OUT."
How happy he, who in his youth,
Secures that grace, so freely given,
And sows the seeds of love and truth
And waits a full reward in heaven.

The true philosopher and sage
Is he who early seeks the road
And still is found in hoary age
In sweet communion with his God.

*DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY AND DEFEAT
OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT QUEBEC, 31st DEC., 1775.*

The year had almost reached its close,
And Winter's chilling frosts and snows
Had spread a covering o'er the ground,
And hid the verdure all around.
At such a time the trump of war,
Was heard the social joys to mar,
Of those who basked in beauty's charms
Arousing them to feats of arms.
The men alert to duty's calls,
Arose and quickly manned the walls,
And then like heroes they await
The enemy at pass and gate.
The Yankees looked with jealous eyes
Upon Quebec—a tempting prize—
And on they came through drifting snow
Resolved to strike the final blow.
Why did they come? Were they befooled?
Was it to get their ardour cooled?
Or did they mean to climb the steep,
And find our soldiers fast asleep?
Too soon they learned their sad mistake,
For all our men were wide awake,
And at their posts ere morning light,

And eager for the coming fight.
Montgomery, foremost in command,
Approaches with his chosen band ;
Nor wait they for the break of day,
But stealthily pursue their way.
Nor bugle sound, nor beat of drum,
Has warned Quebecers that they come ,
And yet they come through drifting snow,
To meet a watchful, waiting foe.
Say was the brave Montgomery sold ?
Or did he act unwisely bold ?
Or how was it that he should then
So harrass and expose his men ?
Perhaps he thought to gain the height
Without the trouble of a fight—
That some bought traitor might await
To give admission by the gate !
Or he might enter unawares,
While sentinels were at their prayers ?
Vain thoughts ! if such he ever thought,
Too soon he found the foe he sought,
His watchful foes were there to check,
His further march towards Quebec.
The British guard at Pres-de-Ville
Two guns discharged with telling skill,
And down below the citadel
The venturous Montgomery fell,
A warning to his countrymen,
To not repeat his march again.
Hemmed in between the rock and flood,
The snow was dyed with Yankee blood.
Poor men ! that morn they little thought
That they would find Quebec so hot.
With blighted hopes the Yankees fled
And left behind their slaughtered dead—
Their fallen General on the street,

The snow drift for his winding sheet.
As pre-arranged on that same day
The host of Arnold made their way
Beneath the rock through Sous-le-cap,
But found it not an open gap ;
Two batteries were there to check
Their onward march to take Quebec.
Soon Colonel Arnold in the fray
Received a wound—was borne away ;
But still his men with dash and skill
Had fought their way to Mountain hill ;
Montgomery's men had fled and so
They, there alone, must face the foe.
And knowing, death would seal their fate,
Ere they could enter Prescott gate :
Besides attacked in front and rear,
Without a hope their hearts to cheer
They had to yield to Britain's sway,
And so Quebecers gained the day.
The air was rent with shouts and cheers,
Re-echoed by the volunteers ;
While General Carleton and his men,
Received a grand ovation then.
Since then we've had no foreign foes
To break upon our calm repose ;
While on our rock-embattled height,
Still floats the sign of Britain's might,
Tho' now with brighter hopes unfurled—
The sign of peace to all the world.

IRELAND.

Beyond the wide Atlantic Ocean
Through fancy's light,
The home that claims my heart's devotion,
Is still in sight.

Home of my fondest recollections
And purest mirth ;
Home of my heart's endeared affections,
Land of my birth !

Ten thousand hallowed memories bind me
Where'er I roam—
For oh ! I left my heart behind me,
In that old home

What was it tempted me to leave thee,
Dear Innisfail ?
It ne'er was in my heart to grieve thee,
Old *Grania Aillie*.

Adventure threw her mantle o'er me,
And I must rove,
And follow those who went before me,
Who claim my love.

Yet still in pensive thought I wander
Back to thy vales,
And through thy sylvan groves meander,
And read thy tales.

Oft have I heard the plaintive story
Of thy sad wrongs,
And often sang thy ancient glory
In thy old songs.

Thy fertile plains and heath-capped mountains
I've travelled o'er,
But thy fair vales and crystal fountains
I'll see no more.

Yet in my waking dreams I'll view thee
And catch thy smile,
And joy when brighter hopes renew thee,
Dear Em'rald Isle.

Thou art creation's fairest jewel
By Nature blest;
But wicked men both dark and cruel
Have wrung thy breast.

While with thee I have done my duty
To guard thy fame,
And, here, I'll sing of Erin's beauty
And praise thy name.

Ah ! no, they do not, cannot love thee,
Who seek the path
That would becloud the sky above thee
With Heaven's wrath.

May Truth dispel thy dark disorders—
Thy health restore,
And peace and joy surround thy borders
Forever more.

KNOCKMORE.

Great isolated rock, with verdure crowned
And towering cliffs to guard thee all around,
While caves and clefts and many a deep ravine
Surround thy base and beautify the scene,
Thy lofty head, embraced by floating clouds,
Thy old gray face half hid in ivy shrouds,
While hardy yews cling to the rocky steep
Adown the which, the sable ravens sweep
And talk a language yet unknown to man
While nature's mysteries they seem to scan.
O ! what a landscape beautiful and bright

Attracts your gaze from this enchanting height ;
A verdant carpet decks the vale below,
Through which the Screenagh and the Sylas flow,
While little streamlets gurgle through the grove,
Where woodnymphs linger and where lovers rove—
And tuneful warblers sweetest music sing
To give devotion to the opening spring.
The heath-capped hills beyond the lovely glades
With steeps adorned and murmuring cascades ;
And Erne with her six times sixty Isles
Viewed from this rock, presents her sweetest smiles.
But all is beautiful around Knockmore,
And all is charming down by Erne's shore.
This mighty fortress reared on nature's plan
Confounds the pride and impotence of man,
He sees how nature by Volcanic shocks
Upheaved the earth and formed those lofty rocks ;
How time has thrown her mantle o'er the scene
And clothed these cliffs with shades of ever green.
Strange picture this, as shown on nature's page,
Fresh verdant youth embracing hoary age ;
For beauty here, in varied forms, appears
The scene delights, whilst music charms the ears,
And here we must in solemn awe adore
The God of nature who upreared Knockmore.

NOTE.—Knockmore, situated in the County of Fermanagh, is an isolated hill of singular beauty, almost inaccessible, having a precipitous rock front all around. The prospect from its summit is magnificent, and the scenery around its base exceedingly beautiful.

SONNET.

Is there a spirit home beyond the skies
 Where hope shall end and faith be lost in sight ?
 There is a home unseen by mortal eyes,
 Yet seen by faith, our future paradise—
 A home of glory where the Saints unite
 In songs of praise and hymns of rapt delight
 That home supernal where love never dies,
 Where friend meets friend and friendship's sweetest ties
 Are strengthened, and forever made secure.
 Perfection stamps our every joy in heaven.
 All blessings there eternally endure.
 If we believe the promise God has given
 There is a home—a refuge for the soul
 Which shall endure while endless ages roll.

 WAKING DREAMS.

Oft in my waking dreams I see the grove
 In yonder vale, the sweet abode of love,
 Where wood-nymphs linger in the vernal spring
 To hear a thousand happy warblers sing.
 I see the mossy bank—the hazel dell,
 The fairy thorn beside the holy well ;
 The old grey rock where ivy clasps the yew.
 The Fort, the Cairn, the Moat, all pass in view.
 The sheltered pathway by the crystal brook
 Where scented flowers peep from every nook, —
 And little robin with his scarlet vest,
 And jenny wren and her nice cozy nest.
 The chattering magpie and the speckled thrush
 And goldfinch singing in the holly bush.
 While other countless objects start in sight,
 As fresh, as live, as tangible and bright,
 As when I dwelt amid those scenes so fair
 In sweet content, apart from grief and care.
 I see the cottage, where I often went

And many a pleasant, social hour, spent
With kindred friends, whose memory I revere,
Whose hearts were warm, their friendship most sincere.
And now I enter through the open door,—
But there were inmates which I see no more—
And friendly voices charmed my listening ear,
Which I no more again on earth shall hear :
And yet I can reciprocate the smile
Which plays on every happy face the while.
I hear the music of the spinning wheel,
The *click* that tells the *cut* upon the *reel*,
The old love song which Jenny sweetly sings,
Or granny's tale which some good moral brings.
The oaten cakes around the cheerful hearth
The choicest food of those who till the earth,
While on the griddle I rejoice to see
The nice potatoe cake for evening tea.
But were I *really* in that cottage now
I'd see *young* Jenny with a wrinkled brow,
The only one—her family are gone
And she must travel down to death alone.
But as of old I see the little rills
Like silver threads run down the verdant hills ;
They sing while passing o'er their pebbly beds,
And slowly linger thro' the flowery meads.
O ! happy days of innocence and truth
Life's joyful morn, days of my early youth,
I knew not then the world's corroding cares,
Its bitter draughts, its trials, griefs and snares.
But tho' the wintry days, of lengthy years
May some times cause my momentary fears,
It cheers my heart, e'en in the howling blast,
To look upon the green spots of the past.
And then I think of sweeter joys to come—
The endless glory of my future home.
Thus pleasures past may cause regretful sighs
While future hopes impart unfading joys.

*BENMORE CHURCH, IN THE PARISH OF INNISMAL-
SAINT, COUNTY FERMANAGH, IRELAND.*

There stands on Ernes' verdant shore
The modest Temple of Benmore—
A Church—for choice of situation,
Might vie with any in the nation.
The cultured hills stand close around
As if to guard this hallowed ground ;
Then westward rise the heath capped mountains,
While sloping vales and crystal fountains,
Impart a softness to the scene
And give a view the most serene.
Near to the Church, among the trees,
A stately glebe the traveller sees,
And then close by a laurel grove
Where warblers chant their songs of love.
But if a wider view I take
Across the Isle-bestudded lake,
I feel enraptured with the sight
And turn from such refracted light.
For in the bright solistic rays
Like meteors the waters blaze ;
While every little wavelet tries
To flash a sunbeam in my eyes.
But all around, grove, hill and plain,
Must render my description vain ;
As all unite to prove Benmore,
The glory of Lough Erne shore.
But hark ! a thousand echoes roll
Reverberating through the soul,
While every toll a summons brings
To call our thought to holy things.

O ! hallowed day of sacred rest ;
What sweet emotions fill my breast !
If, here, such gladness thrills my heart

What bliss must endless joys impart !
Here vernal scenes and cloudless skies
Can only give decaying joys.
It is religion's sacred right
To give continuous delight.
The people throng the house of prayer,
And I must go and worship there ;
The Minister with solemn awe
Rehearses God's great moral law,
We own our guilt and humbly pray
That Christ would wash our sins away.
The liturgy and matin song,
And deep responses of the throng—
The organ played with pleasing art,
The choir, too, sing as from the heart—
All give that pathos to devotion
Which puts our hallowed thoughts in motion
And brings a gladness to the heart
And makes our earthly cares depart.
While by the sweet attraction given
We feel our hearts drawn up to heaven.
Anon the word of God proclaimed
Has many a soul with zeal inflamed ;
Resolved through God's sustaining grace
To run and win the heavenly race.
The service closed, the thoughtful throng,
Calm and devoutly move along,
And seek their homes to read and pray
And end a peaceful Sabbath day.

INTERVIEW WITH A ROBIN.

One eve while indulging my poetic mood,
 strayed by the side of a shaggy old wood,
And there a sweet robin was perched on a tree
And gaily he whistled a solo for me.
Delighted to hear him so prettily sing,
I thought I had heard the first music of spring,
But, no—for the north-wind had scattered his breath,
And all the green foliage was frozen in death ;
Relentless old winter had stalked o'er the land
And hard was the grip of his cold, frosty hand,
And the daughters of Flora which smiled o'er the plain
Had fled from the fierceness of winter's dark reign ;
And hushed were the valleys, the wood and the grove,
For the songsters had ceased from their concerts of love.
Yet this robin redbreast continued to sing,
Not caring much whether 'twas winter or spring.
Said I, "My gay robin, why are you alone ?
And what has excited such sweetness of tone ?
You have no companions to share in your bliss—
They could not rejoice in a season like this ;
Then how is it, robin, that you are so gay
When summer's migrators have flown far away ?"
Quoth robin, "I have a companion, but she
Is now in the bush a short distance from me,
And I sing to cheer her, while she in the wood
Is now looking out for a morsel of food,
And when she returns she will perch on this bough,
And sing for me then as I sing for her now.
And when our food fails us and drifting winds blow,
And cover the mountains and valleys with snow,
We'll leave the bleak forest and come like the poor
To beg a few crumbs at some friendly man's door.
For man has been always most generous and kind,
And so in his dwelling a shelter we'll find ;

And the good little children will feed us with bread
Nor suffer sly pussy to put us in dread.
A tale is on record which tends to our good,
Concerning the fate of the 'Babes of the Wood,'
And how a kind robin bestowed so much pains
To cover with leaves these dear orphans remains ;
And since that occurrence no good little boy
Will us or our nests or our young ones annoy."
With this his companion returned to the tree,
And both flying off bade good evening to me ;
And then I came home and retired to rest
Well pleased with my interview with the redbreast.

THE ERNE AT BELLEEK.

The deafening, loud, continuous roar
Of Erne's wild, impetuous flood,
Now madly seeks the ocean shore
In fitful or in furious mood ;
For rushing through the trembling arch,
Which spans the river at Belleek ;
Adown it speeds its rapid march,
A wider, smoother bed to seek.

For lingering in the lakes above,
Surrounded by ten thousand charms ;
The Erne, with a mother's love.
Clasps many a beauty in its arms.
But leaving all its charms behind,
It urges on with quickened motion
O'er shelving rocks, by steeps confined,
To gain the freedom of the ocean.

Thus lingering down the streams of life,
We count the charms which round us lie ;
But gone, we urge our busy strife,
And hasten to eternity.

LOVE OF IRELAND.

I love green fertile Ireland,
The fairest spot on earth,
Where many a happy day I spent
And felt the bliss of sweet content,
Around the cheerful hearth.
I love to sing of Ireland—
Tho' rude my humble lays—
Home of my heart's affections, where
Unknown to misery and care
I've spent my early days.
The verdant vales of Ireland
Are beautifully fair—
The flowery mead, the stream, the grove
Where warblers sing their songs of love,
And sweets perfume the air,
There still are homes in Ireland
Where peace and joy are found—
Where honest toil is blest with health,
Contentment, luxury and wealth—
Where pleasure-sweets abound.
The lovely girls of Ireland
Are virtuous and fair,
And Irishmen have always shewn
That they are brave, and few, or none,
We can with them compare.
Some people slight old Ireland,
But, ah ! they little know,
The strange commixture of the parts
Which warm or chill the Irish hearts
In pleasure or in woe.
Despised, neglected Ireland,
No matter where I roam,
I'll try by deeds and words to prove
The fervour of my heartfelt love
For thee, my native home.

LOVE AND SORROW.

In a lovely sheltered valley,
Far away from noise and strife,
Honest Jack and good old Sally
Lived a happy man and wife.

They had trod life's path together,
In their honest cheerful toil,
Till what once was bog and heather
Had become a fertile soil.

And they had a lovely daughter,
Who was innocent and fair,
And the way of peace they taught her
With much tenderness and care.

Tho' the charm of artless beauty
Seemed to dwell with her alone,
Yet 'twas in her filial duty
That her sweetest graces shone.

Every one loved gentle Mary,
For wherever she was found,
With the magic of a fairy,
She could scatter joys around.

Often in her rosy bower,
By the little silver brook,
She would spend her leisure hour,
With her knitting or a book.

Far away from court and alley,
Far away from bitter strife.
In that quiet, lovely valley,
Mary sipped the sweets of life.

Often in the cool of even'
Have I sought that scene so fair,
For the fragrant breath of heaven
Seemed to linger with us there.

Little robin sang his vespers,
Oft' repeated, ever new,
While the leaves replied in whispers,
"Let us drink the falling dew.."

And the trees threw lengthened shadows
Far away across the vale,
While close hidden in the meadows,
Sang the hoarsely croaking *rail*.

And the little streamlet falling,
Down the ivy-mantled steep,
Was in silver music calling
On us all to go to sleep.

There I often sat with Mary,
'Neath this beautiful cascade,
Listening to the water-fairy,
Singing some sweet serenade.

Quickly flew the happy hour,
Brightly gleamed the golden dream,
In my Mary's lovely bower,
By the little tinkling stream.

But I bade farewell to pleasure,
And to every earthly bliss,
When I parted with my treasure,
When I took the last fond kiss.

I had dreams of earthly glory,
And I felt inclined to roam,
So to tell the same old story,
I forsook my native home.

Oft' repeated vows were plighted,
Treasured in each other's heart—
By a closer bond united,
We should meet and never part.

But my future hopes have perished,
And my promised joys have fled,
For the idol which I cherished
Has been numbered with the dead.

Sad and lonely I am weeping,
For, beyond the briny wave
Lovely Mary now lies sleeping,
In her low and lonely grave.

IRISH POLITENESS.

Would it make me less Irish to be more refined,
Or would I be more like the men of my nation,
To give more attention to heart than to mind—
To nature's own teaching than cold cultivation?

A man may be Irish and yet more polite
Than those who sneer at him through envy or malice,
And the *bulls* which he makes be as sparkling and bright
As flashes of wit from the court or the palace.

'Tis the polish that gives the bright sheen to the blade—
But the temper is better by far than the polish;
And so with the stuff from which heroes are made,
Too much useless rubbing its worth might demolish.

Then let me be Irish, warm-hearted and brave,
Not selfishly mean, nor yet vainly elated;
Too just to be harsh, and too proud for a slave,
With a love for the land of my birth unabated.

Much better by far is a true loving heart,
Good nature and warmth of affection revealing,
Than hollow refinements, the polish of art,
Too often deception and malice concealing.

THE IRISH HEART.

Some people think the Irish mind
Is rough, and coarse, and unrefined,
And cunning too—as I'll admit—
And luminous with native wit ;
This may be true, at least in part,
Yet O ! give me an Irish heart.

The mind may show the teacher's skill,
And yet the heart be dark and chill ;
The face may wear an artful smile,
And yet the heart be grieved the while ;
But joy unknown to studied art,
O'erflows the lightsome Irish heart.

See that light-hearted Irish boy !
He whistles and he sings for joy ;
And see that smiling Colleen Bawn,
Blithe as the lark at early dawn ;
Naught seems their happiness to thwart,
For each has got an Irish heart.

A heart where guilt has left its gall
Is not an Irish heart at all ;
The good old Irish heart is true,
And chaste and honest through and through ,
Affliction's rod may cause its smart,
But hope soon heals the Irish heart.

The Irish heart has tenderness,
And feels for others in distress ;
And when it cannot give relief,
It shows a sympathetic grief ;
For sorrow's tale makes tear drops start—
There's feeling in the Irish heart.

The Irish girls have glancing eyes,
Which often cause their lovers, sighs ;
And then, like to the gentle dove,
They kiss, and coo, and talk of love ;
And wed, of course—for Cupid's dart
Won't fester in an Irish heart.

And tho' an Irishman be poor,
He never shuts his cabin door,
Against the homeless ones who call,
But shares his little with them all ;
And gives, when more he can't impart,
The blessings of an Irish heart.

Some leave their Irish hearts at home,
And seek for others when they roam ;
They find them too, deceitful, cold.
Proud, haughty hearts, which lust for gold ;
But some retain, and never part
With the old, loving Irish heart.

You may have got an Irish name,
And secrecy may hide your shame ;
And you may have a lengthy purse,
While on you rests a longer curse ;
And you may walk life's busy mart—
But where is now your Irish heart ?

Loved Erin, tho' I view thee now
With Ichabod upon thy brow ;
I hope to see the joyful morn,
When all thy glory shall return—
When God shall light and truth impart,
To gladden every Irish heart.

A RECOLLECTION.

Near forty years ago there lived,
On Erne's lovely shore,
A lady, who the poor relieved,
That visited her door.

When pale-faced famine, lean and gaunt,
His frightful visage showed,
She wept o'er many a child of want,
And many a gift bestowed.

And many a thankful, tearful eye,
Was then upturned in prayer,
Beseeching Him who reigns on high,
Their more than friend to spare.

God spared her till her work was done,
And then he bade her rest,
And now her happy race is run,
And she is with the blest.

God pities them who pity show,
And loves all those who love,
And all the good we do below,
Will be repaid above.

Thus while we trust in Christ alone,
For pardon through His blood,
Our faith, by actions, must be shown,
Our love, by doing good.

THE LOW GLENS OF ANTRIM, IRELAND.

The low glens of Antrim are verdant and fair,
And often in thought I delight to be there ;
And the scenes which oft filled me with awe and delight
Keep passing before my still-wondering sight.
I visit Glenarriffe, behold its cascades,
Its dark frowning cliffs, its wild woodlands and glades,
For I know every nook from the shell-begemmed shore
To the deep hazed dells of Cloughcor and parkmore.
Thrice beautiful valley of meadows and rills,
Reposing in peace neath thy own lofty hills,
Tho' all the green valleys around the sea-coast
Are fair and enchanting, yet thou art the most.
I visit Lurgadon, and climb its steep face,
Where few would adventure my footsteps to trace ;
And I stand on its summit, where oft I surveyed
The unrivalled scenes of the parish of Layde.
And looking away from that rock-begirt height,
Ten thousand bright objects bewilder my sight :
The blue hills of Scotland outline the vast scene,
While the deep-gliding channel lies glancing between ;
A few swan-like breakers are out on the deep,
But the bay is as calm as an infant asleep.
Beneath, the green valleys are decked with delights ;
And beyond, the tall peaks of the neighbouring heights,
Denuded of snow-caps and vapoury shrouds,
Are sporting with shadows and kissing the clouds.
To the right, Waterfoot, the Red Arch and the Caves,
And the white cliffs of Garron washed by the proud waves.
To the left Cushendall, so neat, clean and white,
The loved home of pleasure, health, peace and delight,
Surrounded by villas, where luxury dwells,
Hills, groves, streams, and valleys, and green woody dells ;
And beyond, the bright strand and the steep rocky shore,
Where rippling waves murmur and angry ones roar,

And sing their requiem or wild serenade
 To the lone dead above in the ruins of Layde.
 But the dead are all deaf, yet the people declare
 That wandering spirits are often seen there.
 I see Ballyemen, Glendun and Glenaar,
 Green valleys where oft in my boyhood I ran
 In playful amusement or climbed the steep height,
 And drank the full cup of exquisite delight ;
 And the deep dismal gorge on the side of the hill,
 With its dark yawning jaws—I remember it still,—
 And the old crooked bridge, scene of many a fright,
 Where yells the most hideous are uttered at night.
 But whether from wild-cat or ghost of the stream,
 Few passed there by night but has heard the loud scream
 Cushendun, Cushendall, Waterfoot and Glenarm,
 Each picturesque village has got its own charm—
 A picture so perfect, so varied, so rare,
 That few who have seen can forget they were there.
 And Cairnrough, sweet village of fond recollections,
 The loved home of friendship and warmest affections,
 In thee I have met the best friends of my youth,
 Who first led the way to religion and truth.
 Tho' friends pass away and affections grow cold,
 These fair fertile valleys shall never grow old ;
 For nature still comes with her pencils and pens,
 And tints in youth's colours these beautiful glens.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

The year Forty-Seven had come to a close,
 The dark year of famine, deep sorrows and woes ;
 And I looked down the days of the life-chilling year.
 All dark, desolated, sad, lonely and drear ;
 And I sighed while I gazed on that sorrowful scene,
 For a dark cloud passed over old Erin the green.

The poor wanted bread, and few heard when they cried ;
Unheeded, unpitied, uncared for they died ;
And many were coffinless laid in their graves,
Denied of the rights, which humanity craves ;
And oft far away from the grave-yard I've found,
Where mortals were sleeping beneath the green mound.*

A dark visitation, or judgment from God
Destroyed our chief hope which lay under the clod ;
And our hearts became cold with the chill of despair,
As we viewed our potato fields blackened and bare,
And the health-blooming cheek became sickly and pale,
And the song was exchanged for the heart-broken wail.

It was a heart-rending, sad, ominous sight,
To look, as we looked on that death-dealing blight ;
It seemed as if pleasure for ever had fled,
And meagre-faced famine had come in its stead ;
And we saw the grim monster drag down to the grave,
The thousands whom we were unable to save.

The nations around heard our cry of distress,
And promptly and feelingly sent us redress ;
Food came, but alas ! the relief was too late,
For thousands already had bowed to their fate ;
And thousand who ate of this charity bread
Succumbed to disease, and were laid with the dead.

Thus Erin was wasted and laid very low,
And she bowed down her head in deep anguish and woe ;
For disease like a deluge was spread far and wide,
And death swept along like a full flowing tide ;
And bereft of her children, she prayed in her grief,
Then God soothed her sorrows and sent her relief.

* In out of the way places many poor people were buried in a field or in a corner of the garden.

THE SHAMROCK.

*Extempore lines written on being presented with an Irish
Shamrock.*

Tho' Shamrocks grow in other lands
Luxuriant and green,
Yet lowly on its native sod
This emblem of the triune God
Bedecks the lovely scene.

When Erin's great immortal saint
His mission first made known,
He plucked a Shamrock from the ground
And proved to those who thronged around
How God is three in one.

And ever since that great event
The Shamrock has been prized ;
It tells of Erin's patron saint,
Whose memory lives without a taint,
Loved and immortalized.

Let Englishmen adore their Rose,
The Scotch their Thistle keen,
But Erin's honored diadem
Shall ever be this lowly gem,
The little Shamrock green

LORD DUFFERIN.

Lord Dufferin is an Irishman,
And has an honest heart,
And while he ruled in Canada
He nobly played his part.

Some said he kissed the blarney stone
Because his friendly words
Were meant to reach the human heart
And touch its softest chords.

His wisdom, wit and learning gave
 His speech that pleasant tone
 Which made the anti-Irish say
 He licked the blarney stone.

It would be wise in those who prate,
 To go and lick it too,
 For haughty, harsh and rasping words
 With us will never do.

Lord Dufferin has a brilliant mind,
 Skilled in the highest art,
 But better far than taste refined,
 He has an Irish heart.

Long may his face retain its smile,
 His words their soothing tone,
 And long may Irishmen be proud
 To claim him as their own.

FAREWELL TO LORD DUFFERIN.

Among the many Governors
 Who ruled this great Dominion,
 The people all with one consent
 Declare their fixed opinion,
 That first and chief above them all
 Lord Dufferin the good,
 Deserves our love and highest praise
 And endless gratitude.

'Tis not his titles nor his rank
 That we esteem the most,
 His own inherent excellence
 Is that of which we boast.
 He is a perfect gentleman
 With no defective part,
 With human nature in his breast
 And feeling in his heart.

As Governor he has the art,
As we have lived to prove,
Of ruling us with equity,
Intelligence and love.
His wisdom gives him eminence
The people's hearts to sway,
And they feel it a privilege
His counsels to obey.

Long live our noble Governor,
Our loved and worthy chief,
The very thought of losing him
Excites our deepest grief.
May he and his good lady share
The blessings we implore
On them and their posterity
Till time shall be no more.

THE HIBERNIAN PIC-NIC.

Pleasures in anticipation,
Fun and frolic in variety,
Health inspiring recreation,
Suitable to good society.
Then let us go and realize our dream,
Upon the banks of old Jacques Cartier's stream
Erin's daughters seem to-day
Like old Erin in their beauty,
Healthy, happy, hopeful, gay,
Full of love and filial duty.
And Erin's sons alone know how to prize,
The love which sparkles in their sisters' eyes.
Dark and murky seemed the morning,
Putting some faint hearts in dread,
But old Sol the hills adorning,
Smiled and all the vapours fled.
And all the pleasure-seekers smiled to see,
This emblem of old Erin's destiny.

Some remember Erin still,
That dear isle beyond the ocean,
And their bosoms often thrill
With a national devotion,
While thinking of some happy seasons fled,
Or early friends now numbered with the dead.

Irishmen, Canadian born,
Love the country of their sires ;
Every other name they scorn,
That alone their hearts inspires.
Thus Erin's sons shall tell of Erin's fame,
And Irishmen shall always be their name.

FLIRTING ON THE STILE.

AN IRISH SCENE.

My heart gave a flutter and gasping for breath,
I thought I was caught in the clutches of death,
For I saw my own Kitty bestow her sweet smile
On Timothy Doyle, as they sat on the stile.

Then Tim slipped his arm round her beautiful waist,
And kissed her, Och, wasn't it sweet to the taste !
She said, " Tim, have manners, and keep your hands
down,"

But there wasn't much wrath in her soft blushing frown.

I could stand it no longer, so, grasping my stick,
I shouted, " You villain, be off double quick."
So he fled for his life, and he left me the spoil,
And that was the way I got rid of Tim Doyle.

" Oh ! false-hearted Kitty, why were you so cruel,
You've broken my heart—" " Och, be aisy, my jewel,
What harm was there in it, in flirting awhile
With Timothy Doyle, as we sat on the stile ?"

" When you met Nell Dooly last week, at the well,
Now what were you doing and saying to Nell ?
Say, were you not toying, like children at play,
And didn't you kiss her on coming away ?"

" If you walk with Nelly, then I'll walk with Tim,
And if you flirt with her, may not I flirt with him ?
Since you're so fond of Nelly, then, why did you spoil
My short love adventure with Timothy Doyle ?"

" Arrah, Kitty, my darling, my heart is your own,
And I'm jealous because you don't love me alone ;
I only gave Nelly the blarney and smile—"

" Just what I gave Tim, as we sat on the stile."

I caught her and gave her a hug of delight,
And exclaimed, " Kitty darling we'll end it to-night ;"
So we went to the priest, and he settled the strife
By making young Kitty my partner for life.

MY CONSOLATION.

Tho' mine has been a wreathless brow
Unknown to fame, what matter now,
Since lengthy years of toil and care
Have deeply ploughed their furrows there,
Soon, and my hoary head shall rest
On mother earth's cold, lowly breast,
And then, my little flickering fame
Shall die with my forgotten name.
Too long, in vain, through toil and trouble
I've followed fame's dissolving bubble ;
It was an *Ignis fatuus* chase
In which I always lost the race.
Tho' it has been my lowly lot
To sing the virtues of the cot,
And social scenes of rural life
Unmixed with vanity and strife ;

Yet, I have soared on fancy's wings
Far, far beyond earth's wanderings,
And quick, as telegram or thought,
Have gained the sight my fancy sought—
Some landscape in the heavenly plains.
Where never-ending beauty reigns ;
Or else, have viewed that city fair
And sighed and longed to enter there.
And while I would in spirit wait,
Before the bright celestial gate,
And, through the portals, view within
The souls redeemed from death and sin ;
Where Israel's King with harp and psalm
As sweetest minstrel, wears the palm ;
And where the holy tuneful choir
Their highest notes keep raising higher,
My soul, impatient to be free
To join in heaven's minstrelsy,
Has ventured near the tuneful throng,
And joined their soul-elating song.
And then life's jargon checked my strain
And dragged me back to earth again—
To earth, with all its carping cares.
Afflictions, troubles, traps and snares.
But soon, a few more years at most,
And I shall quit this wintry coast,
And gain a clime where I shall sing
The glories of eternal Spring ;
And freed from toil and sickening care,
My brow shall not be wreathless there.
Then let the world its gifts bestow
On those whose hearts are placed below ;
The bliss I seek it can't impart,
And therefore shall not have my heart.

A BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION.

How rapidly time hastes away
And speeds its onward flight !
For it is fifty years to-day
Since I first saw the light,
And yet how short the past appears,
For all the moments seem
Contained within these fifty years,
Brief as a morning dream.

Time future like a dreary road,
With long-stretched miles in view
Would—only for my hope in God,
Be painful to pursue.
But taking courage from the past,
I trust my future days
To Him on whom my soul is cast,
To whom be all the praise.

IMPROMPTU LINES ON THE DEATH OF RENFORTH.

Quickly flashed along the wires
Comes the thrilling story,
Renforth suddenly exp, res—
Such is human glory.
The race is run, the strife is o'er,
The champion boatman is no more.

In the middle of the race
Lo ! he drops his oar,
Shades of death becloud his face—
See ! he is no more.
His strength has got too hard a strain,
And life's frail cord is snapt in twain.

Eagerly he sought the goal,
Every muscle straining,
But the effort *freed* his soul,
Death the conquest gaining.
His race is run, but has he gained the prize,
The victor's crown, held out beyond the skies ?

ANNIE'S GRAVE.

When gentle Spring returns again,
And beauty decks the verdant plain,
Dear Annie's feet no more shall tread
The grassy lawn or flow'r'y mead.

And when her sisters in their glee
Shall play in guileless revelry,
Oft will the whispering memory crave
A thought for Annie's lonely grave.

And Spring's first flowers will be sought,
And many a grateful tribute brought,
And laid upon that little heap,
Where Annie takes her last long sleep.

And often in that hallowed ground,
Around that dear, dear sacred mound,
Shall tears bedim the grassy sod
And fervent prayers ascend to God.

But then the grave but holds in trust,
Her fair remains—her mortal dust,
Her Soul, through the atoning blood,
Is now in glory with her God.

And clothed in heaven's richest dress,
The spotless robe of holiness
She mingles with the Saintry throng,
And joins them in their holy song.

Then turn away your weeping eyes,
From that lone grave where Annie lies ;
And rather let your triumph be,
That she has gained the victory.

MY RURAL HOME.

I love to roam o'er the mountains wild,
All topped with heathy brown—
For I'd rather be called the desert child,
Than dwell in the crowded town.

I turn my eyes from the gilded toys
Of the fanciful bazaar,
To muse upon the purer joys,
Of the verdant hills afar.

O ! tell me not of the city gay,
Or of towns where merchants be,
Where luxury riots from day to day,
In the haunts of revelry.

Tho' they be the homes of fashion and wealth,
They're also the haunts of sin,
And not conducive to vigorous health,
And happiness felt within.

My home is on the green hill side,
Where sweetest flowrets grow,
Where crystal streamlets gently glide
Down to the vale below.

And in this sweet vale by the river's banks,
You may oft see the angler stray,
Or at eve the youth in a thousand pranks
Beguiling the time away.

Then send me back to my country home
Till I breathe the balmy sweets,
I never inhale in the lamp-lit dome
Nor in the crowded streets.

THE PENITENT'S HYMN.

A poor loathesome leper too long I have been,
But, Lord if thou wilt thou canst now make me clean.
I know thou art willing thy grace to bestow,
And wash the poor penitent whiter than snow.

CHORUS—To that fountain I'll go,
To the rivers which flow,
And there I shall wash and be whiter than snow

The poison of Sin has polluted my soul,
But, Lord if thou wilt, thou canst now make me whole ;
Oh help me to trust in thy all-cleansing blood,
And raise me again to the likeness of God.

CHORUS—To that fountain I'll go,
To the rivers which flow,
And there I shall wash and be whiter than snow.

My Saviour has come and I feel His blood flow,
And my soul has been washed and made whiter than snow.
O ! May I prove faithful and never depart
From Him who has come to reside in my heart.

CHORUS—Then to Heaven I'll go,
Where the living streams flow,
And wear a new garment made whiter than snow

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

'Thanks to the Author of all good
For every gift bestowed,
The fruits of earth, our needful food,
Respite from war, the quietude,
The blessings of our God.

The Lord has blessed our fertile earth
And sent us daily bread,
And none need fear a famine dearth
For comforts bless each happy hearth,
Apart from noisy dread.

While other lands were steeped in war
Peace reigned in all our coasts ;
The angry demon kept afar
And proudly rode destruction's car,
And slew his mighty hosts.

The foaming flood, the raging flame,
The pestilence, the dearth,—
Thanks to our Heavenly Father's name—
Were warded off, nor nearer came
To this blest spot of earth.

Then let our hearts with gratitude
Flow out in songs of praise,
To Him who sends us every good,
Earth's blessings, peace and needful food,
And lengthens out our days.

PROMPTITUDE.

Work which should be done to-day
Join at once, nor make delay,
Disappointment, grief and sorrow
Crowd around the fool's to-morrow.

See him waiting for a chance
Hoping fortune will advance
With her treasures, and impart
All the wishes of his heart.

Shun that thief, Procrastination,
Spurn the fool's infatuation.
Show that energy and pluck
Are preferable to *luck*.

They who chase a golden bubble
Get poor payment for their trouble ;
Honest toil and application
Best insure remuneration.

If ambitious to ascend
You will best attain your end,
Climbing step by step the height
Which must never leave your sight.

Never try, without the skill,
To ascend ambition's hill,
Lest you tumble down the steep,
Falling deeper in the deep.

If your steps be short and slow
Better keep the track you know ;
It is dangerous to stray
Where you do not know the way.

Love, contentment, peace and health
Far outvalue worldly wealth,
Therefore let your honest quest
Be to seek and keep the best.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

When death and sad bereavements come,
And fill our hearts with grief,
If hope be buried in the tomb
Where shall we find relief?

Must kindred spirits part in death
And never meet again,
Is there no truth in trusting faith,
Is hope devoid and vain?

If faith and hope be set at naught,
And driven from the heart,
Then how, or where, may peace be sought,
When with our friends we part?

When life is gone, what of the mind,
Say, does it live or die?
Is it, like flesh, to earth consigned,
Or does it soar on high?

The inner man—the mind or soul,
In death must past away,
But comes not under death's control,
Nor mingles with the clay.

Then where, ye skeptics tell me where
I may by searching find
A resting place in earth or air
For my immortal mind.

Shall soul and body be destroyed,
Soon as I lose my breath?
Is all eternity a void,
Beyond the gate of death?

I cannot, no, I will not part
With my assured belief—
The hope that soothes my bleeding heart
And heals my deepest grief.

This earth is but a barren soil,
Void of the fruits in quest,
Then who could bear a life of toil,
Was there no promised rest?

Why should I struggle in the strife,
Or strive to reach the goal,
If there be no eternal life
For my evicted soul?

Death shall be vanquished by and by,
And in the final strife
God shall achieve the victory,
For everlasting life.

Then hasten, Lord, that Jubilee,
When thou shalt bliss restore,
And life and immortality
Shall reign forever more.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS.

The "*Maid of Orleans*," what a beautiful boat!
No better or safer was ever afloat,
With her rosy fac'd Captain—a type of good nature,
With courage and kindness portray'd on each feature.
A charm irresistible dwells at the Isle,
Inviting us there with her soft winning smile,
Where wood-nymphs disport through the green shady
bowers,
And *Flora* looks gay in the bright sunny hours.
The people must visit that picturesque scene,
The children to frolic and romp on the green,
The lovers to seek for some moss-covered seat,
Where time keeps no clock in their verdant retreat.
The healthy and sickly, the weak and the strong,
All rush to the river and mix with the throng,

Away to St. Joseph and down to the Isle,
All care, toil and sorrow, forgotten the while.
O! beautiful river, grand, historic stream,
Can this be all real, or is it a dream!
Here unsurpassed loveliness everywhere reigns,
With its soul-thrilling centre adown at Orleans.
What charming young ladies, so graceful and fair,
How sweetly becoming the dresses they wear;
And the gentlemen, too, are so kind and polite,
That all seems a picture to gladden the sight.
The Island is gained, and we move here and there,
Each group in request of some favoured parterre.
We lunch, roam about, and at last (what a pity,)
Forsake the gay scenes and return to the city.

SHORT-COMINGS.

Alas! what erring things we are,
How prone to start aside
And cloud our hopes with dark despair,
Our lowliness with pride.

We promise fair, and run awhile
With joy, the narrow road;
Then flattered with earth's witching smile,
We turn our backs on God.

Long as we love the things of earth,
Wealth, pleasure, ease and fame,
We're strangers to the spirit-birth
And christians but in name.

May God our whole affections draw,
And fix on things above,
And in our hearts imprint his law,
The sacred law of love.

ADDRESSED TO THE FIRST-BORN INFANT DAUGHTER OF A DEAR
FRIEND.

Thrice-welcome, little stranger,
To this thy earthly home ;
May God keep thee from danger,
And bless thy years to come.
The world outside is wintry.
Yet thou hast nought to dread ;
Thy mother's eye keeps sentry
Upon thy cradle bed.
Close-fondled in her bosom,
In sweetest soft repose ;
Her rosebud soon will blossom,
And fairest tints disclose.
Thou knowest not the feeling
That thrills thy mother's heart,
Her every act revealing,
How dear to her thou art.
She sings with sweet emotion
To lull thee to thy sleep ;
Then prays in deep devotion
That God thy soul may keep ;
That He will still defend thee,
And keep thee in his ways,
And all thy days befriend thee
And crown thy life with praise.
May thy young days pass brightly.
Unknown to bitter strife ;
May cares press on thee lightly
Throughout thy happy life.
And should unfolding beauty
Be on thy form displayed,
In virtue, truth, and duty,
Still seek to be arrayed ;

And ever seek that temple
To which thy parents trod,
And follow their example,
And serve thy father's God.

PEACE OF MIND.

Sweet peace of mind where shall I find
This priceless, precious treasure?
I seek in vain this bliss to gain
In what the world calls pleasure.

Philosophy cannot supply
This calm and holy feeling;
A studied grace may smooth the face
The thoughts meanwhile concealing.

Nor fame, nor wealth, nor even health,
Can still the heart's emotion,
If troubles roll within the soul
Like billows on the ocean.

But in my grief, I seek relief
In some sweet promise given.
Then joy and peace my fears release
And give an inward heaven.

Fath, hope and love, like Noah's dove,
The olive leaf conveying,
Tell of a joy without alloy,
Rich, free and undecaying.

Thus faith and hope shall bear me up
Above the world's commotion,
While love shall raise my songs of praise
And warm my heart's devotion.

A WISH.

I'd like to be living where sorrow and sin
Would never appear in my sight,
And where I'd have peace and contentment within,
And around me a flow of delight.

But where shall I find this delightful abode
Which fancy has pictured so fair?
For earth never yet such a blessing bestowed,
Since marred by the first sinning pair.

For the dark yawning grave and the sorrows I dread
Must be passed ere I reach the bright shore,
As none but the souls of the thrice happy dead
Feel sorrow and trouble no more.

Thro' great tribulation the saints must proceed,
In the pathway the Saviour has trod,
Still seeking for grace in their hour of need—
Sustained by the mercy of God.

Then let me submissively suffer and wait,
For soon my Redeemer shall come,
And change me from this to the glorified state—
From earth to the heavenly home.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE SAD EVENT.

The President is dead. Sad thrilling news
Not only to the millions who deplore
The tragic death of their good President,
But to the human family at large.
Wide as the world has been our sympathies;
And now as wide is felt the pang of grief.
How are the mighty fallen ! why should he
Be stricken down in open day, amid
His friends ? We're almost tempted to exclaim
" Had Providence withheld its shielding power,
That he who had escaped so many deaths
On battle field and on the watery deep
Should fall by the assassin's hand at last ? "
We poor dim-sighted mortals cannot see
God's great designs in the events of life.
We lose a mighty man, an honest prince ;
But we have gained in his eventful life
A great biography, which long shall be
The widowed mother's guide to train her boy
To walk in virtue's path, and rise to fame
By honest toil and persevering skill.
And many a youth shall rouse himself and try
To emulate the great James Garfield, who
From small beginnings rose to princely fame.
And many, too, 'tis hoped, shall also learn
The secret of this good man's great success.
From Childhood up to the sad closing scene
He trod the path which terminates in heaven.
We hoped and prayed he might be longer spared ;
But God knew best the time to call him home,
To peace and rest and immortality.

HOME THOUGHTS.

I'm lonely here in Canada
Where frost and snow prevail,
And such as no one ever saw
In loved old *granuaille*.

No primrose here to welcome spring,
Nor gems of richer hue,
Nor lark nor thrush to sweetly sing,
Nor mellow-voiced cuckoo.

No chattering magpie meets you here
With omen good or bad,
To swell your hope or cause your fear,
With joyful thoughts or sad.

Nor hawthorn blossom, red or white,
Is here in lovely bloom,
To charm you with the pleasing sight,
And shed its rich perfume.

Nor wall-flowers nor yet wood-bine
To scatter sweets around ;
Nor pretty daisies here to shine
Like stars spread o'er the ground.

Nor yellow furze, nor purple heath,
Wide spread o'er hill and dale,
Is here, its sweet perfume to breathe,
To scent the evening gale.

But more than all the rural sweets,
To Erin's son so dear,
Fly from the snow-clad frozen streets,
Of this cold climate here.

A NIGHT MEDITATION.

"In the night His Song shall be with me."

—Ps. XLII., 8.

When Sol has sunk behind the West
And night her mantle spread,
And *somnus* lulls the world to rest
Upon his downy bed.

Should balmy slumbers take their flight
How sweet the wakeful hour
Could we employ our thoughts aright
On God's creating power !

For he whose thoughts are placed above
Cares not for things beneath,
And he whose heart is fill'd with love
Has lost the fear of death.

The Royal Psalmist greatly loved
To meditate by night
And felt the truth, which God approved,
His comfort and delight.

And I like Israel's poet king
Would my short vigil keep,
I feel so happy while I sing
I scarcely care to sleep.

'Tis sweet to court the sacred muse
And sing of joys to come,
And gaze upon the cloudless views
Of my eternal home.

'Tis sweet in darkest shades of night
Beneath the howling blast
To bring before the mental sight
The scenes of seasons past.

The happy scenes of buoyant youth
When pleasures sweetest ray,
Health, peace, hope, innocence and truth
Illum'd my blissful day.

Or think of days when joyful spring
Shall come with all her train,
And give a smile to everything
That decks the verdant plain—

Shall come arrayed in vernal hues
To scatter fragrant flowers,
And bathe the grass with cooling dews
And soft salubrious showers.

Or think of days when Sol's bright beams
Shall richer scenes pervade,
While cattle seek the cooling streams
Or else the Sylvan shade.

Or view the fields so richly green
Where happy lambkins play,
While nature paints the joyous scene
In colours fresh and gay.

Or look at Autumn's yellow leaf,
Or brighter scenes explore,
When reapers bind the ripened sheaf
To fill the farmer's store.

Or think of Winter's chilling blast,
When nights are cold and drear,
The sky with storm-clouds overcast,
Foreboding dread and fear.

But let the howling tempest blow,
And storms successive come,
For social joys shall brighter glow
Within my happy home.

Thus, as the seasons pass along,
My grateful thanks I'll raise,
Until I sing the higher song
Of everlasting praise.

SLEEP.

When wearied and worried, fatigued and oppress,
How welcome and soothing and cheering is rest—
Rest peaceful, restoring, apart from all dread
At home, with home comforts, asleep on my bed.
O *Somnus* / thy blessings insure my delight,
And I welcome thy visit to me every night ;
Then rising refreshed, both in body and mind,
All wearisome feelings I cast to the wind.
Sometimes drowsy *Morpheus* steals into my pew,
But his opiates there I detest and eschew ;
'Tis stupid to slumber, 'tis hateful to nod,
'Tis sinful to sleep in the temple of God.
While at church keep awake, while at work do the same,
To slumber at either is reckoned a shame ;
Let work have the time that's allotted to such,
And neither to work nor to sleep give too much.
The earner of bread by the sweat of his brow,
At the anvil, the bench, with the spade or the plough,
He, far above others, enjoys with a zest
The nature-restoring, sweet blessing of rest.
The sin-burdened conscience, the care-troubled mind
Too oft prove a hind'rance this blessing to find ;
And the wounded and sick, racked with torturing pain,
Oft long for sweet sleep, and yet seek it in vain.
Do you wish to see beautiful, calm, holy sleep ?
Then look at that baby whose sentinels keep
A watch o'er the little one taking its rest
In its cradle, or held to its fond mother's breast.
Thus God saves his loved ones from dread and alarms,
While safely they sleep in his own loving arms ;
Rest here and hereafter he richly imparts
To all who permit him to dwell in their hearts.
Sweet sleep, richest boon to the wearied one given,
Little halts to take rest on the march up to heaven ;
This blessing of sleep every night let me crave,
Until at the last I take rest in my grave.

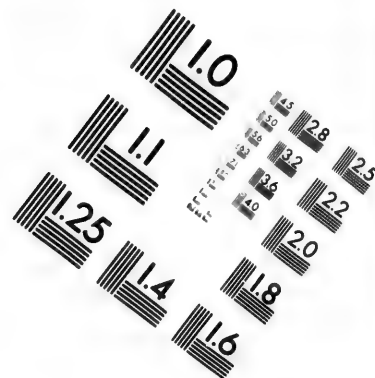
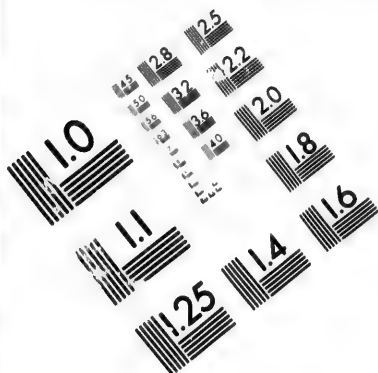
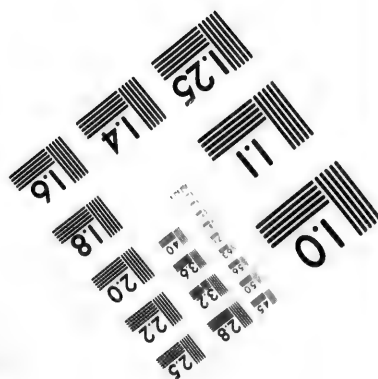
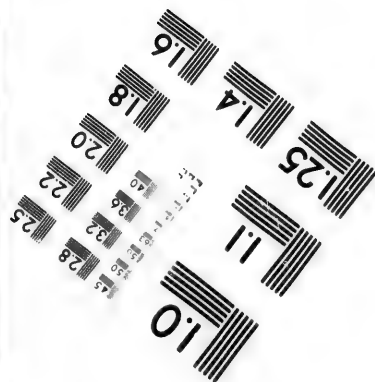
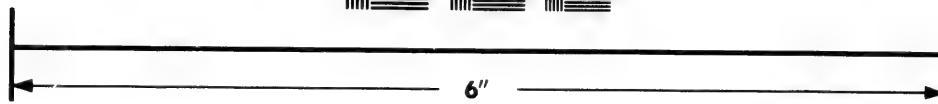
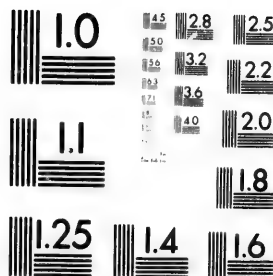
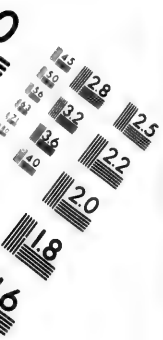


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DEAL GENTLY.

Deal gently with the erring ones,
The helpless fallen raise,
Strengthen the weak, so shall your life
Be one of joy and praise.
Your mission is not to condemn
The erring ones who stray,
But to reclaim and win them back
To virtue's pleasant way.

See that poor thirsty thoughtless man,
The slave of alcohol,
Who, like a ship left rudderless,
Has lost all self-control.
He's got among the breakers now
And nears the gaping grave—
Ah! who would not some effort make
That wretched wreck to save.

That youth impatient of restraint
Has thrown away his shield,
Defenceless now, the tempter comes
And he is sure to yield.
Go, speak to him in tenderness,
And with your tears implore
Him to give up his foolishness
And follow vice no more.

See that poor friendless erring one,
Absorbed in deepest grief,
Her lonely heart is sorrowful
And longs for some relief.
A kindly look, a friendly smile,
A timely spoken word,
Might calm the sorrows of her soul
And touch some tender chord.

Toss not your head with cold disdain,
Nor flaunt that selfish air,
At seeing some poor tempted one
Entrapped in Satan's snare.
Perhaps had you been tempted so,
You might have proved as weak
As that poor friendless erring one
Of whom you harshly speak.

A brother falls into the mud,
Will you let him expire,
Because that it might soil your hands
To drag him from the mire?
And will you proudly strut along
And turn your head away,
Exclaiming "let him take his fate
For having gone astray?"

If vice be loathing to your soul,
It only should the more
Prompt you to greater energy
The fallen to restore.
Let pity linger in your thoughts
When sinners you reprove,
Thus while you hate the sinner's vice
You may the sinner love.

SONNET.

THE PRESS.

The lever power of the world must be
 The great ennobling, elevating press.
 This is a truth which all men must confess ;
 The mighty press ! The dread of tyranny,
 The guardian of our rights and liberty,
 A scourge to flagellate the proud and vile,
 An arm of strength to set the captive free.
 And if the advocate of righteousness,
 A messenger of truth, an angel's smile,
 The Gospel herald sent the world to bless.
 But if perverted, then a source of evil
 To scatter wide the teachings of the devil,
 And lure the simple from the narrow path
 And bring them under God's avenging wrath.

PEACE.

Peace is a ray of heavenly light—
 A calm serenity of thought—
 A cloudless day without a night ;
 A pleasure with a blessing fraught—
 A tranquil feeling in the breast,
 The antepast of endless rest.
 Peace is an undisturbed repose ;
 The legacy which Christ has given
 To comfort, cheer, and succour those
 Who strive to scale the mount of heaven—
 The trophy which the Christian wears
 Who has subdued his doubts and fears.
 The wicked has no peace within ;
 For like the troubled waves which roll,
 The billows of disgorging sin
 O'erwhelm his guilty, sinking soul ;
 " There is no peace," saith God, the Lord,
 " To those who sin against my word."

The world has got no peace to give—
 Its promises are all a cheat ;
 But all who to the Saviour live,
 And bow before the mercy seat,
 Shall hear, while bending to his will
 That inward whisper, " Peace, be still."

Peace has a countless host of foes—
 Wrath, envy, hatred, malice, pride,
 Afflictions, trials, crosses, woes,
 Stand frowningly on every side.
 Yet kept by faith secure, our peace
 Shall in the tempest's rage increase.

Oh ! thou who art the Prince of peace,
 Send down a blessing from above,
 And bid our strife and jarring cease,
 And fill our hearts with perfect love,
 That we may feel that peace within—
 The pledge of victory over sin.

SONNET.

When racking pain is keenly felt, the mind
 Is also pained, the sympathetic soul
 Is almost under suffering's control,
 There may be some exceptions, still I find
 That when the body suffers there must be
 Pain sensitive, and mental sympathy.
 The soul is not insensitive to pain.
 But then there is a sovereign remedy
 Which we may seek, nor ask for it in vain,
 For God is always present to sustain
 His suffering saints and aid their trusting faith,
 And raise their souls above the fear of death.
 Thus were the martyrs victors in the strife
 When pain gave place to joy and endless life.

*THE JUBILEE YEAR, OR REJOICINGS ON QUEEN
VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.*

In vain the poet tunes his lyre
And breathes his soul in song,
And vain his efforts to aspire
To rouse the rapturous throng,
When loyalty assumes its way
On Queen Victoria's natal day.

No eloquence is needed now
Nor yet poetic lore,
The people in devotion bow
And gratefully adore,
That God whose goodness long has been
Reflected by our noble Queen.

We hail with heartfelt loyalty
That twenty-fourth of May,
And shout with joy her Jubilee
Upon her natal day.
Her reign, we own the gift of heaven
To all her loyal subjects given.

Queen, Empress—all her titles are
Less than her human heart
Which sheds a lustre brighter far
Than crowns or works of art,
Above her rank we love to trace
Her piety, love, truth and grace.

A loving mother's watchful care
Prepared her in her youth
To seek the Lord by earnest prayer,
To love and hold the truth,
Thus through life's changes God has been
The leader of our loving Queen.

As wife and mother she has proved
An honour to her name ;
A Queen so loving, so beloved,
Of such unsullied fame
Has never sat on any throne,
And this loved Queen we call our own.

Her vast Dominions own her sway,
All nations speak her worth,
Then let us hail her natal day
On May the twenty-fourth,
And shout "long live our gracious Queen
To be what she has always been."

For fifty years her loving name
Has been a household word,
And still she gains increasing fame,
As all with one accord
Declare she is and still has been
A loving, wise and noble Queen.

In vain we search through ancient lore,
A better Queen to find ;
All other Queens she stands before
And leaves them far behind,
A virtuous court, a stainless throne
Belong to her—to her alone.

Although she reigns o'er many lands
Of varied tongues and creeds,
Yet all obey her wise commands
And laud her noble deeds ;
A hundred millions subjects own
Their fealty to Victoria's throne.

God bless our Queen, long may she reign
To share her people's love,
And after death, O! may she gain
A brighter crown above—
A crown begemmed with every grace
Which in her virtuous life we trace.

And may her few declining years
Be peaceful and serene,
Nor war's alarms, nor anxious fears
Disturb our dear old Queen,
Until at last the angels come
And bear her bloodwashed spirit home.

PATIENCE.

When trials come, for come they will,
Be patient if you can,
Avoid them if you have the skill,
If not then play the man,
And bravely face the howling blast,
And wait until the storm is past.

Annoyances are hard to bear,
And so is racking pain,
And fretful, nervous, carping care,
And labour spent in vain,
And you may have to suffer long,
Perhaps to suffer in the wrong.

But would impatience bring you peace
And calm your troubled breast,
Or murmurings afford release,
And hush your cares to rest?
Ah! no, they'd rankle in your sore
And only pain your heart the more.

Some people think that they were born
To suffer pain and grief,
In every rose they find a thorn,
And never find relief—
Thorns, thistles nettles strew their path
Provoking them to painful wrath.
Should night and danger shut you in,
Your struggles to get free,
Might plunge you in some hidden gin
And seal your misery,
In such a case the better way
Would be to wait the coming day.
If possible avoid the cause
Of misery and woe ;
Obey both God's and nature's laws
And happiness will flow—
Take hope and patience for your guard,
And peace shall be your sure reward.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Some say this world is beautiful,
Some call it base and vile,
Some think it always frowns on them,
Some only see its smile.

No doubt the poor dyspeptic thinks
This world a dreary spot,
And that to him has been assigned
A miserable lot.

But others of a happier mood
Can laugh and smile and sing,
Content in every stage of life
And pleased with every thing.

Some take delight in finding fault
With every kind of weather,
As cloudy, rough, hot, cold or wet,
Or all of them together.

Rain, hail and snow, and stormy winds
Will never turn aside
To please the dwarfs who fret and fume,
And show their silly pride.

Let us in nature's joy rejoice
And hail each sunny day,
And in the storm, seek shelter till
The cloud has passed away.

Thus shall we own a pleasant world,
And when we hence remove
We'll love the more the better land—
The paradise above.

THOU ART MY HIDING-PLACE.

PSALMS 32-7.

Thou art, O God, my sun and shield,
The source of every good revealed
My life, hope, wisdom, truth and grace,
My fortress, rock and hiding-place.

From every scorching blast of sin,
From thoughts unholy and unclean,
From worldly pleasures' false embrace
Thou still hast been my hiding-place.

Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
My help, my refuge in distress,
My light revealed in Jesu's face
My glory and my hiding-place.

When tossed upon life's stormy sea
Thy word my guiding star shall be,
To lead me to that land of peace,
The storm-tossed christian's hiding-place.

If prone from thee my God to stray
And leave the straight and narrow way,
Still let thy love unfold thy grace
And draw me to my hiding-place.

In pain, affliction and distress,
In hunger, cold and weariness,
I'll closer cling to thy embrace,
Secure in Christ, my hiding-place.

Soon, and I'll reach yon blissful shore,
Where howling tempests rage no more,—
The haven of eternal peace,
My home, my endless hiding-place.

[An earthquake occurred while I was in the House of God, at a prayer-meeting, which prompted the following thoughts.]

It was the week of prayer, and many came
And thronged the sacred edifice that night,
And while engaged in sweet devotion with
Our Father God, we heard a rumbling noise,
Which louder waxed and rapidly approached,
And then the trembling earth, as if in dread,
Shook terribly, and caused our edifice
To totter and to shake convulsively.
The people were afraid, and many fled
And sought the doors, and others screamed aloud,
And some few fainted and fell down, and some
Were so affrighted that their trembling limbs
Refused to aid them in the flight they sought.
The pallid look, the wild and anxious gaze,
Declared the strange alarm evinced by all ;
Perhaps a few, and but a few, possessed
That holy calm and dignity of soul
Which smiles at danger and approaches death
With true heroic magnanimity.
The earth resumed her quiet attitude ;
Still those who trembled in their fears
Seemed apprehensive, and in painful dread,
That the affrighted earth would shake again.
O ! what a silly, little thing is man ;
How small he looks when God assumes His power !
And if a local shock so frighten us,
What strange alarms shall fill our throbbing hearts
When this exploding world shall pass away,
With noise terrific, in the Judgment Day !

THE TOOTHACHE.

What is the pain we call worst,
With which we mortals have been cursed,
And keener far than want or thirst ?

The toothache.

What is it makes me spit and grin,
With plaintive wail and mournful din,
With flannel bandaged round my chin ?

The toothache.

What is it keeps me from my sleep,
A wakeful, weary watch to keep,
In bitter pain to sigh and weep ?

The toothache.

What is it robs me of my rest,
And is a most tormenting pest,
And always an unwelcome guest ?

The toothache.

What is it fills my cup of woe,
And makes me to the dentist go
To rid me of my greatest foe ?

The toothache.

What is it drives away the muse
And makes me wit and sense abuse—
That tests my patience—clouds my views ?

The toothache.

What is it makes me dull and sad,
Distracted, tortured almost mad,
But when the pain is gone, so glad ?

The toothache.

THE CALICO BALL.

If you go to the Calico Ball,
And take a few steps on the floor,
And dance at humanity's call,
A jig for the destitute poor,
Who shivering, stand at your door,
So demure,
A blessing perhaps you'll secure.

But your Calico dress is too thin,
And not of much use to the old,
With lining too scanty within,
To keep out the terrible cold ;
Far better the dress should be sold,
And the gold,
Be to the poor's treasurer told.

But if you don't care for the cost,
A woollen dress, heavy and warm,
Would shield from the bite of the frost,
And save you from future alarm ;
Whilst healthy as girls on a farm,
Every charm
You display would a sorrow disarm.

Your dress should be tidy and plain,
Befitting a Charity Ball,
And nothing coquettish or vain,
Should make its appearance at all ;
For this is humanity's call,
In the Hall,
For stockings, a gown, or a shawl.

Let all the descendants of France,
And others, avoiding disparity,
As equals, appear in the dance,
United together in Charity,
Enjoying health, peace and hilarity ;
Such a rarity,
So now let you have it a verity.

"YE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH."

If we only knew the dangers
Which lie hidden in our way,
In the land where we are strangers
And may often go astray :
We would strive to be more careful
To avoid the tempter's snare,—
More devoted, watchful, prayerful,
If we knew the trap was there.

But our future path is hidden,
And we walk it in the dark,
And, besides it is forbidden
We should look into the Ark :
What may happen on the morrow
Is deep hidden from our gaze,
We may have a wail of sorrow
Or a grateful song of praise.

But there is a pathway given,
Tho' unseen to mortal sight,
'Tis the royal road to heaven,
Leading to the source of light,
Tho' the world may call it dreary,
'Tis the pathway of the blest,
And the road by which the weary
Reach the promised land of rest.

We but choose an empty bubble
When we follow wealth and fame,
Earthly pleasures end in trouble
While transgression leads to shame.
But if by faith we travel,
We have nought to dread or fear,
And shall by-and-by unravel
What was hidden from us here.

QUEBEC AND ITS CONFLAGRATIONS.

When fire gets the mastery
How terrible its powers,
Combustibles found in its way
It greedily devours.

We dread the savage fire-fiend,
Which oft excites our fears,
And in a few short moments wastes
The fruits of toiling years.

In spite of all our watchful care
We see the flames arise,
While home and all its comforts are
Consumed before our eyes.

And oft, our hope, the firemen
Have failed the flames to check—
And water too, oft wanting when
Most needed, in Quebec.

Our city is a fuel-heap
To tempt a conflagration ;
And we may yet wake from our sleep
To see our desolation.

And still we see the evils spread,
And patiently endure,
Forever doom'd to live in dread,
Exposed and insecure.

In matters, too, of greater weight,
Our apathy is shewn ;
Thus we, perhaps, may learn too late
What now we should have known.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

Dear Sir, I often wonder why
You cannot on a hope rely ;
You seem to live a life of sorrow.
Without a light to cheer to-morrow.
Why don't you whistle, laugh and sing,
And live as happy as a king ?
What do you gain by useless whining ?
Are sorrows lessened by repining ?
Will brooding o'er a load of grief
Give either comfort or relief ?
Life passes swiftly when we glide
Adown the stream, or with the tide ;
But when we have to force our way
'Gainst wind and tide, and blinding spray
Life is not then a bed of roses,
Nor what the sleeping drone supposes.
And yet it whets the edge of life,
And makes us heroes in the strife,
To have our minds and muscles tried,
When friends are few and foes deride.
'Tis then we best can act the man,
And work and think, and strive and plan,
And hope and wait and never dare
To yield to doubting and despair.
Ah ! who would care to grasp his oar,
Who doubted of a friendly shore ?
How purposeless our life would be,
Without a final destiny ?—
Without a purpose in our life—
Without an object in the strife,—
With nothing future to allure,
Who could the ills of life endure ?
'Tis not in colleges or schools,
To check the folly of their fools ;

For those most famed for common sense
Will sometimes stumble o'er the fence.
We all, at times, have shown our folly,
And then have felt that melancholy—
That sting of conscience felt within—
That nauseous bitter fruit of sin.
Our folly, doubtless, most appears
When we destroy, in after years,
The wisdom, virtue, grace and truth
Which sheltered us in early youth.
If we have erred and gone astray,
Our wisdom is to seek the way,
From which we strayed, and never more
These dark, forbidden paths explore.
But there are trials, sorrows, crosses,
Mishaps, bereavement, failures, losses,
Afflictions, and the loss of health,
With loss of friends and worldly wealth,—
Sad trials which we can't prevent,—
In judgment or in a mercy sent.
Now what is best for us to do
In passing these afflictions through?
To fume and fret, or work and strive,
And keep our energies alive?
"What can't be cured must be endured,"
Then let your life be well ensured,
That come what will of grief and pain,
You'll have a hope of endless gain;
That when the storm of life be past,
You'll reap a full reward at last.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Heb. 12, 1.

More numerous than the gleaming stars which stud
The vault of heaven, is the noble host
Of valient heroes who compose the cloud
Of witnesses, who from the battlements
Of bliss look down upon the struggling saints
Who now endure the conflict, and who strive
To win the race and reach the shining goal.
Then let us lay aside each cumbering weight,
Nor longer harbour our besetting sins,
And let us run with patient, constant aim,
The race before us set. And let us still
With steadfast gaze keep looking unto Him
Who led the way through many a conflict here—
Endured the cross, despised the shame, and gained
For us the privilege to enter heaven.
And let us keep our eye of faith full fixed
On Jesus Christ, the author of our faith,
And finisher of our salvation here—
High heaven's grand attraction to allure
Our longing souls to run the heavenly race.
It nerves our faith to higher energies
To know that we are watched by countless hosts,
Who throng the grand arena of the skies,
All victors now, all more than conquerors,
All bearing palms and wearing starry crowns.
Methinks they shout for joy when we succeed,
And weep when we are worsted in the fight.
Then let us grasp our shields with tighter grip
And use our swords with skilful energy,
And emulate the blood-washed sons of might,
Whose daring deeds proclaim their deathless fame.
Through tribulations great they carved their way,
And in the blood of the Atoning Lamb
Have washed their robes and made them white as snow.

God's armory is still accessible,
And we may take the panoply divine,
And prove ourselves invincible to all
The hosts of hell—to every lurking foe,
And come off more than conquerors at last,
And join the cloud of witnesses above ;
And with them sing the triumphs of the Lamb,
And through eternity proclaim his praise.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The Aurora Borealis or northern light
With its scintillations so strangely bright,
Shifting and dancing along the sky—
A picture of beauty to please the eye.

How sweetly the dazzling meteors blend !
How quickly the flashes of light descend !
You'd think the young angels had gathered in crowds
To play hide-and-seek through the golden clouds,

Let sage philosophers search out the cause,
And tell me the Science of Nature's laws ;
And how these refractory rays of light
Enrich the north of a frosty night.

And tho' electricians may tell me why
These scintillant lights so illumine the sky
They never can add to the rapt delight,
Which first attracted my wondering sight.

How well I remember one night of old,
When the sky was tinted with silver and gold ;
But all of the rainbow colours were there
Disporting their hues in the upper air.

The people rushed out, and with strange amaze,
And with awe-stricken thoughts continued to gaze,
Till fear and fancy such pictures wrought,
That many beheld a great battle fought.

Great phantom armies in deadly fight,
With their flashing swords and their helmets bright ;
How they charged and swayed, and shifted and fled,
Till the sky grew red with the vanquished dead.

And many declared 'twas a sign from heaven—
A timely warning to mortals given,
That the flood-gates of wrath were thrown ajar,
To deluge the world with an awful war.

The arc that bridges the cold north pole
Has got no terrors to seize the soul ;
But the flashing streamers and shifting lights
Are still to the timid the cause of frights.

And many, with superstitious dread,
Are awed when streamers the sky o'erspread ;
While others rejoice at the picture given—
A reflex of light from its source in heaven.

But let the omen be what it may,
I love to gaze on the bright display
Of the ever-varying, changing hues,
Pourtrayed in these grand dissolving views

THE SHUNAMITE.

2 Kings, ch. 4.

"Is it well with the child," and she said "it is well."
And low at the feet of the prophet she fell,
For the heart of the mother was ready to break,
And her faltering tongue was too feeble to speak.
Tho' hid from the prophet, his nature discerned
That the Shunammite's bosom with deep sorrow yearned,
And he sent forth Gehazi, and told him to place
The staff which he gave him upon the child's face.
But the woman declared that Elisha should come,
And follow her back to her sorrowful home—
That the child which God gave her was now lying dead,
Where she laid him in *hope* on the Man of God's bed.
This was the kind woman who feelingly said
'To the weary old prophet, "Come in and eat bread"—
And who furnished a chamber for him on the wall,
That, passing that way, if he chose he might call.
She sought no reward for the kindness she showed,
And to her, who was childless, a son was bestowed;
And she prays now that He, who had blessed her before
In the gift of a son, would his spirit restore.
The prophet goes with her—God honors her faith,
The Man of God prays, and the child wakes from death;
And now the fond mother gives thanks to the Lord,
For the gift which he gave has again been restored.
Is it well with our little ones sleeping in death,
Whose feet were unsullied in life's muddy path,
Whose spirits have gone with bright angels to dwell?
We lose them to find them,—ah, yes it is well.

PHILOSOPHIC MUSINGS.

In every age some gifted sage,
In either School or College,
Has risen to illuminate
The world with useful knowledge.

But tho' a man may store his mind
With much of useful matter ;
He'll neither gain nor yet retain,
Unless he learn to scatter.

What good to think and then allow
Our gathered thoughts to slumber,
And have our heads, like old cock lofts
A store for useless lumber ?

For tho' we seek and find the truth
We never can retain it,
Unless we try as hard to keep,
As what we did to gain it.

And truth possessed becomes a pest,
To those who don't obey it ;
While duty grows the heavier
The longer we delay it.

The law which we don't wish to keep
Is always harsh and cruel ;
Thus what we hate we reckon vile—
But what we love's a jewel.

The wicked hate the righteous law,
Because of its detections ;
Nor will they come within the light,
Which shows their imperfections.

What signifies philosophy,
If we the while abuse it ?
Far better have good common sense,
And know well how to use it.

Still we should have our minds well stored,
With truth and useful learning ;
And we should practise what we know
While after wisdom yearning.

Fly from the curse of ignorance,
Beware of superstition ;
Nor keep a talent unimproved,
To send you to perdition.

Get love and store it in your heart,
And guard the sacred treasure ;
'Twill throw a charm on every thing,
And make your life a pleasure.

Love lubricates the wheels of life.
And sweetens every duty ;
And makes the roughest pathway seem
An avenue of beauty.

SONNET.

On the death of Capt Webb drowned while attempting to
swim the rapids below the Falls of Niagara.

O foolish Captain Webb, your thirst for fame
Is quenched at last in the impetuous flood !
Why did you tempt the Providence of God
By risking life to gain yourself a name ?
Not monied gain. Then let it be your shame
That you should rashly throw away your life,
And make a widow of your loving wife ;
Or try the strength of the mad rushing wave—
Or think to be a victor in the strife !
You might have known that flood would be your grave.
Your reckless bravo now makes others weep—
Then sense was lacking, but your heart was brave ;
Tho' many a life you rescued from the deep,
Yourself at last doomed neath the waves to sleep.

SONNET.

When day extends his conquests on the night,
And nature wakes from her long winter sleep,
And sheltered flowers ope their eyes and peep
Around, revived and cheered with heat and light,
Rejoiced to see the loved, transforming sight,
From winter's icy grasp and snows so deep,
The vernal scenes and skies divinely bright ;
Then come the swallows sporting on the wing,
And mate and twitter while they go in quest
Of some choice site where they may build their nest,
And share the blessings of the joyful spring
With all the little choristers that sing
A song of praise to Him now giving birth
To all the beauties which adorn our earth.

IDLE DREAMS.

Though prone to think, to me it seems
The folly of our idle dreams
Is not in fancy's restless flight,
But in the shunning of what's right.

It can't be wrong in any man
To dream and scheme and think and plan,
If skill and wisdom be combined,
To shape the thought fixed in his mind.

Though idle dreamers sit and mope,
And wish and yawn with scarce a hope
That ever they shall realize
Their fancied bliss or longed-for prize.

They ought to bear this truth in mind,
That they must seek if they would find—
Must have a purpose firm and strong,
To urge their rapid strides along.

These baseless castles in the air
Are but the preludes of despair,
The bursting bubble disappears,
And hope gives place to doubts and fears.

I wish to gain an honored name,
And hope to scale the mount of fame,
But work, not idle dreams, must be
The secret of my victory.

Let thought and action be combined,
The hand subservient to the mind,
And then the figures formed in thought
Won't pass away and come to nought.

Thus idle dreams are worse than vain,
And nothing useful can obtain—
A morbid fancy's fitful gleams,
A waste of thought are idle dreams.

And there are filthy dreamers too,
Who evil think and evil do ;
But such low, loathsome, hated pests
Are not among my bidden guests.

TO MRS. FALLOON,

AUTHORESS OF 'WILD FLOWERS FROM THE GLENS,' &c.

For ever dear unto my heart shall be
The memory of thy yet too hidden name,
But gifts like thine must reach posterity
And wider spread thy far-expanding fame.

Thy "wilding flowers" culled with such happy art,
Perfumed with innocence, love, joy and truth,
Must move the better feelings of the heart,
And shield the virtues of the rising youth.

But other thoughts, pourtrayed with equal grace,
Must emanate from thy prolific pen ;
Thy soaring thoughts must range a wider space,
Than culling flowers in a lonely glen.

And should thy glowing thoughts to earth be given
To cheer us with thy soul-inspiring strain,
And one poor soul be lur'd by thee to heaven,
Thou canst not say thy labour was in vain.

Undying fame, the honoured names adorn
Of Palmer, Porter, Hemans, Opie, More,
Elizabeth, Hall, Cooke, Browne, Fowett, Fern,
Who gave the world its sweetest, choicest lore.

And thou hast gathered gems as well as they,
And scattered them as plentiful and free,
And thy fair brow enwreathed in flow'rets gay,
Shall prove the world's high estimate of thee.

And as thro' life my devious path I wend
In the sweet calmness of my afternoon,
'Twill cheer my heart to call my loving friend
Thy own dear self—the talented Falloon.

MUSINGS.

I love to sit in the cooling shade,
By the side of a tinkling stream ;
When the trees, in their gaudiest dress arrayed,
Inspire my waking dream.

Through the tinted foliage the flitting light,
Keeps playing around my feet ;
And the joyous birds, in their plumage bright,
Are singing so softly sweet.

For Nature in all her loveliness,
Appears as a regal queen ;
Arrayed in her grand, old country dress—
Bright gems in a robe of green.

And I listen a while to the cheerful brook
In its ever-varying chimes ;
And with thoughts inspired, I close my book,
And breathe out my soul in rhymes.

And I sing of the days of my early youth,
And the sweets of the dear old home ;
And I sing of honesty, virtue and truth—
And I sing of the joys to come.

And the sun smiles down, and his golden rays
Enkindle a grateful glow ;
And my soul breathes out in a song of praise,
For the Eden enjoyed below.

But the short-lived beauties of earth shall soon
Be hidden and lost to sight ;
But there is a land of eternal noon,
Surpassing my hope's delight.

And to that bright home with its promised bliss,
I direct my thoughts in prayer :
And I long for that land that is fairer than this,
For my hopes are concentrated there.

RURAL SCENES.

How sweet the sunshine after rain,
And after toil how sweet the rest ;
And health, succeeding racking pain,
With sweet emotions fills the breast.

How sweet when Sol with genial rays
Smiles on our earth with ardent glow,
Assuring us of happier days
While dissipating winter's snow.

How sweet to hear the warblers sing,
When dreary winter takes his flight ;
How sweet to hail the vernal Spring,
When nature revels with delight.

How sweet to see the sons of toil,
With eager zeal in every field,
Deposit in the fertile soil
The seeds which will a harvest yield.

How sweet to see the groves and meads
Clothed in their robes of shady green ;
While Flora in profusion spreads
Her gems o'er all the beauteous scene.

How sweet to view with hopeful eyes
The rich reward in days to come ;
When we shall realize the joys,
Awaiting at the harvest home.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN DOUGALL, ESQ., OF THE MONTREAL
"DAILY" AND "WEEKLY WITNESS" &C.

In ripe old age he calmly passed away—
Called from his work to his eternal rest,
God's faithful servant and long bidden guest.
For forty years he, broad-cast, sowed the light,
While many a darkened home grew bright as day,
And many a saddened heart with hope grew bright.
Few journalists have ever reached the fame
Which crowds around his loved and honored name.
In spite of foes, drink, bigotry, and wrath,
He held aloft the banner of the truth
To guard the virtues of our rising youth,
And save the drunkard from his downward path.
He lived a hero and he died a saint,
And leaves a name untarnished with a taint.

BIGOTRY.

Vile, selfish, sullen bigotry,
Our greatest social evil,
Must be an emanation from
Some dark cold-hearted devil.

The man who hates his fellow-man
Because of his religion
Shows that the spirit of his heart
Is from some lower region.

The bigot, through mistaken zeal,
Resorts to persecution ;
Thus while he tries to wash his heart
He steepes it in pollution.

The bigot thinks himself a saint,
And yet his proper level,
Is, notwithstanding all his zeal,
Below a common devil.

The bigot is as void of love
As Satan is of kindness—
His zeal, betrays his wickedness—
His light, a heathen's blindness.

The man or church that would resort
To cruel inquisition
Has not the spirit Jesus breathes,
But that of dark perdition.

If God is love, the bigots must
The devil's wrath inherit,
There's murder in the bigot's heart,
There's torture in his spirit.

No blacker crimes were ever tried
Before a judge and jury
Than those which bigots of the church
Committed in their fury.

Thus bigots in their frenzied zeal
Would, if they had the power,
Suppress the truth and quench the light
And God's elect devour.

The new Commandment Jesus gave
Tells us to love each other.
And he must sin against the truth
Who does not love his brother.

God claims the ardour of the soul,
Our love, and whole affections,
And next to Him, the human race,
For this is God's directions.

Tnen let us shun the bigot's path,
So cruel, dark and gory,
And follow peace and charity
With all mankind to glory.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

The year Eighteen-hundred-and-eighty-six
Is taking its final flight ;
While on the old clock our eyes we fix,
And hear it ticking its few last ticks ;
And we mournfully shed the regretful tear
As we bid our adieus to the dear old year.
Which passes away to-night.

It is passing away and will soon be gone,
With all of its sorrows and tears ;
Its days are numbered, its work is done,
It has looked its last on the setting sun.
And it soon will join the days which wait
For it outside of Time's shut gate,
And be hidden with bygone years.

The storm-clouds gather, the wild wind blows,
And the snow-drifts veil the sky ;
Nor moon nor star its soft light throws
To cheer the Earth and to chase the woes,
Which crowd around in the howling blast.
Like noisy ghosts of the murdered past,
As the old year comes to die.

But let us look back and review the reign
Of the year that has reached its close ;
A year, to some, of pleasure and gain,
To others, of trials, deep sorrows and pain,
Losses and crosses, bereavements and tears,
Lights and shadows, and hopes and fears—
Sad troubles, regrets and woes.

Many a resolution and scheme
Was formed when the year got birth ;
And thoughts were buoyed with the pleasing theme
And the future was bright as a maiden's dream ;
But the year passed by and the castles fair
Were never erected, except in the air,
Which now are laid low on the earth.

The days down the stream of life moved on,
Like foam on a flowing river ;
And many a work was in hope begun,
Which lies unfinished—is still undone ;
Put off and deferred from day to day,
While the fugitive moments kept flitting away,
And were hidden and lost for ever.

A year of months, and weeks, and days,
O what a rich treasure given !
So many Sabbaths for prayer and praise,
And gaining instruction in wisdom's ways ;
Time to improve both heart and mind,—
Time to do good to all mankind,—
Time to prepare for heaven.

The year is entering death's cold gate
Amid the loud tempest's wrath.
The year is dead ! "Time gone, too late,"
Is this your cry ? what is your sate ?
Is yours the wailing of dark despair ?
Or do hope's gleamings illumine your prayer
And brighten your future path ?

The year is gone with its great events,
Is revolutions and wars ;
Its visitations and punishments—
But who can reckon its whole contents—
The Earth's upheavals, the conflagrations,
The scourge of war, the distress of nations :
On sea and on land God's judgments came,
Volcanoes disgorged their floods of flame,
And the earth still shows its scars.

The great events of the year that's past
Will add a new page to history.
The changes effected were thrilling and vast.
But the ominous gloom which the skies o'ercast
Is passing away ; and the new born year
Has hoped for blessings our hearts to cheer ;
But whether a year of blessings or woes,
Of joys or sorrows, God only knows,
Who only can solve the mystery.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY EARLY DAYS.

Sometimes my fancy wanders back
Adown my life's long trodden track,
And distant scenes of long ago,
When my young heart was all aglow,
Appear as beautiful and bright
As when at first they gave delight.

I visit Ballymena, where
I first inhaled the vital air,
A few old sights are dimly seen—
Adare's, Demesne and Gihon's Green,
The old town-pump, the Shire Hall,
And streets hemmed in with many a stall.

In rural life my youthful days
Were spent beside the ferny braes
Where 'neath my parents' watchful care,
And healthy toil and bracing air
I learned earth's blessings to enjoy—
A stout, contented, country boy.

Indulging in my waking dream,
I linger by the crystal stream,
And watch the pretty, speckled trout
Bask in the pools or frisk about,
Or dip my rod with cautious care
Some unsuspecting trout to snare.

The old green lane—I love it yet,
Where daisy, primrose, violet,
Beneath the hedgerows richly bloom
And scent the air with sweet perfume,
While robin sings his sweetest song
To cheer me as I pass along.

O ! happy were those summer days,
And beautiful the sunny braes
Where we, loved brothers, often strayed
Or loitered in the Sylvan shade,
Or wandered down the hazel dell
And drank out of the holy well.

In Autumn we ran off together,
And wandered through the blooming heather,
The honey-scented heather where
We knew the ripe bilberries were.
How grand the heatherbells around !
How sweet the berries which we found !

The village school—I see it still,
Where first I learned to wield the quill.
My schoolmates still seem boys as when
Their years were only eight or ten.
How changed were I to see them now,
With hoary head and wrinkled brow !

In later years, with cheerful toil,
I helped to cultivate the soil ;
The varied labours of the farm
Had such a fascinating charm,
That passing time ne'er drooped his wing
In Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.

But oh ! in riper years there came
A longing after wealth and fame,
And so I left the dear old home,
Resolved through foreign lands to roam
And in these distant climes so fair
I built my castles in the air.

Some of my hopes have been destroyed,—
Yet life has not been all a void ;
God's providence has been my stay
Throughout my life's eventful day,
And glowing hopes of future rest
Still soothe and tranquilize my breast.

CONSOLATORY LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Bury all your woes and trials,
Sighs and tears and self-denials,
Cease from all your wordly strife,
Take the sunny side of life.
Do your duty, watch and pray
And be happy, while you may,
Shun dull, moping melancholy
As you would sin, vice and folly.
Better hope for bright to-morrows
Than be brooding o'er your sorrows.
"Forward," is the order given
To the pilgrim bound for heaven,
Pressing onward while in quest
Of the everlasting rest.
Looking back might cause a stumble,
Then mishaps might make you grumble.
Look ahead with longing eyes
Eager to obtain the prize.
Don't forget the wife of Lot,
Nor the punishment she got,
Better she had looked before her
While the storm was passing o'er her.
Why should she look back or stand
While an angel grasped her hand?
But her daring thus to halt
Changed her to a rock of salt.
Don't look back nor yet delay,
On to glory speed your way,
Singing as you pass along
Snatches of the victor's song.
Live as long as life be given,
Live assured of life in heaven,
Christians cannot live in vain—
Christ is life and death is gain.

What is here to court your stay—
Keep you lingering by the way?
See ! there is a prize in view,
Jesus holds it up for you.
Therefore run and seize the prize
Which awaits you in the skies.

A DAY DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

Once in a waking dream I sought
To know what was to be,
And mused, until my soaring thought
Had pierced futurity.

And as I sped in strange amaze
Up through the future years,
What objects met my wondering gaze !
What sayings thrilled my ears.

I saw strange works of art displayed
And stranger works designed,—
For man had got the skill to shape
What he conceived in mind.

The hidden mysteries, which long
Had puzzled many a sage,
Were solved by scientific search
In this far future age.

And many things not dreamt of now,
Deep hidden and concealed,
These future, sage philosophers
Discovered and revealed.

Old Nature's laws were not repealed,
But men by search had found
A pathway to the things concealed;
Above and underground.

The elements of earth and air
Were under his control,
To shape and use according to
The longings of his soul.

New motive powers were supplied,
More powerful than steam,
While greater wonders I descried
In my poetic dream.

Inventions and discoveries,
And scientific skill,
Had subjugated nature's laws
To man's controlling will.

And knowledge had so far advanced,
That many a sober sage
Smiled at the childish ignorance
Of this benighted age.

Drink, with its countless train of woes
Had long been swept away ;
And war had ceased, and then arose
A bright and peaceful day.

And sober men, no more in dread
Of drink, or war's alarms,
Displayed their skill of hand and head
Instead of feats of arms.

The stubborn earth was forced to yield
Her treasures to the will
Of Him who toiled, in brake or field,
With energy and skill.

The sun, and soft refreshing rain.
Caused an abundant yield.
Of herbage in the verdant plain,
And grain in every field.

And there was health and happiness
And universal peace,
While from afflictions and distress
All owned a sweet release.

The filthy habits, widely spread,
So common in our day,
Were in that age forgotten, dead,
For ever passed away.

O ! what a glorious sight to see
The strong and healthy youth,
So sprightly in their boyish glee,
So full of grace and truth.

O ! how unlike the modern dude
And self-conceited fop,
And other loafers vile and rude,
Who oft your pathway stop.

I asked a hoary headed sage
What wrought this strange release.
Said he " this is the golden age
" Of universal peace. "

" The Saviour now is Lord of all,
" And all His will obey,
" While prostrate at His feet they fall
" And own His sovereign sway.

" And by and by He'll call them home
" To reign with Him above,
" And so they're feasting till He come
" Upon His promised love. "

O ! how I loved to linger there
In blissful ecstasy,—
But duty's call to toil and care
Dissolved my reverie.

THE FIRE-FLY.

FIRST SEEN 18th JUNE, 1868.

Pretty little fire-fly
Luminous and bright,
Wonder filled my head when I
Saw thee first, by night.
Sparks of living fire seemed
Rising from the ground—
Shortlived tiny meteors gleamed,
Flitting all around.

Will O'the wisp o'er dark morass
Often met my gaze,
And oft this ignis fatuus
Put me in amaze.
But more wonderful the sight
Which around me shone,—
Insect fire-works by night,
Gleaming, flitting, gone.

I caught a little fire-fly,
Sought to know the cause,
How it can its lamp supply?—
What are nature's laws?
But I sadly failed to scan
The infinite design,
Why should either fly or man
Best in darkness shine.

Often did I vainly try
To emit a ray,
But my efforts like this fly
In the light of day
Showed no glowing, Mental light
Others to illumine,
Therefore I must wait the night
And shine out of my tomb.